

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

May 15, 1949

Ten Cents

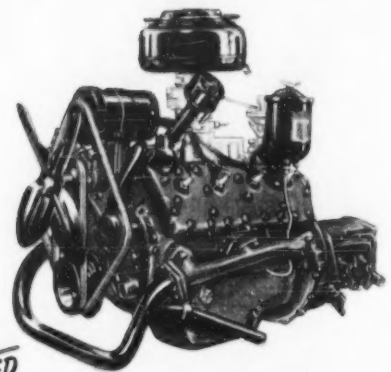
**CRISIS IN
HOLLYWOOD**

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO



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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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 Printed and Published semi-monthly at Toronto by

MACLEAN-HUNTER
 Publishing Company Limited
 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada
 JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman
 HORACE T. HUNTER, President
 FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President
 THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller
 EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada
 Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, SW1. Telephone Whitehall 6642.
 Telegraph Atebek, London.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada and Newfoundland, \$2.00; all other parts of British Empire, \$3.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$5.00; other countries \$1.50 per year. Single Copies: In Canada and Newfoundland, Ten Cents. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
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EDITORIALS

India in Commonwealth A Triumph for Freedom

INDIA has raised a brand-new problem in that curious, flexible constitutional structure we used to call the British Commonwealth of Nations.

India wants to be known to all the world as a free and independent country, and to that end has decided to declare herself a republic. She wanted to remain a member of the Commonwealth, but without paying even a nominal allegiance to the Crown.

Indians saw no difficulty about this. After all, they argue, what does the Crown mean in practice? The people rule.

Yet the Crown does mean something. In some strange way, which even we can't quite define or explain, it does bind us together. It's the link that explains the Commonwealth to a stranger. We are not a bloc, not an alliance, certainly not a conglomeration of colonies—we're just a group of free nations with this single common factor, a union of loyalties.

To bring into this pattern a new element, to base the association on new ground, was not an easy matter.

But despite the difficulties it has been done.

This is a unique and remarkable tribute to the Commonwealth itself. Here's a great country, a country that was great and highly civilized when Britons were running about in woad, but which was invaded, conquered and ruled by these ex-barbarians for 200 years. After those two centuries of domination, ending in 30 years of bitter political struggle

for self-government, India parts from us on such genial terms that her own desire is to remain a member of the family.

Such a request could not be refused.

There were more practical reasons, too. India's northern neighbor is Soviet Russia, with only little Afghanistan between. Her eastern neighbor will soon be Soviet China. No tie between a free India and the free West should be lightly cast aside.

It seems to us that the solution of this constitutional problem—and it was a real problem—is one of which Canadians should be peculiarly proud.

Canada invented the British Commonwealth in the first place. It wasn't Britain—the Colonial Office never did understand this curious, newfangled notion, and plenty of Englishmen don't understand it yet.

The men who planted the seeds of the Commonwealth of Nations were Joseph Howe, William Lyon Mackenzie, Robert Baldwin, Louis-Hippolyte Lafontaine, the men who realized a century ago that responsible government didn't mean secession. The men who brought the Commonwealth to birth were Sir Robert Borden at Paris in 1919, Mackenzie King and Ernest Lapointe at London in 1926.

Now the Commonwealth enters a new phase, extends itself another degree to accommodate, with its infinite flexibility, a new and proper national demand. Canada has played her part in making this possible.

If We're to Have Welfare, Let's know What It Costs

A FEW YEARS ago one of the provincial governments, immediately after an election which returned it to power, conducted a private poll to find out (a) which of its previous acts had won it the most votes, and (b) what political crimes had lost it the most votes.

The result was interesting but discouraging. The policy which had won the most votes was a policy of strict economy, debt reduction and accumulation of a tidy surplus without a tax increase. The policy which had lost the most

votes was the government's refusal, for reasons of economy, to launch a broad social security program.

Moral: The voters want financial beneficence from the state, but they hate like fury to pay for it.

Seems to us that this is a strong argument in favor of a separate, recognizable welfare tax. If Canada is to have higher old-age pensions and health insurance, let's at least remind ourselves that they have to be paid for.

Grand weather

...for making aluminum!

RAIN! It may sound strange, but it's a fact: Every thing you see made of aluminum was made with raindrops—even the bus for which you scurry to escape the rain!

It's like this: Rain falls on high land in our north country. It runs down as rivulets and creeks. It becomes tumbling rivers. By trapping it behind dams, and guiding it through powerhouses, Alcan develops electricity—and uses it to make aluminum.

Smelting aluminum eats up vast quantities of electricity. Enough goes into making a single ton to light your house for fifteen years!

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- Alcan Aluminum for more than 1,000 independent Canadian manufacturers—some 50,000 more jobs.

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Some Facts About HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

BLOOD PRESSURE rises when a person is active. After the strain has passed, the pressure generally returns to its regular level. If it is persistently and excessively above normal, however, that condition is called hypertension—or high blood pressure. This affects the circulatory system and may lead to serious conditions of the heart, brain, and kidneys.



High blood pressure itself is not a disease, but a symptom of some underlying disorder. Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of this condition, and is striving for improved methods of treating it. Special diets have sometimes proved effective. In a limited number of cases, surgery has been used. Additional research is concentrating on mental and emotional factors. There is also hope that newly discovered drugs may prove beneficial.



Periodic physical examinations help reveal hypertension early, when doctors say that chances for control are best. Such check-ups may also discover possible infections which may be causing the condition.

As a result of physical examinations, the doctor may make suggestions for improving your health, such as eating wisely and *keeping weight down*. The latter is especially important, for high blood pressure is more

than twice as common among fat people as it is among persons of normal weight.



In many high blood pressure cases, the best "medicine" is often simply *moderation in every physical and mental activity*. The patient may be advised to work and play at a slower pace, to avoid emotional strain, and to get plenty of rest and sleep. This helps to lessen the demands on the circulatory system, and may lower blood pressure.



Today, under good medical guidance, the outlook for people with high blood pressure is better than ever before. By carefully following the doctor's advice, they can often avoid complications and look forward to long, useful lives.

Aiding in the development of more effective measures to help combat high blood pressure is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in Canada and the United States. This fund is making grants for research in diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 59M, entitled, "Your Heart." This contains many facts about high blood pressure and diseases related to the heart.

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In the Editors' Confidence

WHEN WE set out to confirm our own observation that more Canadians will go to Europe this summer than in any year since the war the lady at Cook's said, "Heavenly days, yes." She pressed some statistics on us but we said no, thank you. The way she had said it told us all we wanted to know.

The list of places to see has been enlarged considerably in recent years to include some beaches and quite a few deserted black tarmacs on the moors from which the big bombers used to heave themselves into the air.

England this time of year will be lovely to see. Our wish to those that are going there this year is that it looks half as beautiful as it did that other June five years ago just before D-Day.

We hope, too, that Ross Anderson's article, "I Saw Europe on \$190", on page 21 will not only be of interest but of practical value to this year's travelers abroad. Ross, who is entering his third year in architecture at the University of Toronto, had such a good time last summer and such a good time last winter talking about it that he's starting out again as soon as exams are finished. He hasn't made definite plans but he's thinking of going to Australia.

The Mailman's Surprise

You might think, as we once did, that the editors of a magazine get a pretty exciting budget of mail every day. As a matter of fact it's often disappointing. It's not unusual for the mailman to bring nothing more breath-taking than a crisp communique from the income tax people or a 27-stanza poem beginning "O Saskatoon . . ."

That's one of the reasons it is so satisfactory to have an article like the one we will be offering you in the June 1 issue about a woman whose husband was an alcoholic. This article came in unsolicited and unexpected. The byline of course will be "Anonymous" and the story qualifies easily for what is known in the trade as a powerful piece.

* * *

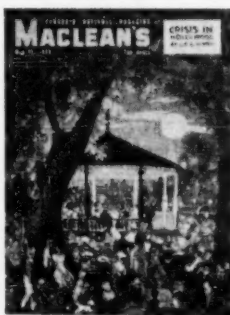
Letters from Lionel Shapiro, however, have a cachet of their own and provide bright spots of what they call glamour in his sometime home town of Hollywood, about which he writes on pages 8 and 9 of this issue. Shapiro's letters always disturb us somewhat because they hint at a life full of tension and tinsel on the Gold Coast. Another thing we like about Shapiro's correspondence is the swirl and movement he gets in it. For chair-borne writers like ourselves this makes interesting if somewhat disquieting reading on an early summer day with the sound of an airliner drifting through the open window.

Shapiro's travel plans may make you a little restless, too. He's leaving Hollywood for New York as soon as he finishes a job of writing he's doing for the films at the moment. Then he will fly from New York to London after coming up here to have lunch and a talk about future stories with us.

From London he goes on by air to Paris, Frankfurt and Berlin, where he will settle down to work on a new novel.

Think we'll close up the typewriter and go over to the island and feed the ducks.

The Editors



WILLIAM WINTER, of Toronto, who painted the cover for this issue, drew on a lifetime of alfresco listening for this picture, and when he was finished there was considerable fascinating lore left over. For instance: "An uncle of mine, who had a big mustache, told me a secret when I was little. Bandsmen keep time by moving their toes inside their boots. Whenever I hear a band I see a score of big toes tapping silently and purposefully."

60 YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

1889  1949

In the years following 1889, the cycling craze swept this continent. Men and women, both young and old took to wheels. For the first time, people began to see the country, and a demand arose for better roads. The development of automobile transportation in the present century was made possible by further expansion of our highway system and the use of Nickel alloys for important parts of automobiles. The use of these stronger, tougher alloys greatly reduced breakdowns and made the automobile safe and reliable.



How Nickel Benefits Canada

Since more than ninety per cent of the Nickel produced in Canada is sold to the United States and other countries, it brings a constant flow of dollars back to Canada. In fact, Canada's Nickel industry is one of our chief sources of U.S. dollars so essential at the present time to maintain our foreign trade and make available products not produced in this country.



These dollars help pay the wages of the 14,000 Nickel employees, and help provide the dollars which make it possible to pay millions in freight to Canadian railways, to buy timber, steel, coal, machinery and supplies amounting to many millions each year. These millions, flowing into all industries through the length and breadth of Canada, help create jobs for Canadians.

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IMPORTANT

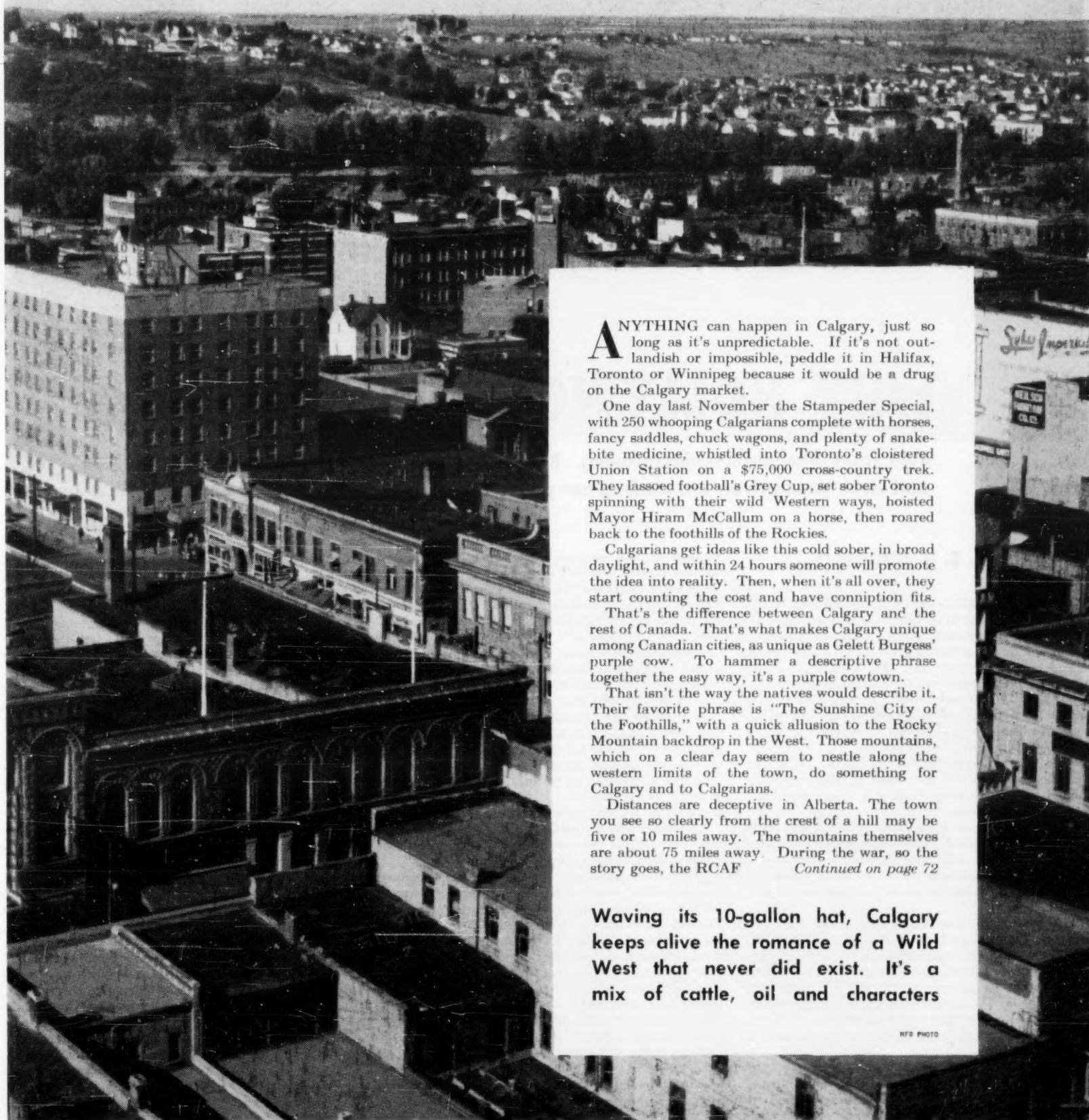
All Austin models on sale in Canada are equipped with conventional left-hand drive. Radios are optional. Austin service and replacement parts are available throughout Canada and United States.

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MACLEAN'S
MAY 15, 1949

CALGARY: STAMPEDE CITY

By JAMES H. GRAY



ANYTHING can happen in Calgary, just so long as it's unpredictable. If it's not outlandish or impossible, peddle it in Halifax, Toronto or Winnipeg because it would be a drug on the Calgary market.

One day last November the Stampeder Special, with 250 whooping Calgarians complete with horses, fancy saddles, chuck wagons, and plenty of snake-bite medicine, whistled into Toronto's cloistered Union Station on a \$75,000 cross-country trek. They lassoed football's Grey Cup, set sober Toronto spinning with their wild Western ways, hoisted Mayor Hiram McCallum on a horse, then roared back to the foothills of the Rockies.

Calgarians get ideas like this cold sober, in broad daylight, and within 24 hours someone will promote the idea into reality. Then, when it's all over, they start counting the cost and have conniption fits.

That's the difference between Calgary and the rest of Canada. That's what makes Calgary unique among Canadian cities, as unique as Gelett Burgess' purple cow. To hammer a descriptive phrase together the easy way, it's a purple cowtown.

That isn't the way the natives would describe it. Their favorite phrase is "The Sunshine City of the Foothills," with a quick allusion to the Rocky Mountain backdrop in the West. Those mountains, which on a clear day seem to nestle along the western limits of the town, do something for Calgary and to Calgarians.

Distances are deceptive in Alberta. The town you see so clearly from the crest of a hill may be five or 10 miles away. The mountains themselves are about 75 miles away. During the war, so the story goes, the RCAF

Continued on page 72

Waving its 10-gallon hat, Calgary keeps alive the romance of a Wild West that never did exist. It's a mix of cattle, oil and characters

NFB PHOTO



Easy millions came when Chaplin (shooting "The Gold Rush" here) and other pioneers had a world monopoly.

EUROPEAN

WHY HOLLYWOOD IS SCARED

Ruin faces filmland's spoiled darling. Rich living has made her flabby and stupid, and sleek young rivals are stealing her public. Does she deserve a happy ending?

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

HOLLYWOOD—the lyrical cliché that Hollywood has put to its whistling in the dark during the last year is: there's nothing wrong with the movie business that a good picture won't cure. You hear it everywhere. The president of the Motion Picture Association, Eric Johnston, chants it in New York and 20th Century-Fox tycoon Darryl F. Zanuck in Hollywood, and the whole push of picture people echoes it fervently into the high fog of California's springtime.

This, of course, is narcotic nonsense. It is like a bank president on the verge of failure saying there's nothing wrong with his bank that \$50 millions won't cure.

It is indeed true that good pictures can cure what ails Hollywood, but before Hollywood can make films that will meet today's intellectual demands, at a reasonable price, the whole crust and caboodle of the industry must be broken down and rebuilt.

The best Hollywood executives—and there are some excellent brains here—know this, but it comes hard because they themselves are an integral part of the purging process. It is not easy for the bravest and more aware of men to cut off his right arm to save his life. Thus far the executives have merely clipped their fingernails as a gingerly start in the hope that a miracle will intervene to prevent a bloody amputation.

On the night of March 24, in Hollywood's tiny Academy Theatre, the climax of a glamorous evening came when Ethel Barrymore stepped to the stage. She read the nominations for the best

picture of the year as voted by 15,000 actors, writers, technicians and executives of the industry. They were Zanuck's "The Snake Pit" and "Sitting Pretty," Jack Warner's "Johnny Belinda," and J. Arthur Rank's British productions, "The Red Shoes" and "Hamlet."

Robert Montgomery handed her an envelope sealed by the auditing firm of Price, Waterhouse. Miss Barrymore broke open the envelope. Her eyes widened, and she gasped, "Hamlet."

A murmur ran through the distinguished audience, there was a split second of silence, then polite applause. Hollywood itself had voted a British picture superior to anything it could produce.

It was a brave thing to do, brave as a man who says: I've got cancer. I might as well tell it to my friends. They probably suspect it anyway.

To understand the crisis in Hollywood, you must study its earliest history, because there is the root of its present towering failure.

Thirty-five years ago Hollywood was the most favored little place in all the world. It was a very tiny community, made up among others of Cecil B. De Mille, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne and Pearl White. Their individual studios, set in the wild hills of a Los Angeles suburb, were cheap frame buildings perhaps three times the size of the garage behind your house. The equipment consisted of a hand-cranked camera, a few lights and two or three stock backdrops.

From this community cans of film went out all over the world, and in return the world poured back millions of dollars. There were no such things as picture failures in Hollywood, only degrees of success. With income taxes less than five per cent

the most stupid netted not less than \$5,000 a week, the better actors and producers, like De Mille, Pickford, Chaplin, Sweet and Neilan, made as much as \$30,000 a week.

The novelty of flickering entertainment had caught the world as nothing else since the introduction of tobacco 400 years before, but, unlike tobacco, the wealth from the new fad went into a comparatively few pockets in a single community.

This was the golden age of Hollywood. Small wonder the scandals of the time were rife. Here were people of meagre beginnings who, in return for a miserly investment or nature's gift of a small, straight nose, suddenly rolled in wealth. Sweep-stake winners and gold-strike millionaires have been known to go mad.

A few years ago an astute Chicago manufacturer flung the first ball-point fountain pen on the market and sold millions of them at \$12.50. His bonanza lasted only scant months until public awareness and competition caught up with him. A good ball-point pen now costs less than a dollar.

Not so with early Hollywood; the cheap, flickering films continued to pour wealth into Hollywood for more than 15 years. In 1929 came the first cloud a bit bigger than a man's hand—increased taxes and the talking picture. Not only were talking pictures vastly more expensive to produce, they also raised by several degrees the public standard of acceptance. Once the movie-goer saw "The Jazz Singer" he could no longer be entertained by "Gertie in a Taxi." The film ceased to be a fad; it was an industry and nosing up to becoming an art form.

The lush dream that was broken in 1929 continued to splinter through depression and recovery,

into war and out of war. The motion-picture industry became a great banking project handled by hard-faced men in Wall and Threadneedle Streets. It was soon almost as demanding, financially and artistically, as the legitimate theatre. Poor pictures, even reasonably entertaining pictures, lost money; only the finest showed a return.

When the war ended, artists in Britain, France and Italy began to produce one or two pictures far superior. People who saw them became dissatisfied with the routine Hollywood product. Then came the dollar crisis and an intense nationalism found a ready expression in the refusal of foreign governments to allow their precious hard currency to pour into Hollywood.

The fall was long and shattering. After being the world's darling for so many years Hollywood found itself just another scrambler in the world's market places.

During the last year these factors intensified the Hollywood crisis:

(1) Domestic box-office returns, including Canada, fell off an average of eight per cent.

(2) Foreign markets practically disappeared. Before the war the average Hollywood picture made its cost in America and its clear profit in the foreign market.

(3) The few good foreign pictures like "Hamlet," "Open City" and "Monsieur Vincent" again raised the standard of public acceptance several notches.

(4) Television, already more than a threat, became a menace. On Tuesday nights, the best night for television entertainment in the east, box offices slumped. Paul Raibourne, executive vice-president of Paramount, concluded recently from a survey that television has already doomed the "B" or cheap-budget picture and that Hollywood can survive television only by producing top-grade pictures at a reasonable price.

Most of the major producing studios showed a huge operating loss during the last year. The few that still show a book profit do so because they own chains of theatres, but even this escape hatch is being closed by government antitrust action.

In short, Hollywood

Continued on page 66

"Johnny Belinda," the story of a Nova Scotian deaf-mute, was fought through the movie mill by sincere film men. It won Oscar for Jane Wyman.

WIDE WORLD



Shapiro's "Sealed Verdict" (star: Milland) was mauled until book and film were barely related.

Hollywood's cure-all: give the people what they want. Corny clowning by Hope, Lamour, Crosby and donkey made "Road to Rio" 1948's greatest money-making movie. Escapists paid \$4 1/2 millions.

ACME



NIGHT ASSIGNMENT

By BURT SIMS



She started down the walk in frantic haste.

Donald Anderson

LATE summer's humid air hung dispiritedly in the clatter of the long room. Standing beside the city desk, Dave Gillette said, "You wanted a photog?"

"Four stories," answered Morgan Hugh brusquely. "All fast ones. Take your pick—A three-car crash. A pickup on a girl named Lindstrom. A fire in—"

"Lindstrom?" Dave felt a light shock coursing through him. "What's that one?"

"You've got it." Hugh's thick fingers scrawled an address. "They just took her old man to Receiving. He's a night watchman—got shot busting up a burglary. Pick the girl up at the house if the cops haven't done it already." He ran a hand over his balding head, wiped it on his pants. "If she's left, beat it down there on your own."

Dave folded the paper carefully, although he wouldn't need it. It was a small town, he thought. He should have known that sooner or later he would meet Helen Lindstrom again. His grin felt too tight for his face. "You want her with her arms around his neck, or just giving him a transfusion?"

Hugh's own eyes hardened. "Could be there are better photographers out of work, Buster. Just go shoot the picture." He paused. "And never mind padding the mileage. I know how far it is."

"What's mileage?" Dave's grin still felt tight. "Pennies. You're getting to be an old maid."

"A guy gets away with cutting one corner, he's liable to cut more." Hugh reached for the phone. "Push off."

Dave turned. "It's still pennies. What do you care, so long as the pictures are good?"

AS HE drove his coupe to the assignment, his feeling of sureness was ruffled. He had wondered for a year how it would be to see Helen again; he was surprised that he remembered her now—after a year. Their parting had been a strange and awkward time. It had bruised his pride. For a time it had shaken his belief in his pattern of living.

They had been driving home from a movie, he remembered, talking of Frankie, his young brother. "He starts to college next fall."

"You should be proud of him, Dave. He seems like such a nice boy."

"Sure I'm proud." He grinned. "Shaped him up all by myself. It wasn't easy, keeping him steady, keeping his mind off the girls and that crazy car. Scraping up pennies—it took a few angles."

Her voice came quietly. "Like telling Hugh you were sick two days—while you worked in Fenner's photo shop?"

He frowned. "I told you—he had a rush job, the high-school annual. He paid me twice what I get at the office. Maybe it was a little shady—but Frankie can use the money at school."

"And what does Frankie think of that?"

"Why should I tell him?" He was annoyed at the faint guilt her words stirred in him. "So I work a few angles now and then. Who doesn't? Living isn't easy, Helen. Sometimes a guy has to figure a way—"

She said coolly, "Does he?"

"Frankie doesn't have to know. He'll find out soon enough—the kid's all right. I tell him what to do. He does it."

She sighed. "That's a new approach. I always

heard you had to show people—not just tell them.”

He glanced at her, sensing the new strain between them. “I can save him a few bumps, if he does what I tell him.”

“Maybe Frankie is entitled to some bumps.”

“Now, listen. Did it hurt anybody I worked for Fenner? It helped him.”

“It helped you, too.”

“All right, I helped both of us. What’s wrong with that?”

Slowly, she shook her head. “You really don’t know, do you?”

He had been proud of himself, and of Frankie, and the way it was working out. Her subtle criticism rankled him. He said dryly, half seriously, “I guess I’m just not your type.”

Her voice betrayed no feeling. “I guess you’re not, Dave.” She sighed, and lapsed into silence.

He had spent a restless, dissatisfied week before he called her. She had been busy. That happened again. His pride had seen no point in letting her turn him down a third time—but he hadn’t known she would stay in his mind, growing there.

UNCERTAINTY was annoying him now as he turned a corner. On this quiet street occasional lights beat ineffectual wings against the settling hood of night. He slowed the coupe as he neared a small, white frame house, set sturdily at the back of a deep lawn.

A girl was hurrying down the walk. She would have hastened up the street, but he called, “Helen.”

Her feet made swift, anxious sounds on the pavement. “Are you from the hos—Dave!” Then surprise vanished in the urgency of the moment.

“Dave, my father—”

“Get in,” he said, opening the door. “I’ll take you.”

In the early darkness he saw only a white face, and her shoulder-length dark hair, and a coat not yet buttoned over a house dress. As they pulled away she said shakily, “How is he? They just called. They said he had been hurt. Did they say . . . shot? I—”

“Take it easy, Helen,” he said carefully, reading the hysteria creeping into her tone.

“It—it was nice of you . . .” Abruptly, she began to cry, muffling the sound in her hands. Without warning, her helplessness touched him, cleaving through that year-old callus of pride. He realized dimly that his feeling was more than sympathy. He wanted to reach out to her, and was frustrated by the realization that this was not the time.

He gripped the wheel tightly, letting her cry out the first shock, and drove on.

HE PARKED behind the brick building which housed the receiving hospital and the police station. Helen had her head up, and was trying to halt the trembling of her lips. Reflected light touched the firm oval of her face. Beneath the alarm still fresh in her wide, grey eyes he read a steadiness, and remembered it. He began to wonder if he would get a picture for Morgan Hugh—or even if he would try.

There was no compromise with that thought, and he shed it automatically as he brought the camera down from the shelf behind the seat. Its flash bulb was ready in the socket, the way he always carried it.

She had already started down the walk in frantic haste. He started after her—caught up to her. They paused outside an opaque-glassed door. “Hang on,” he ordered. “Just—hang on.”

She tried to smile, but it was faint and quickly gone. They went across a wide, white glistening room and into another, where a doctor and a nurse worked over a man stretched on a table. The doctor glanced up, swift irritation drawing lines across his ruddy face. “It’s his daughter, Doctor,” said Dave, and swung the camera up as Helen cried out.

“Damn you!” snapped the doctor.

Helen was half-running, half-falling. The nurse caught at her. Dave said, “If he was in bad shape you’d have someone on the door.”

Helen leaned over, the nurse holding an arm, and

tenderly, tearfully laid her face against that of the old man, eyes closed, still. Dave shot two pictures. The doctor advanced angrily. “Gillette!”

Dave squinted past him. “The shoulder, looks like. Dig it out, yet?”

“Just before you barged in like a maniac. Get that girl out of here.”

Helen was sobbing again, struggling to hold it back, and making it worse. The nurse, wide-hipped and stern-faced, led her to a chair and gave her something in a glass. The doctor glared at Dave, then turned back to the table.

Presently Helen raised her face, her long, dark hair framing it softly. “I’ll—I’ll be all right, now.” Her voice quivered. “Will he—is he going to—”

“He’s going to be fine,” the nurse soothed. “It was shock, mostly. He’ll be awake in a couple of hours.”

“I’ll wait,” Helen said, her tone imploring. “Please—may I?”

Dave cleared his throat. “Look, Doctor. Let her wait. There’s a cot in the first-aid room.”

The doctor gestured impatiently. “All right—Take her, nurse.”

Dave watched them cross the room. Helen’s supple grace, the strength and courage in the lift of her head, the way she moved suddenly hit him hard. Now he was not surprised that for the past year she had clung to his mind. She belonged there.

At the door, she turned. “Dave . . . If it’s going to mean trouble for you—”

“Helen . . .” He walked to her. His voice was low. “Look—that blowup, that beef—it was all so silly. Let’s forget it ever happened.”

Her gaze dropped. “I—I’d like to—but we just don’t think alike, I guess.”

Urgency shook his tone. “I’m off in a couple of hours. Let me pick you up.”

Except for a pain coming into her eyes he might

have thought she long ago had put him out of her mind. He said, “Wait for me.”

“Dave, it’s no use. You’ll never change. You—”

“Change?” He frowned. “Listen, maybe I do cut things close, now and then. But—”

A sob caught in her throat. She shook her head swiftly, and left him standing there.

DRIVING back to the office he saw a light in Menzke’s Garage. At the curb stood a fenderless, topless jalopy. Dave blew his horn, and Joe Menzke came and stood in the wide doorway, blinking.

“Frankie around?”

Menzke shook his head. “Ain’t seen him since about suppertime, Dave. Couple of kids picked him up. Harry Martin, and Jess Clainer, I think the other one was. The one his old man runs the Central Hotel, down by the depot. They had the old man’s car.”

Dave scowled. Martin and Clainer were in their early 20’s, slightly older than Frankie. They were uneasy and loud and unpredictable.

The first time he had seen them they had been watching Frankie at work in Menzke’s. Martin, the short, stocky one, was talking. Jess Clainer, slight and with deep-set eyes narrowly separated, was paring his fingernails with a wicked, long-bladed knife.

Dave, entering, had heard just enough. “No party for Frankie,” he said curtly. “He’s studying tonight.”

Clainer appraised him insolently. Frankie, his square, young face flushed, said, “Yeah. I have to study.”

With indifference Clainer folded the knife and slipped it into his jacket. “Sure.” His face was a thin, unreadable mask. “Come on, Harry.”

Dave, eyes narrow, watched them leave. Frankie said slowly, “I wouldn’t” *Continued on page 24*

To Dave everything had an angle. First the brother angle. Then there was the girl angle. Finally — the right angle

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD ANDERSON

“Where are you going this time of night?”



A CANUCK FROM CANTON

An old Chinese proverb says that the road chosen matters more than the journey's end. Lem Wong saw his destiny in the building of a fine family

PHOTOS BY S. G. HUESTON

By MCKENZIE PORTER

MANY success stories begin with the boy selling newspapers in the gutter and end with him owning a string of race horses. This success story begins with the boy washing miners' shirts in Sydney, N.S., and ends with him behind the counter in a London, Ont., restaurant.

Some people mightn't see much in 52 years from laundry tub to cash register. But there is an old Chinese proverb which says that the road chosen matters more than the journey's end.

If 67-year-old Lem Wong has not made himself rich in cash he has provided this country of his adoption with a fortune in kind. And his sagacious negotiation of the mine fields of race relations has proved an example worthy of record.

For 27 years Lem Wong owned his own restaurant on Richmond Street, London. Instead of putting profits back into this business, however, he invested them in eight children. Out of four boys and four girls he has produced for Canada three doctors—Mary, Clara and Bill; a chemist—

Esther; a lawyer—Gretta; a draftsman—Norman; and a businessman—George. Only the eldest son, Victor, has not fared well. And this is through no human fault—he is in a sanatorium.

These first-generation Canadian Wongs are all affable, engaging personalities, high above average intellect, of orthodox North American outlook, and ranging in age from the early 20's to the late 30's.

Victor (39) is a widower. He was the only one to marry outside his nationality. His late wife was an English Canadian.

Mary (35) was for 10 years a prominent obstetrician in London. She recently married a Chinese-Canadian engineer and transferred her practice to Montreal.

Clara (33) is a TB specialist in a Hamilton sanatorium and married to a Toronto Chinese businessman, a former bomber pilot.

Norman (30), now approving building plans for the Veterans' Land Administration, was a staff sergeant attached to British military intelligence during the war and engaged in secret work among Australian Chinese.

George (28), owner of a restaurant in Watford,

Ont., was an army truck driver in Europe and now is married to a Canadian-Chinese wife.

Bill (26) graduated in time to become a captain in the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps and is now specializing in internal medicine at London's Westminster Hospital for veterans.

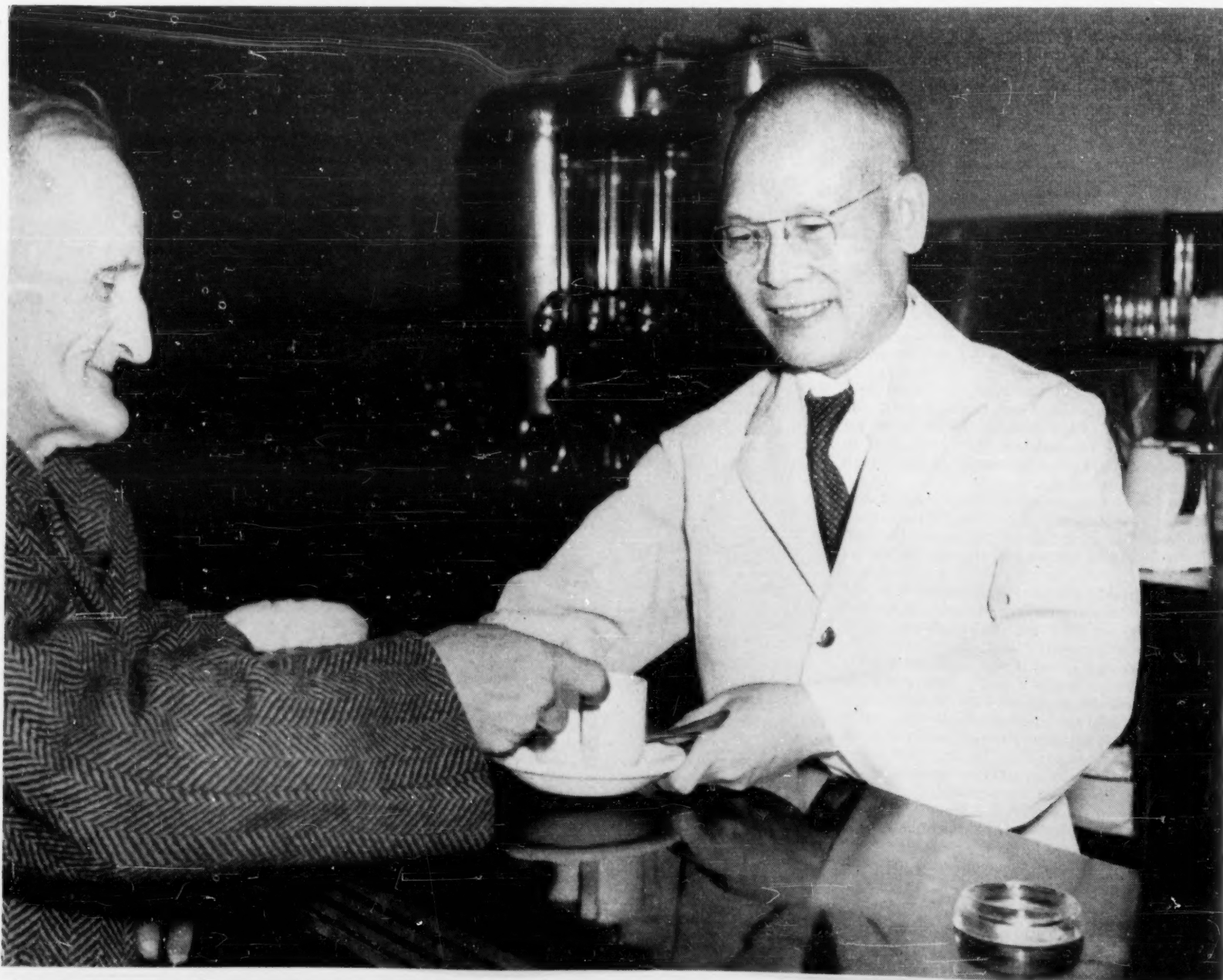
Gretta (24), who qualified at Osgoode Hall, is taking a postgraduate course in psychology at the University of Toronto with a view to work among juvenile delinquents.

Esther (22) graduated in chemistry from the University of Western Ontario, did postgraduate work at McGill, and today is engaged in research at the medical school in London.

The single children all live with their mother and father in an old-fashioned, large, semidetached house, owned by the eldest daughter, Mary, on London's dignified Waterloo Street.

White society in London accepts the tawny complexions and oblique eyes of the Wong family without question. The children are popular members of middle-class professional and business circles. They think, act, and wisecrack like any other bright young Ontarians. In summer they

"It is not good, the lazy life," says Wong. After five years' retirement, he's back at work.





Only the evening meal is Chinese. Four of the eight Wong children join parents in London home.

play golf or swim at the family country cottage. In winter they go to dances and ski.

They have only a smattering of Chinese. They know a little more about Chinese culture and politics than the European Canadian—but not much. Their interest in China is natural, yet it is not stronger than the interest of a first-generation English Canadian in “the old country.”

They are believers in the monarchy and the Commonwealth—though they would like to see Hong Kong returned to China—and are opposed to Canadian fusion with the United States.

The wisdom which Lem Wong applied to their upbringing enables them to slip with composure through that fence which divides off so many Chinese from the fuller Dominion community. This does not mean that Wong, or his family, have turned their backs on their own kin. There are about 100 other Chinese in London who regard Lem Wong as their patriarch.

It is well-known in London that during the depression, when his restaurant was losing money heavily and his older children were passing through the most expensive stages of their education, Wong helped to support several poorer Chinese families.

He and Mrs. Wong have many white friends, though nowadays they play host more often than they visit. They both worship at St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church (where they were baptized), but since Mrs. Wong is not strong they don't go every week.

He used to contribute to Chinese Nationalist funds but two years ago withdrew his support because he lost faith in Chiang Kai-shek.

R. J. Churchill, executive editor of the London Free Press, says of Wong: “He has been an invaluable citizen. He is known and respected through the city. He might have been well off today if he hadn't cared more for other things.”

Wong sold his own restaurant in 1941. He tried retirement for five years but discarded it. At the end of the war, because he was eating into his small capital, he took a job managing the dining room

attached to the Sunnyside Hotel in London's east end. It is an ordinary place with compartments and a snack bar. Though wholesome, it does not compare in style with the Wong's which he once made famous in southwestern Ontario.

“It is not good, the lazy life,” he says. “It is bad for the mind and it lets the cash in the bank go down. I tried it, but it scared me. Some of my children were still being educated and I needed money. Work is best . . . work and ed-u-ca-tion.”

This word “education” breaks into the staccato singsong of Wong's sentences with regularity. Education is clearly as much of a rite to him as the ceremony with which he conducts his personal relations. It is the key to his character.

Wong's English is never that of the stage Chinese. Grammatically he is nearly always correct, but occasionally he fails to pronounce his “r's”: “Velly early in my life I saw that a man with no ed-u-ca-tion is lost.”

He understands the western mind but finds it difficult to ventilate the full range of his own thoughts through English. To this same handicap, born of the tremendous gulf between the Chinese and English languages, may be attributed the reputation of Orientals for being inscrutable.

Father Was a Playboy

SINCE coming to Canada Wong has suffered loneliness, physical beatings, insults and financial losses. But these vicissitudes have left no etchings on his face. His beardless skin is as smooth and polished as a russet apple. Rigid self-control, dictated by the eastern axiom that display of emotion is vulgar, has lighted his sloping eyes with watchful repose. He has little need of loquacity. With the flicker of a lid, a gesture, a single word, he can control the waiters in his dining room.

Standing behind the lunch counter he wears a cream alpaca jacket that is as crisp as a wafer, and his presence is one of rinsed and aseptic serenity. He glistens as he watches *Continued on page 37*



Norman, a draftsman now, did hush-hush war work.

Esther (22) is a chemist. Two sisters are doctors.



LONDON LETTER



The City's pikemen, warriors of a past age, still guard the kingdom within a kingdom.

Flickering Lamps Of Liberty

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

AS MOST people know there is a vast city called London which is the capital of England, but within its precincts there is a magic square mile which is called The City of London. Every day a great multitude of workers swarms into The City, performs a day's work, and then pours out again to suburban or country homes. At nighttime it is deserted save for a few prowling cats, a brigade of night watchmen, and the few hundreds who live there because they have pubs, restaurants or shops.

The City governs itself, having a lord mayor, two sheriffs and a council of aldermen. Not only does it govern itself but it has its own police force, quite separate from the metropolitan force under the home secretary. If the King wants to come into The City he cannot do so without being challenged. The lord mayor meets him at the Temple Gate, just outside the Law Courts, and, being satisfied that His Majesty has no evil intent, hands over his sword to the King as a gesture of confidence and loyalty. Duly touched by all this the King gives back the sword to the lord mayor and all is well.

Fleet Street is within the magic square mile, so are the ancient Inns of Court which gaze upon the sluicing, rambling Thames. So is St. Paul's with its towering dome, and, farther on, you will find in the very heart of The City such famous institutions as the Bank of England, Lloyd's, the Mansion House and crowded buildings which are occupied by the ancient guilds.

History hangs like a heavy mist over it all, and if ghosts walk at night they must make a goodly company in that part of London. Dr. Johnson with his black servant lived there, eating at the Cheshire Cheese, denouncing the English and praising the Scots, but never leaving London if he could help it. Thackeray had rooms up four flights of stairs which he described as his kingdom within a kingdom. That kindest of essayists, Charles Lamb, whose goodness of

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Liberal-CCF Coalition? No, But...

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

FOOTNOTE to history: At the ceremonial signing of the Atlantic Pact in Washington the foreign ministers marched in to the music of the United States Marine Band. For the occasion the band selected two George Gershwin numbers, "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "I've Got Plenty of Nothin'."

A LOT OF people seem to think that if the Liberals fail to get a majority at the coming election the result might be a coalition government of the Liberals and CCF.

A careful canvass of CCF opinion here indicates that this is not correct. The CCF does not intend to enter a coalition with anybody. It will remain an opposition party, sharing no responsibility for any government but one of its own.

What is likely, in the event of a no-majority House, is a Liberal Government which would depend for survival on the support of the CCF in Parliament. This is a very different thing from a coalition. The CCF would not be bound to support Liberal policies—on the contrary, it would be free to criticize those policies with vigor. But there could be an understanding between the party whips that so long as Liberal legislation did not go too violently against CCF principles the CCF would not team up with the Progressive Conservatives to turn the Liberals out and force another general election.

The CCF doesn't want a Conservative Government at any price. It wouldn't want another general election within a few months for the

excellent reason that its party funds could not bear the double strain.

IF THE CCF should come back with a fairly large group, and if both the older parties get less than they hope for, there's a third possibility the CCF could stand firmly in opposition to both of them, and try to force a coalition of the Right.

To many CCF-ers this is an attractive dream. They'd like to get both the old parties into the same sack, take their own stand as official opposition and start building for the swing of the pendulum which would put the anti-Socialists out and the Socialists in.

Others in the CCF argue that although this might be a good thing for the CCF it would be a bad thing for Canada. A coalition of the Right, they say, would give a great accession of strength to the most "reactionary" elements in both the older parties.

For this reason it is considered unlikely that the CCF would take a particularly stiff-necked line in the event of an electoral stalemate. It would probably seize the occasion to force a Liberal Government into establishing health insurance, increasing old-age pensions and doing other things that the Liberals promised in 1945. At that price CCF-ers would be willing to help keep a Liberal Government in office. But, they say, not for that or any other price would they agree to sink the identity of their party and its Socialist principles in a permanent merger.

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If it wins balance of power the CCF has its price.

By TRENT FRAYNE

THE ROAR of laughter from the two packed tables against the wall of the Bowles Restaurant rattled the butt-cluttered coffee cups. The 20 or so men grinned widely at the rumped, mournful character whose offhand, dead-pan crack had touched them off. Ted Reeve was holding his daily court.

Not all the brokers, cab drivers, bookmakers and businessmen jammed into the tables heard the quip, but they roared anyway. If The Moaner said it, it was sure to be funny.

Every working day at 10.30 a.m. the gang collects in the Bowles at the corner of Toronto's King and Yonge Streets. They chew the fat about all kinds of sports, and drink gallons of coffee.

It's here that Ted Reeve picks up angles for his sports columns in the Toronto Telegram; his courtiers help themselves to belly laughs from his quick and salty wit. Reeve has brought the café a local fame by references in his columns to the Bowles A. C. (Athletic Club).

Edward Henry Reeve, at 47, is a man of many parts—many broken parts.

It's said that he has broken 47 bones in his chaotic career as footballer, lacrosse player, coach and soldier—but Reeve says this figure is too high. The list includes: skull (2), nose (2), leg (1), arm (1), fingers (lots). Broken arches in his feet make him walk as though he has a boil on his toe. A streptococcus attack in 1932 cost him 16 teeth and left him prey to an arthritic condition which plagued him for six years. It also swelled his tongue till it cracked, slightly injuring his speech. He went to work every day during this unpleasantness, because he could see no sense in lying around in bed.

By some curious welding process all this has combined with a natural ability to make Ted Reeve one of Canada's best-known (and worst-dressed) sports columnists; a connoisseur of jazz and rum; an expert on Dickens, Shakespeare and the Encyclopaedia Britannica; a radio quiz artist; an after-dinner speaker; a sort of poor man's Alexander Woollcott; and perhaps Canada's best humorist.

Lionel Conacher, once Canada's most versatile athlete, put on record: "Reeve had all the requisites of a great athlete, except a body strong enough to carry out the things his mind wanted to do." Conn Smythe, who seldom uses a simple word when a superlative will do, calls Reeve's stint as a gunner in his (Smythe's) 30th Battery "the greatest story of the war."

He's No Fashion Plate

AMIALE Reeve, who has lived in Toronto all his life, is called The Moaner by his hundreds of friends after a character named Moaner McGruffey he created in his column to typify the legion of chronic sports pessimists.

"The Moaner is a guy who figures every game is fixed," Reeve explains. "I don't know how the tag bounced back on me."

Reeve is not a beeper and yet somehow the cap fits because the man looks like a moaner, or maybe even a mourner. He is long and slouched and walks with a slow shuffle that could indicate he has either lost his best friend or just has no place to go. His long, narrow face is invariably glum, like Slim Somerville's. His most pronounced features are a long, slender nose, a heavy, ski-jump chin, and a pair of expressive brown eyes that twinkle before he smiles and glitter hotly when he's agitated.

The reputation he gained in the Army as the worst-dressed private soldier in the war was not acquired overnight; he was something less than immaculate before he went in, and he has not lost ground since he came out. There's nothing wrong with the quality of his suits, but what happens to them after he gets them on shouldn't happen to Jeeter Lester's. The trousers acquire bags at the

knees from the cuffs up and the coats get to look like potato sacks. His overcoat would probably fit Citation.

He has a black mustache and two long black scuffed shoes, size 13.

Columnist Reeve is not unlike the piano player who never had a lesson in his life but can play any tune he hears. With little formal education, Reeve plays a typewriter by ear to produce prose that packs whimsy, irony, hilarity and fact. Unlike most columnists, who ponder fretfully over each sentence, Reeve simply walks up to a typewriter, listens a moment to the whirrings in his brain, and knocks off 1,000 or so flowing words. He shambles away from his beat-up desk in the ancient Tely's sombre sports department about an hour after his arrival and forgets about the chore that pays him upward of \$150 a week until the following day at 9 to 9.30 a.m.

How can he get away with this? Mostly because he knows sports thoroughly, has a prodigious memory for detail and therefore isn't required to spend time and effort on research. He knows the year, the series and the inning that Hack Wilson lost a fly ball in the sun to permit the Athletics to score three runs and beat the Cubs; he knows

the linemen from end to end who smashed down the Hamilton Tigers in 1935 to permit Winnipeg to win its first Grey Cup.

Reeve doesn't have to work on his humor, never has to save up a funny anecdote to fit a situation. He just sits down and types out the gags which arrive pat.

It is these spontaneous bursts of humor which lift Reeve's columns above those of his competitors. He has a homely knack for twisting a line of topical chatter into better than average doggerel; he can project his own personality into his writing without stropping his ego; he can make the everyday antics of his dog Bozo and cat Henry seem hilarious. His whimsical chronicle of the doings of the non-existent Offshore Yacht Club pokes fun at the ones that exist.

One time he was attending the World Series in New York, penning a sort of diary. He recorded his wanderings to Broadway shows and bistros. His column read in its entirety: New York, Oct. 5 —They got me, boys; they got me.

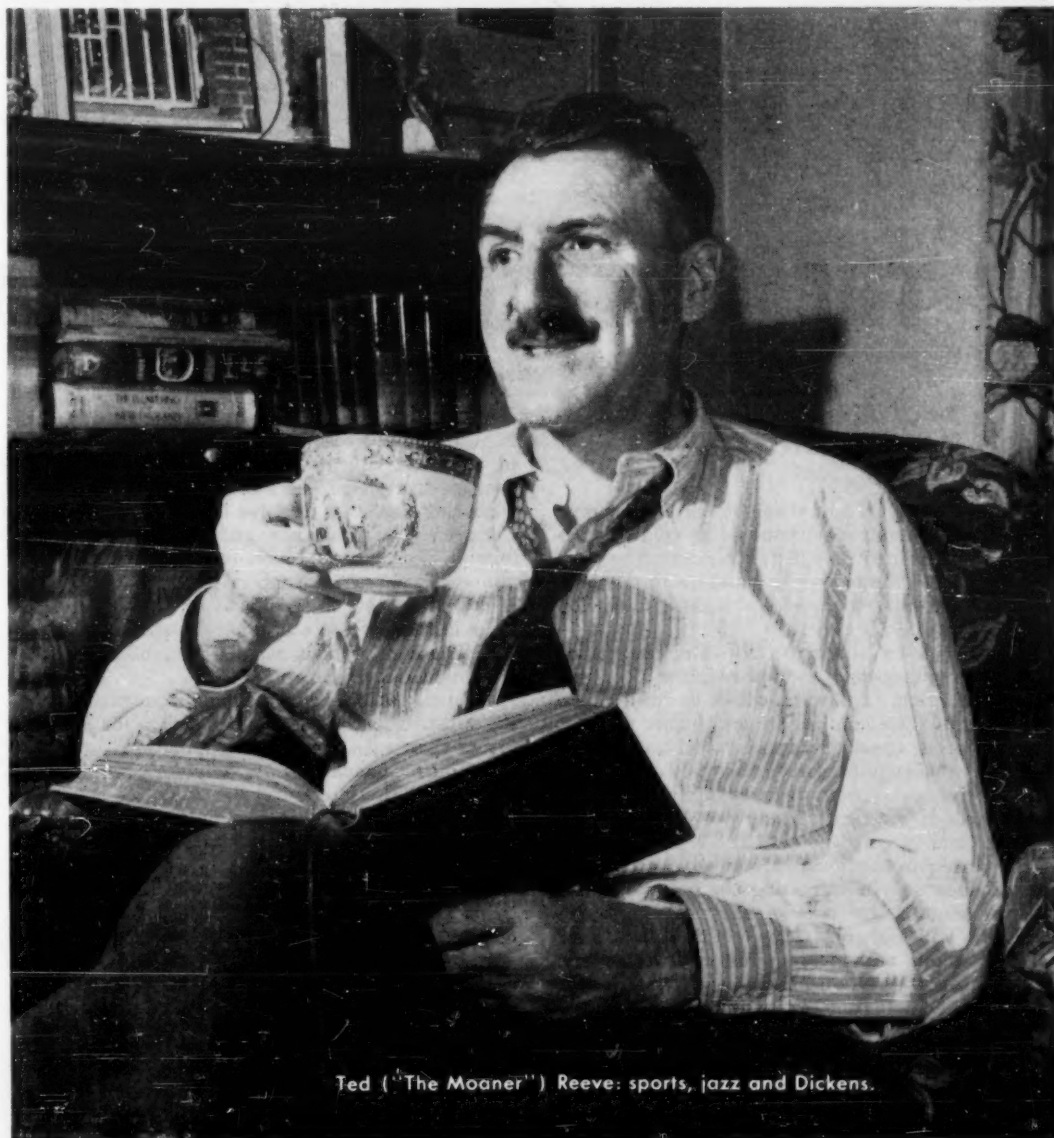
Another time, during Christmas week, he wrote: Showing all this week at Loew's, George Raft in "Each Dawn I Die." Me too, Georgie, me too.

On Bozo: He is

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The Real McGruffey

His column is more crowded with colorful characters than the champs' dressing room. And they all turn out to be Ted Reeve



Ted ("The Moaner") Reeve: sports, jazz and Dickens.



Not even the DPs will ever "fill up" Canada . . . unless they want a farm in Baffin Land.

THE MYTH OF MASS IMMIGRATION

By ARTHUR LOWER

DESPITE THE fact that you can hardly pick up a newspaper without being told Canada should bring in 500,000 immigrants a year, or that she should double her population in the next few years, I'm going to argue that mass immigration is both unwise and impractical.

Immigration on the scale so often suggested would upset our society and let us in for a century of reconstruction. I maintain that to push ahead trying to make Canada bigger and busier without regard to other considerations is banal and stupid.

There is a wide gulf between the wishful thinking inspiring those who promote mass immigration and the realities of the case. Many people constantly compare Canada with the United States and, finding the comparison odious, turn to what seems the most obvious way of redressing the balance. Just bring in enough new people, they say, and our population will soar, our cities will double in size, every merchant will increase his business, every manufacturer will sell all his wares at good prices, labor will become abundant, and, in short, Utopia will be here.

In my opinion, it won't.

Here are the 10 points of my case. Call them my 10 heresies, if you wish.

1. Immigration is not a major factor in determin-

ing the size of a country's population. It's a factor in the short run, or the initial stages of growth, because there has to be some human stock to begin with, but it is not a decisive factor in the long run. Canada's growth has now got past the point where immigration can do much for it except relieve a temporary shortage of labor.

2. One of the chief effects of immigration in Canada has been to stimulate emigration.

3. The immigrant is usually brought in for what we can get out of him.

4. Immigration, as often as not, represents merely the substitution of one type of person for another, rather than a net increase in population.

5. Since Canada is not "fillable," immigration will not "fill up the country."

6. It is impossible in the nature of things for Canada to become another United States.

Stop dreaming we can be as big as the U. S., Professor Lower warns. While the cheaper immigrant labor streams in, our native-born pour out

7. Among the chief reasons for this are the scattered nature of Canada's resources and her limited supply of agricultural land.

8. Canada's growth will, consequently, be relatively slow.

9. By the end of this century Canada may get up to 20 million people. If she ever crawls up to 30 millions it may mean poorer living conditions, not better.

10. In general the size of a country's population is much like the height of a man—not much can be done about it.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not pessimistic about this country's future, and I do not wish to belittle it. It simply seems to me that the public interest is better served by facing reality than by the bumptious and ill-informed pomposities that so often do duty for discussion in Canada.

Let's investigate my "heresies" one by one. To understand fully my first you must look at mankind's experience in population growth. Here are a few examples:

Great Britain, during the 110 years, 1821-1931, increased its population more than three times (from 14 millions to 46 millions). During these years there was heavy emigration to the United States, Canada, Australia and other parts of the world. There were few immigrants as recruits.

Germany from 1870 to 1914 increased its numbers from 41 millions to

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The Wise Old Owl Is Stupid

By FRED BODSWORTH

THE GREEK who started that platitude about wise old owls on its way through the language and the ages didn't know much about owls. For centuries the owl has been bluffing people with an air of great wisdom when actually he is one of birdland's rankest morons.

One day Don Young, Chatham ornithologist, and I slipped quietly into a tamarack swamp looking for owls. We stopped and looked through the dark treetops. No owls. Then, almost at my shoulder, so close we had overlooked it, I saw a tiny owl eying us stupidly from less than four feet away. It was the first saw-whet owl, Eastern Canada's smallest member of the owl family, I had ever seen.

It sat there, absurdly tame, for several minutes, so close that either of us could have touched it. Was it blinded by the daylight, or injured? No, for when I reached toward it, the saw-whet turned casually and flew expertly away through the maze of branches.

This "freezing" is a characteristic saw-whet trick. By keeping still they escape detection, but instead of being clever about it and taking off when discovered, they frequently carry the ruse to the absurd point of sitting like a dead duck until someone walks up and picks them off their perch.

Herb Southam, Gordon Lambert and Frank Smith, Toronto birdbanding trio, have caught and banded about 200 saw-whet owls during the past 12 years. Says Southam, who has banded thousands of birds: "There's no other bird easier to catch. One man stands in front to attract its attention, another walks up behind and grabs it. Wise old owls? Most of them are dunces."

Smith in one day last fall caught 16 saw-whets singlehanded.

Hummingbird's Big Brother

STRANGE, little-understood bird of mystery and legend, frequently heard but rarely seen, the owl is the most unbirdlike of birds. It is the only bird with a broad, flat face and eyes that look forward as man's. The wide eyes are surrounded by a disc of radiating feathers which make an owl always unmistakably

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**Don't let that face fool you.
His brain's from hunger. But
look at those eyes. They're
bigger and better than yours**



LAWRENCE M. CHACE



THE HERITAGE

Ilsa knew the loneliness of this child who did not belong,
for she could never forget the pain of her own childhood

By JOSEPH and ADELINE MARX

JUST after the party ice cream was served Ilsa went upstairs for a minute. She went slowly, listening to the cheerful din of the children downstairs, making little noise herself. When she got to the top of the stairs she could see directly into her room, and she could see the child standing by her bureau. She had Ilsa's purse open in her hands, and she was going through it with a desperate, guilty haste.

Ilsa said, gently, "You should have asked me, Diana." One hand closed firmly over the purse; she put the other on the child's thin shoulders. "Did you need the money for something special?" she said. "I would have lent it to you."

The child stared up at her and for a minute there was nothing on her face but fear. Then, just as suddenly, there was nothing there but anger. Anger and hate, and out of the depths of it she struck at Ilsa. Struck her hard in the stomach, and then again on the arm. And then she had collapsed into a flood of tears; her whole thin body was shaken and torn by the terrible, hiccuping sobs.

Ilsa sat down in the low rocking chair behind her and pulled the child down onto her lap. She had been knocked almost breathless by the blow in her stomach, so that for a minute she could do nothing but sit and hold the child in silence. After a minute she found her handkerchief and wiped the wet little face; she brushed the dark hair away from the round forehead and felt how wet it was. The child was far too hot; she had come dressed as a medieval queen, in an elaborate satin costume, and she was worn out with the weight of it.

Ilsa sat, rocking her silently, soothing her with her silence and her gentle hands.

It was funny. There were children downstairs to whom a dime was a week's riches; there were children who got no money at all unless they worked for it. But the only one who had tried to steal was Diana, who would never know what it was like to need money.

Ilsa said, "What was it, Diana? Do you need some money?"

The words came out between the sobs, and they were not an answer at all, and yet they were a complete answer. "I hate them!" Diana said. "I hate them all!"

Ilsa nodded; she could understand. Diana hated them, so she tried to hurt them in the only way that seemed important to her—by taking their money. "You don't need to hate them," Ilsa said mildly. "They don't hate you."

"They do too!" For a minute the sobs grew wilder; they were so choking that no words would come at all.

"Why should they?" Ilsa said.

The words came choking out. "I—I'm not like any of them."

Ilsa knew that it was true; Diana, daughter of a famous actress, was not like the others, who were the children of grocers and druggists and hardware merchants. She knew that to a child being different from the others is one of the world's worst tragedies. She did not try to minimize it.

"I know," she said. "It's hard. When I was a little girl I wasn't like the others either."

She felt the child's head turn up toward her slightly.

"I was even more different than you are," Ilsa said. "Because I didn't even talk like the others, you see. I had a little accent, because my mother had not lived here long. Sometimes when I meant to say 'nothing' I would say 'nossing,' and then they would laugh."

She rocked in silence for a minute; she felt the child, beginning to relax a little, let her breath out in a long shuddering sigh.

"And once I was invited to a party," Ilsa said. "A costume party, like this one. And I didn't know what to wear, and I didn't have the money to buy anything, and I knew that whatever I wore I would still be different."

Diana was really looking up at her now.

"You sit here and rest," Ilsa said, "and I will tell you about it."

It was the first time she had ever been invited to a party on that street—on Elm Street, where all the big houses were. It was the first time, for that matter, that she had ever been invited to a

party at all—really invited, that is, with a printed invitation, asking her to Martha Redlock's party. On the invitation, in Martha's laborious handwriting, it said, "Please wear a costume."

The costume, she knew, was important.

She had finally dared to ask some of the girls about it, managing to say it, she thought, just right. "What costume are you wearing?" she had said languidly, as though everybody, of course, had loads of them and just had to decide between them. And Nancy had said, "I'm going as a witch," and Gertrude had said, "I'm going as a nurse." And then they had laughed and told her the most wonderful thing of all—Peter was going as a dog. He had a dog's head that you could hardly tell from a real one, really, with a jaw that moved and everything, and he wore a long tail with it and he was the funniest thing you ever saw. He always wore it at costume parties.

SHE had gone home and had told her mother about the witch and the nurse and the dog's head, and Mama had looked amazed, the way she so often did, and said, "A dog's head, really? From a real dog, do you think?" And they had all laughed at her and shouted, "Of course not, Mama! From a real dog!" and then they had laughed some more, and Mama had shaken her head and shrugged her shoulders and laughed too. She knew, really, that costumes weren't made from real dogs, but so many things in this country kept surprising her that nothing ever seemed too surprising. And she never minded when they laughed at her; it was all part of the fun they had together.

Sometimes, Ilsa suspected, Mama asked the funny questions just to keep them laughing. On days when Papa was laid off, and there hadn't been much for supper, it was good to have something to laugh about. It warmed you up.

"A witch, now," Mama said thoughtfully, when they were through laughing. "That would be easy."

"But I can't go as a witch!" Ilsa wailed. "Nancy's going as a witch! I can't be a witch, too!"

And Mama had looked thoughtful, and puzzled

too, and then she had said, "Well, then? What?"

It was hard to say. She knew exactly what she wanted to be. She wanted to go as a fairy, and in her mind she could see just how it would be. She would have a tiny, tight blouse, and her skirt would be made of yards and yards of something very sheer, all in different colors, and she would carry a wand, and wear a shiny star in her hair.

The cheapest and coarsest muslin could be dyed and turned into something sheer and beautiful. It would take a lot, of course, but down at Timmers they had some muslin for only 15 cents a yard. And Mama could sew it easily. Mama could sew anything.

SHE told Mama about it at last, and even sat down and tried to draw a picture of it, but Mama only shook her head. "A long black skirt, I have," she said. "Fancy sheer material, I have not."

"They have it at Timmers," Ilsa said eagerly. "And we could dye it at home. I could do all the dyeing—"

Mama only shook her head again.

Even telling Papa did no good; in fact, it made things worse, for Papa looked so sad that she knew how much he wanted to take the money out of his pocket and say, "Here. Go and buy it." The only trouble was, he did not have the money in his pocket.

And the day of the party came—a Saturday—

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

and after breakfast Mama left the dishes right where they were and went up to her room for a while. And when she came down she was carrying a big box and she looked very pleased. She looked tired, too, as though she had just been under a strain, and her big hands shook a little as she opened the box.

"Not for everybody would I do this," she said, and smiled at Ilsa. "But for my oldest daughter—well, maybe."

Ilsa stared unbelievably. Could it be—it had to be—Mama had been making the costume all this time, keeping it a secret, making a surprise for her?

"There!" Mama said, and threw off the lid of the box. Ilsa took one look inside and burst into tears.

In the box, in all its starched glory, lay the festival costume of Mama's youth. The elaborate beaddress, with its yards of handmade lace, the bright skirts, the stiff, beautifully embroidered petticoats. It was as European as anything could ever be, and she hated every inch of it.

"That is a costume worth wearing," Mama said. "But, Ilsa, why cry? I don't mind if you wear it, child—you are old enough now to be careful."

"I won't wear it!" Ilsa sobbed. "I'd rather be dead than wear that old thing!"

Mama's hands were caressing the embroidery, but her eyes were turned toward Ilsa, puzzled and hurt now. "I could hardly decide to let you wear it," she said, "and now to you it is an old thing."

"I just won't go," Ilsa sobbed. "I won't wear that! I just won't go!"

Papa had come in at the sound of her angry voice. "And what is wrong with the costume, Ilsa?" he said. "What is wrong with wearing it?"

"How could I wear it?" Ilsa screamed. "Wear it and look like a hunk!"

She knew at once that she should not have said it. Papa's shoulders drooped; Mama sat down very suddenly, her hands still reaching into the box.

"For this I came to this country," Papa said slowly. "For my own daughter to call me that." He fumbled in his pocket for his pipe, not even seeming to know that he held it in his other hand. "I came for nothing," he said, and walked slowly toward the door. "For worse than nothing."

Mama's head came up suddenly. "That is Brussels lace," she said. "It was made by my grandmother, and worn by my mother, and given to me. That lace is good enough for anybody. It is good enough for you, Ilsa. You will wear it."

When Mama talked like that the argument was over. Ilsa knew she would wear it.

It was even worse than she had thought it would be. Ilsa had known that she would be wretched when she got to the party, but she had not even thought about getting

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"I won't wear it!" Ilsa sobbed. "I'd rather be dead!"



Are You Really Well Fed?

By GEORGE H. WALTZ, JR.

You can eat heartily, even expensively, and still be undernourished. Women are the worst offenders — too many prefer fashion to fitness

IF ANYONE asked you if you were well fed you undoubtedly would answer with an indignant, "Why, naturally." Yet, if you are an "average" person, the chances are better than 50-50 that you are underfed!

If you are one of those "typical" males, the odds are that you are underweight and undernourished. You tend to tire easily and you often have spells of the jitters. Your teeth aren't in the best shape and when it comes to vitamin intake you are a little on the low side. Even so, you probably stack up better physically than your "average" wife, and your son is apt to be better off than your teen-age daughter.






There are nutritionists who say the average family is needlessly undernourished. They base their belief on an extensive year-long eating test

recently completed by nutritionists of the Pennsylvania State College with the aid of the Westinghouse Electric Corporation. In this test 64 families (239 persons) of better than average health, education and income ate meals prepared from special menus. Medical checkups before and after showed that, as a group, they were basically undernourished, and that by sticking to a common-sense, correct diet they improved enormously.

Although the dining tables of North America are perhaps more loaded than at any time in history, in many cases they sag under the weight of the wrong foods. We may turn over a major chunk of our weekly budgets to the butchers, bakers, and greengrocers, yet through ignorance and improper planning we shortchange ourselves on nutrition. What's more, even

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Check your family's weekly eating against this chart. The three daily meals should be equal.

TYPE OF PERSON	MILK	MEAT, FISH, POULTRY	EGGS	DRIED BEANS, PEAS, NUTS	TOMATOES CITRUS FRUIT	LEAFY GREEN & YELLOW VEGETABLES	POTATOES & SWEET POTATOES	OTHER FRUITS & VEGETABLES	FLOUR, CEREALS, BREADS	FATS	SUGAR, SYRUP, MOLASSES, JAMS, CANDY
 BABIES											
9-12 months	6 quarts	Strained dairy	5	None or limited quantity	1 1/2-2 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.	12 oz.	1 oz.	1 oz.
1-3 years	7 quarts	6-8 oz.	6		2-2 1/4 lbs.	1 1/2 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	2 1/4 lbs.	1 lb.	2 oz.	2 oz.
 CHILDREN											
4-6 years	7 quarts	12-14 oz.	7		2 1/2-2 3/4 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	4 1/2 lbs.	1 lb. 6 oz.	5 oz.	5 oz.
7-9 years	7 quarts	1 lb. 12-14 oz.	7	1 oz.	3-3 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 lbs.	6 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	8 oz.	8 oz.
10-12 years	7 quarts	2 1/2-2 3/4 lbs.	7		3-3 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	6 1/4 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	13 oz.	13 oz.
 GIRLS											
13-15 years	7 quarts	3-3 1/2 lbs.	7	2 oz.	4-4 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	3 lbs.	6 1/4 lbs.	3 lbs.	15 oz.	15 oz.
16-20 years	7 quarts	3 1/2-3 3/4 lbs.	7	1 oz.	4-4 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	3 lbs.	7 lbs.	1 1/2 lbs.	12 oz.	12 oz.
 BOYS											
13-15 years	7 quarts	3 3/4-4 lbs.	7	4 oz.	4 1/2-4 3/4 lbs.	4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	8 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb. 2 oz.
16-20 years	7 quarts	4 3/4 lbs.	7	4 oz.	5 lbs.	4 lbs.	4 1/2 lbs.	9 lbs.	3 3/4 lbs.	1 lb. 9 oz.	1 lb. 9 oz.
 WOMEN											
Very active	6 quarts	4-4 1/2 lbs.	7	2 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	6 lbs.	2 1/4 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.
Mod. active	6 quarts	3 1/2 lbs.	7	1 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	6 lbs.	2 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.
Sedentary	6 quarts	3 lbs.	7	1 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 lbs.	4 1/2 lbs.	1 1/2 lbs.	12 oz.	12 oz.
Pregnant	7 quarts	3-3 1/4 lbs.	7	2 oz.	6-6 1/4 lbs.	4 lbs.	2 lbs.	6 lbs.	1 3/4 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.
Nursing	10 1/2 quarts	3-3 1/2 lbs.	7	2 oz.	7 lbs.	4 lbs.	3 lbs.	7 lbs.	2 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.
 MEN											
Very active	6 quarts	4 3/4-5 lbs.	7	5 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	4 lbs.	6 lbs.	9 lbs.	2 lbs. 1 oz.	2 lbs. 1 oz.	2 lbs. 1 oz.
Mod. active	6 quarts	4-4 1/2 lbs.	7	2 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	6 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.	1 1/4 lbs.
Sedentary	6 quarts	3 1/2-3 3/4 lbs.	7	1 oz.	5-5 1/4 lbs.	3 1/2 lbs.	2 1/2 lbs.	6 lbs.	1 lb.	1 lb.	1 lb.

I SAW EUROPE ON \$190



Canadian Ross Anderson in the Swiss Alps. Climbing on the cheap, he nearly started an avalanche.

By ROSS ANDERSON
as told to Robert Thomas Allen

THERE are two ways to visit Europe: with money, and without. I did it without. I left Canada in the middle of May last year after my examinations at the University of Toronto where I'm studying architecture, and returned at the end of August. I visited Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland and Austria, covering a distance in Europe of about 3,000 miles. I roamed the country roads of Europe. I gazed on Notre Dame and sailed on the Zuider Zee. I supped on beer and cheese beside flower-bordered Dutch canals, did the rounds of Paris night clubs, and climbed part way up the Jungfrau. I did all the things I wanted to do, and I did it on \$190.

You can do it, too, if you go about it the right way. All you need is a lot of determination, a fondness for walking and bicycling, a taste for simple food and some ingenuity.

First, get busy right now clearing through immigration red tape. You'll find it a lot easier to do here in Canada than in Europe. Write to the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa and get a passport valid for all countries. It will cost you \$5.

When you have your passport, visit the various foreign consulates in your nearest major city—they are listed in the Canadian almanac—and get it filled up with as many visas as you can possibly talk your way into. You'll save yourself a lot of time, by the way, by equipping yourself with plenty of passport-type photographs and letters

of reference. You can get visas for every European country (except Switzerland where no visa is required) for about \$15.

Another thing you should do right away is to get in touch with the International Students' Service which promotes university student contact in foreign countries. They'll tell you about conditions in the countries you're going to visit, the best routes to follow and give you a lot of other valuable information.

And while you're at it, take out a membership in the Canadian Youth Hostel Association. Youth hostels are spotted throughout Europe, many arranged so that they're just a comfortable day's walk apart. You'll be using them regularly. With a membership card a good clean bed anywhere in Europe will cost you only 25 cents. Without a card they cost 50 cents and you're not going to be in financial shape to toss away two-bits a day.

Now comes the passage. If you're going to keep your expenses down, you not only can't afford a first-class ticket—you can't afford a ticket. You

work your way over. You've probably heard of that idea before. What you haven't heard is that it's a lot easier said than done. You not only have to work plenty on the ship, you have to work plenty to get on it.

I boarded each foreign ship as soon as her hawsers touched the quay in Toronto without getting closer to a job than a few helpful words of advice from her master. I went to Montreal and tramped from ship to ship and agency to agency without finding a vessel that needed even a cabin boy. There's no sure-fire way of getting passage in this way and I can give you no advice except to tell you to see everyone who might be connected with shipping, or who knows someone who might be, or who knows someone who knows who might know someone. You have to work at it the way you would trying to land any other job.

I finally got word through friends in the foreign exchange department of the Dominion Bank about a ship putting in for a cargo of horses. The horses were being shipped to Belgium by Gilbert Arnold, the owner of Arnold Farms, Grenville, Que. He was to provide the cargo crew. I hitch-hiked to Grenville, met Arnold, and was told that if I was on hand when the crew was signed on I might have a chance. I hiked back to Montreal and nearly did handsprings when I got the job.

Then I was asked, "What about your ticket back?" and I stopped in mid-air. I learned that, by international law, they would have to bring me back again unless I produced a ticket for my return trip, and they weren't having any of that.

But by this time I *Continued on page 59*

He saw five countries from a bike, proving that Europe still welcomes students who can afford bread and cheese

By JOCK CARROLL

WHEN an actress recently told Brian William Doherty he was being tipped as "the man to put Canadian theatre on its feet," the 42-year-old Toronto impresario wisecracked: "I'll put it on its feet—or on its back."

Owner and producer of the New World Theatre Company, manager of the summer stock Straw Hat Players, successful playwright ("Father Malachy's Miracle"), aggressive Doherty has taken the plunge toward establishing a professional Canadian theatre.

No dabbler, Doherty puts out good money and wants better money back. His credo: a successful Canadian theatre must stand on its own feet professionally. His pet peeve: the starry-eyed, ivory-towered amateurs who are shocked by his healthy affection for cash.

There's been only one New World venture so far — the 1948-49 tour of "The Drunkard." Doherty's initial capital investment in this hoary melodrama was \$3,000. Last month he revealed that his gross take had climbed to \$120,000. He started out with this show in Ontario last October, and grossed \$60,000 in three months. He took it to Detroit's Shubert-Lafayette theatre and packed them in. After playing clear across Canada to B. C., it came back east via Minneapolis and Chicago. After two weeks in Chicago's Studebaker theatre

(clash attractions: "A Streetcar Named Desire," "Mister Roberts"), Doherty moved his show into the Via Laga night club on Lakeshore Drive where it pulled solidly.

Playing his cards close to his vest, Doherty says he is planning "a satirical review" of Canadian affairs for his next New World venture. He tells of correspondence with English comedy riot Hermione Gingold (star of London's smash wartime revue, "Sweeter and Lower") which could result in her appearance in Canada.

The Straw Hat Players—mostly the same folk now with "The Drunkard"—will be back on the northern Ontario holiday circuit this year for their second summer. They did okay last year.

Doherty first made a splash in the Canadian professional theatre with three top-flight British companies which toured the eastern provinces following the war—John Gielgud, Flora Robson-Michael Redgrave and the Dublin Gate Players. He managed the Gielgud company for the culture-conscious British Council on a straight fee (it made

money); he and other Canadians backed Robson-Redgrave (they broke even); he plunged alone on the Dublin Gate Players (and lost "fairly heavily").

Another Doherty enterprise will be the Doherty-Knapp School, at Cobourg, Ont., this summer. Partnered by opera singer and teacher Bertha Bright Knapp, Doherty is running a six-week acting course for professionals and talented amateurs. Plays will be produced there under the direction of a ranking English or American director. Doherty has offered two scholarships at the school, worth \$450 each, for the best actor and actress at this year's Dominion Drama Festival. Object: to uncover professional talent for the New World Company.

Chain-smoker Doherty is a former corporation lawyer, RCAF wing commander, rugby player and tennis champion.

He looks like a gourmet, and is one (favorites: curries, zabaglione). His short, stocky body is mute testimony to the number of good meals that lie between the present

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HE PLAYS FOR KEEPS

Impresario Doherty (right) talks between shows in Chicago with "The Drunkard," Murray Davis.



Brian W. Doherty rattles the ivory towers of Canada's theatre amateurs by demanding that his shows click at the box office

NATKIN-BLACK STAR



T O D A Y W E L I V E I N A G R E A T E R C A N A D A

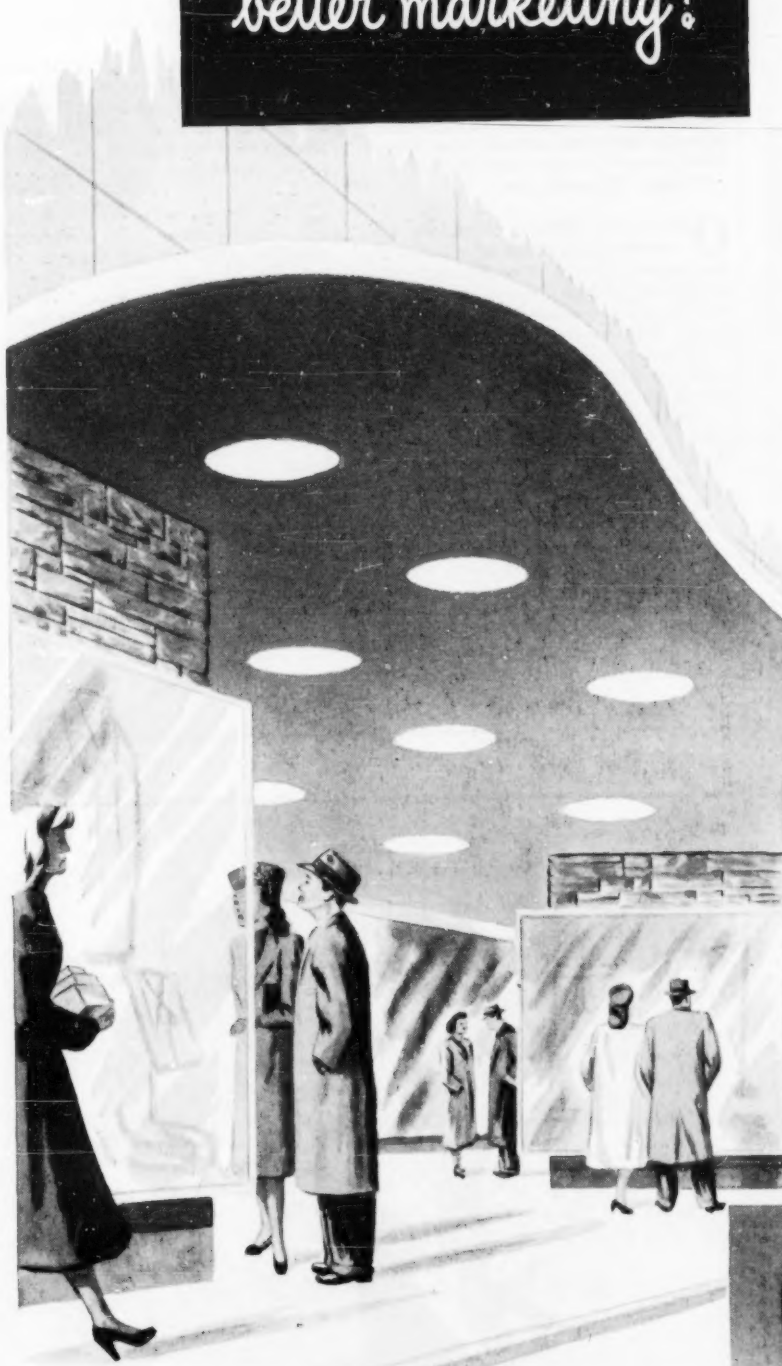
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HEDLEIGH VENNING

began his career as a junior salesman in 1926. From the beginning, he became aware of the opportunity awaiting the application of imagination and creative thinking to any job. A keen student of modern packaging, an enthusiastic and energetic worker, he is now vice-president in charge of sales of Shirriff's Limited, one of Canada's larger food product companies; a great believer in scientific marketing and a leader in the field of selling and advertising.



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AURORA ONTARIO

Night Assignment

Continued from page 11

have gone. I know, I have to study."

"Junior rats. Stay away from them. You don't need that kind, kid."

Frankie ran a lean hand through his hair, as thick and black as Dave's. "Sometimes," he persisted, "you treat me like a baby."

"Sometimes you act like a baby." Dave was impatient. "You listen to me. I can tell you—"

"I know." Frankie's face was stubborn. "You keep telling me. Why don't you ever let me find out for myself?"

"Snap out of it. I've never handed you a wrong one yet, have I?"

Frankie sighed heavily. "Okay, Dave. Okay."

Dave brought his thoughts back; he tapped the wheel of his car restlessly. Menzke gestured toward the jalopy. "He's bound to come back for his car."

"Yeah. Thanks, Joe."

ONLY the skeleton-sized late staff was working when he entered the city room. Scraps of paper and cigarette butts littered the scarred floor. At the far end a teleprinter ticked methodically. The room looked old and tired.

He passed the news editor, who was dividing his attention between a sheet of copy and a ham on rye. The thought of Helen Lindstrom, photographed as sharply in his mind as on his negatives, slowed Dave. "How you fixed, George?"

The news editor raised his bald head, and swallowed. "Slow night," he rumbled. "I could use something for page three. What you got?"

"Lindstrom," replied Dave, with an attempt at indifference. "He was nicked in a burglary."

"Oh, yeah." George rubbed sandwich crumbs from his chin. "People always shooting people, cutting people,

Maclean's Magazine, May 15, 1949

blowing people up. You'd think—better let me see it. I need something to give the page a lift."

Dave shrugged. "Well—I tried, didn't I?"

"What?"

"Nothing—"

"The old guy's a one-day hero," George said, stretching. "Lots of moxie, I guess. Saw the lights in the office while he was out in the lumber yard. Charged in and saw two guys trying to get the safe out on a hand truck. Lots of shooting. Thinks maybe he hit one. Gave the cops a good description . . . Maybe there'll be a pinch in a day or two."

Dave nodded absently. "Maybe . . . I'll have this stuff ready in about ten minutes."

Waiting for the negatives to develop, he wondered if Helen would be at the hospital when he returned. There must be a way to convince her she was wrong; that his pattern was as good as most, and better than some . . .

SHE came into the parking lot, walking slowly, and he threw away his fifth cigarette and got out. "How is he?"

Worry laced her voice. "He's going to be all right. He's weak, but—"

"Sure. It's good you waited to see him. He'll rest better."

As they drove through the deserted midnight streets he felt the old strain sidling between them. Anxious to drive it out, he said, "Helen—let's talk."

"About us?"

"Yes."

Her sigh was deep. "I thought you understood how I felt, Dave. The way you are—I could never trust you."

"Now, just a minute. You—"

"No." Her voice sounded detached. "Some people can forgive mistakes. But some people can't, when the mis-

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JASPER

By Simpkins



"Please, dear, not too high!"

Kodak



Romance lives on in snapshots

Times like this have special importance. With your camera along, you can keep every precious memory.

Those who make snapshots regularly know how much they add to the enjoyment of every occasion. All the people, all the circumstances become part of the snapshot record.

It's so easy, so sure, with Kodak Film in your camera. Always keep two or three rolls on hand. Remember—the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, you must take today . . . Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

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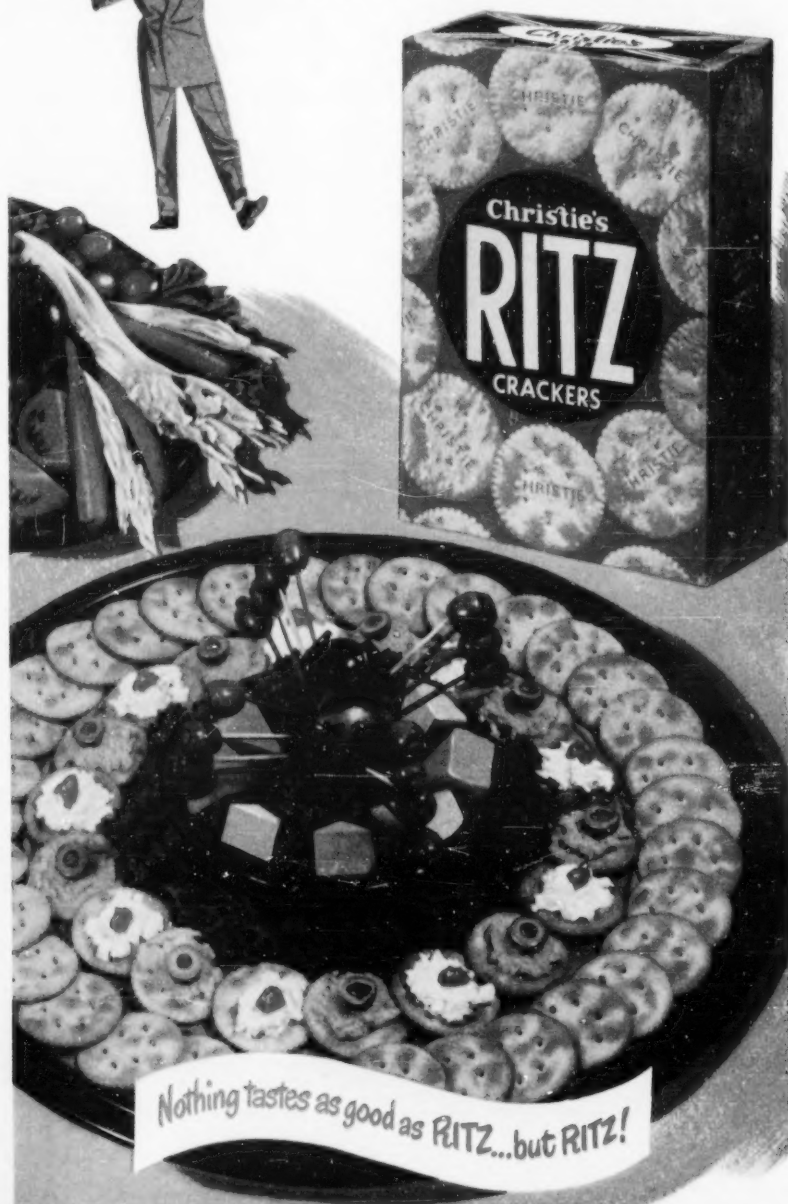
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Continued from page 24

takes are intentional. You seem to think that anything you want to do is all right—if you can get away with it." She shook her head slowly. "Dave, I could never feel secure with that."

He said doggedly. "You're making it bigger than it is. Like I'm a hoodlum."

Her voice was lifeless. "Not bigger than it is."

He turned a corner in silence. A thin worry in the back of his mind was taking him a block out of the way to pass the apartment he shared with Frankie. He saw a light, and welcomed the chance to break the line of thought. "I'd like to stop a minute. It's pretty late for the kid. Maybe he's sick."

"All right."

As he got out his arm brushed the loaded camera, nearly out of sight behind the seat, and it occurred to him that in a few hours she would find her picture on page three—and might not like that about him, either.

Two floor lamps burned in the small lobby. He passed a man and a woman chatting on a lounge, and a man who seemed to have fallen asleep behind a newspaper. He stepped out of the elevator at the third floor and let himself into the apartment.

As he closed the door, Frankie came into the room, pulling a sweater over his chest. Then Dave saw the suitcase, open on the floor and nearly full. "Where are you going this time of night?"

Frankie's eyes avoided his. "A guy wants me to drive him to Chicago. He—he hurt his leg. He's going to pay me a hundred bucks."

Dave stared. He couldn't believe that Frankie would walk out on him. Not like this. "You don't lie often enough to be good at it. If you don't like our setup, kid, let's have it straight."

"It isn't that, Dave. I—I'm not lying." He lifted the suitcase with his left hand. "I have to hurry. The guy said—"

Dave slammed his fist down hard against the top. The suitcase crashed to the floor. Frankie's eyes were wide, showing a fright that seemed to have been there for some time. Dave had the incongruous urge to pull him close; somehow to baby him. He said roughly, "Well, Frankie! You've never had to be afraid of me. Spill it."

Frankie sat down suddenly, his mouth working. Dave stared at the spreading darkness on the sweater's right shoulder. "What's the matter?" he asked sharply.

Frankie's face was pale. "I—I'm in a pretty bad mess."

With swift care, Dave helped him shed the sweater. "You're all bloody. Did you pile up that jalopy?" He sucked in a breath as he saw the damp stain on the white shirt. "Take it off. I'll get something."

Hurrying from the bathroom, he said, "We'd better get you to Receiving. They'll—"

"No!" Frankie's eyes were wide. "No—I'll be okay."

"What's the matter with Receiving?" Dave paused, and the alarm clock's rhythmic clucking breathed in his ears. He said quietly, "Too close to the cops? We'd better have it, kid. Did you get into trouble with those two guys?"

"Dave—I didn't know," Frankie said desperately. "They said they just wanted me to drive."

Confirmation hit Dave like a numbing club. "The lumber yard! Frankie—"

"You told me to stay away from them. I know. I know all that. But you're always telling me something. It makes a guy—"

"Yeah," Dave said heavily. "The

new approach." He began to dress the wound, deep and perhaps an inch wide, in the fleshy part of Frankie's upper arm.

"A chump," Frankie said bitterly. "A Grade A chump! They said Jess' dad had bought some stuff that had to be picked up. They told me to keep the engine running because the battery was low . . . they came running out. Harry got hit in the leg. Then when I stopped, the car and told them I was getting out they got pretty mean." He swallowed. "Jess claimed I'd squeal if they let me go. We—we had a fight, and he cut me." The bitterness was gone from his voice. His eyes were pleading.

Dave forced himself to think. He wondered how close the police were—and remembered the man downstairs apparently asleep behind the newspaper. "How'd you get in here without that cop seeing you?"

"What cop?"

"Downstairs, in the lobby."

"I didn't know. I came up the side way—the fire escape. I parked a couple of blocks away."

"Every cop in town knows that car," Dave taped the bandage. "They're probably staked out on it right now. We'll use mine . . ." He straightened. "You won't need stitches. Not if you take it easy. Come on."

Frankie swallowed hard. "Dave—I'd better stay."

"Don't be a lunatic! You go in alone, you'll get stuck for the whole rotten mess. Do it my way!"

"I—I sure messed it up, didn't I? You—and school, and everything. Then—if they catch Jess and Harry, they'll drag me into it, all right."

"You're in it now. The cops got a description of them. Someone probably saw you riding together." He drew a breath. "I'll drive you to Mintford. You can catch a bus. Keep going for a day or two. Then write."

"They'll be coming down to the paper, ragging you. They'll—"

"There are other papers, kid." Dave's tone softened. "You made a mistake. I've made them, too." He paused, and what he saw in himself twisted his lips. "I tried to keep you from getting little jolts. A few little ones might have taught you more than I could ever tell you. You have a right to learn your own answers."

Frankie's voice was dull. "I'm learning one right now."

PRECEDING him down the cold, narrow side stairs, Dave tried to rationalize; to hold the thought that this was for Frankie's sake. The boy shouldn't have to face punishment alone—but he couldn't escape the drumming thought that of all the rules he had bent or broken, this would be the big one. And, for Frankie, it might conceivably be the beginning of something long, and twisted and ugly.

If only the other two could be caught first, he thought. Frankie might even get probation, with a good lawyer. He had learned his lesson. Over his shoulder he said, "Where are those two guys?"

"I don't know. I ran, when Jess cut me."

Sudden rage burned in Dave. The events of the night had piled one on the other, challenging him, mocking him. He had cut a lot of corners, saved a lot of time. But where was that spare time, now? And then, shocked, he remembered Helen was waiting in the car. What could he tell her when she learned that Frankie was one of the three—and he had helped him escape?

He could tell the police he didn't know where the boy had gone, didn't know of his part in the affair. But this

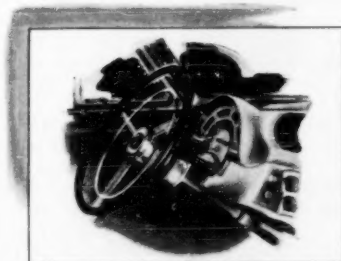
Continued on page 28

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The Finest in the Land

Continued from page 26
flight, it struck him hard, was not fair to Helen, or to her father. And, he wondered then, how fair it was to Frankie.

He stopped in the darkness beside the building. "Frankie."

"Yes."

Dave put a hand on his shoulder. "You knew we couldn't do it, didn't you?"

"I guess I did." Frankie's sigh was long. "It's okay, Dave. It really is."

Pride swelled, and choked him. He said roughly, "Helen Lindstrom is in the car. I'll handle it."

Their footsteps were loud on the pavement. Helen said in surprise, "Why, Frankie ... Something wrong?"

Getting in, Dave said, "There's something he had to do. We'll take you home, first." Later would be time enough to tell her—if she would see him again.

As he fumbled for the key a movement glimpsed out of the corner of his eye halted him. Reflected light glimmered on a pistol.

Jess Clainer stood by the car. Helen gasped. Clainer opened the door on Dave's side. "Get out, Frankie."

No one moved. Clainer's voice was high and harsh. "We're leaving town. You ain't staying to squeal and get the breaks."

Helen said hesitantly, "Dave—what is it?"

Ignoring her, grasping at the fleeting moments, he said, "Where's Harry?"

"Out back, case Frankie went that way. He just got scratched, but he thinks he's going to die." The laugh was shrill and nervous. "Come on, Frankie."

Dave rested his arm on the back of the seat, as though to get out. Perhaps the cop inside would get tired, he thought swiftly. Perhaps he would come out for air. If Frankie were forced to flee now, everything would be ruined. A little more time and he might be able to ...

Clainer waved the pistol. Frankie said anxiously, "Dave?"

"You think I'm afraid to shoot," Clainer threatened. "I'm not waiting. Get out of there."

Dave's fingers brushed the camera behind the seat. Without a gun he had thought he was helpless. But now—

Clainer pulled the door wider. Dave's fingers reached for the shutter release, even as he jammed his eyes closed for protection. He felt a warmth from the flashing dart of the bulb, and a light greyness sped across his eyelids. In the next instant he grabbed, as Clainer fell back, blinded. The pistol was pointed high over Dave's head, sending a hard echo bounding down the dimly lit street. Dave had the hot barrel in his hand, twisting, striking furiously with his other fist. Helen cried, "Dave! ... Dave!"

Footsteps pounded out of the apartment house, up to the car. Jess Clainer lay on his face in the street. Dave thrust the pistol at Frankie. "Watch him." He said to Helen, "It's all right ... It's all right, now." And to the cop, he said, "There's another one out back. If we hurry ..."

THEY waited in the lobby. The cop said, "The wagon'll be here in a few minutes."

Helen touched Dave's arm. "What will they do to Frankie?"

He stared. "You're worried about him."

"Of course."

He paused, somehow ashamed that he had not seen this depth of understanding in her. "I feel like a fool. I should have known you were like that."

She shook her head. "I don't understand all of it, Dave. I know this—you had a chance to make some more rules. But you didn't."

His voice was low. "No."

She slipped her hand into his. He took a breath, and it was somehow cleansing, and the old conflict inside him died. He turned to the cop. "Say—you won't forget how the kid helped grab these guys?"

"I guess he's got that much coming," the cop said slowly. "No, I won't forget."

Helen said, "I—I'd like to cry. Dave—I'm not sad, but I'd like to cry."

"Cry," he said, his fingers tight around her hand. "Just this once." ★



"I enjoyed your sermon on sin, Dr. Peters. It gave me some wonderful ideas."

The Wise Old Owl Is Stupid

Continued from page 17

an owl, even to persons who know no other bird except the Christmas turkey.

Owls and hawks are the meat eaters of the bird world. Rats, mice and other rodents that are always eating the crops make up 90% of their meat diet. With eyes marvelously adapted for darkness, the owls generally take over the nighttime antirodent patrol and leave the easier daytime pickings for the hawks, but most owls see fairly well in daylight and some of them hunt by day as well as by night. Owls and hawks both have the sharp talons and hooked bills that are the badges of their predatory way of life, but here the resemblance ends. Biologically they are not closely related, in fact the owl is a much closer kin of the hummingbird than of the hawk.

There are owls in all parts of the world from Arctic tundras to equatorial jungles and deserts. Some, like California's tiny elf owl, are no larger than sparrows, others, like Northern Canada's great grey owl, are three feet tall with a wing span exceeding five feet. Ornithologists have discovered more than 300 owl species throughout the world. The western hemisphere has 150 of them, 55 in North America. Canada has 15 species, but several are divided into different races of subspecies to give us a grand total of 24 distinct Canadian varieties of owls.

Owls are heard but rarely seen, and their hooting and hooting haven't exactly helped much in a public relations way. Even when observed they are usually eerie fleeting shadows of the dusk. When facts about a wild-life creature are hidden, man's fertile imagination always fills in the gaps with superstition, fable and folklore. Since earliest days man's imagination has worked overtime on owls.

Their weird cries are responsible for many tales of haunted houses. One westerner woke up in the night to hear wholesale murder being committed below his bedroom. Shaking with fright, he distinguished the screams of seven different victims. Suddenly the fracas stopped. Peeking out he discovered that the whole hullabaloo had sprung from the voice box of one great horned owl on a nearby church chimney. And many ghost stories can be traced to the largely white barn owl which frequently nests in church steeples and uses the churchyard as his hunting ground.

In many rural areas the hoot of an owl is still regarded as an omen of death. A western doctor tells of a visit to a farm where a man lay ill with pneumonia. The elderly wife met him at the door and said gravely that he was too late.

"Has your husband passed away?" he asked.

"No," the woman replied, "but the owls have been hooting for several hours. I'm afraid it's too late to help him."

Recounted the doctor: "That woman was astounded when her husband recovered." She wasn't up on her owl lore as the Kentucky mountaineers are. They avert disaster when an owl hoots by tying knots in their shirttails and switching shoes to different feet. It's a charm that always works, they insist. How do they know it works? Because death never follows an owl hoot when they take those precautions.

Biologists agree that the hoot of an owl presages death, but only to a mouse in the field.

None of these wacky superstitions is any more phony than that nonsense

about owls being wise. The Greeks started that fable. They noticed the owl had a forward-looking face like man's and a dour, solemn expression. They mistook its gravity for intelligence and made it a sacred ward of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom.

Owls have been acting like idiots ever since, yet all but a few ornithologists continue to look upon them as a symbol of wisdom. The little saw-whet that daydreams on a limb while a man walks up and picks him off is no more of a dunce than many of his bigger relatives.

Two winters ago Alfred Bunker, Toronto bird photographer, took me to Toronto Island to show me a huge great grey owl, Canada's biggest owl which lives in the far north and rarely comes down into the settled areas. The great bird would have made an imposing target for a trigger-happy gunner, but did the owl realize this, as most other birds would have? No, he sat stupidly while Bunker's movie camera whirled less than 20 feet away. When Bunker wanted shots of the owl in flight I had to walk almost to the base of the tree before the bird would take

off. Fortunately, that rare owl survived a winter in Canada's second biggest city, and flew northward with the spring. But it certainly wasn't his wits that saved him from a volley of buckshot. It was the solicitude of Toronto naturalists who kept his whereabouts a secret from all but a few most loyal owl lovers.

Another so-called sage of owldom, the great horned owl, has a wingspread of sometimes five feet, and can lick anything up to three or four times his own weight. But is he smart enough to know what he can't lick? No, he'll

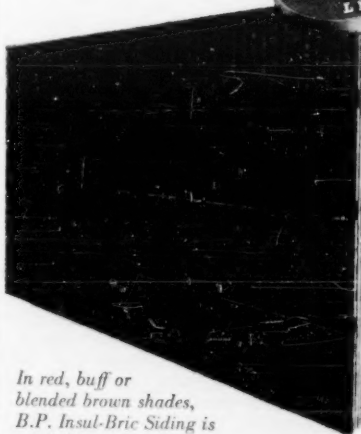


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tackle anything from mice to lumberjacks, including porcupines and skunks. Any thin-brained, city-reared terrier will attack a porcupine or skunk only once, and never again. The great horned owl goes through life blithely pouncing on porcupines and skunks at every chance and he never learns his lesson.

But the great horned owl's folly really reaches imbecilic level when every once in a while he vents his bravado on a human. In partial justification it must be said that the big owl never attacks a human unless it thinks its nest is endangered, an extenuating circumstance that lurid newspaper stories about owl attacks rarely disclose. One has to admire a bird courageous enough to attack a creature 15 times its weight to protect its young. But its courage is usually stupidly misdirected against someone walking innocently by who would otherwise never know the nest was near.

Many birds will, as a last resort, attack a man actually robbing their nests. But the great horned occasionally swoops to the attack far from its nest. The inevitable result: a blast of buckshot, his picture in the papers, and a nestful of orphaned owlets starve to death.

Owl Blinds Trapper

The big owl attacking lumberjacks near Lake St. John, Northern Quebec, in February, 1947, was certainly far from wise. The bird made off with six lumberjacks' caps, then one burly, six-foot woodsman decided he'd better put a bucket over his head when he crossed the owl's domain. The owl attacked again, knocked off the bucket, almost knocked off the lumberjack's lacerated head with it. That was too much. The woodsman grabbed a double-bladed axe and when the owl attacked a second time killed the bird. Only an owl, I think, could be so blindly foolish as to regard itself a match for a six-foot lumberjack armed with a two-bladed axe.

Usually an attacking owl contents itself with merely grabbing off a person's hat. Puerto Rico natives claim gravely that owls steal hats off persons' head and carry them away to use as nests. A pious Scottish lady, walking through a woods one Sunday to kirk, was wearing a massive bonnet anchored to her head with immense hatpins. A small owl plummeted from the treetops, knocked the bonnet over her eyes and impaled itself on the pins. She still believes the owl was sent by Satan to keep her from kirk.

But sometimes owl attacks are serious. Willis Currie, trapper in the Peace River district, stepped out of his cabin at daybreak one day in 1946 and a great horned owl pounced on his head. His face and scalp were raked by the owl's talons, one talon ripping his right eye. Blinded in the one eye, Currie was flown to Edmonton hospital and not until days later were doctors able to restore the eye's sight.

Great horned owls have another quirk that doesn't make them look any too bright. Come the first sunny days of mid-February, they think it's spring, lay their eggs and start incubating. In most parts of Canada horned owls are nesting before the end of February, in Southern Ontario frequently before Feb. 15. Despite snowstorms that sometimes completely bury the setting birds on the nest, they are usually able to keep a spark of life flickering in their golf-ball-like eggs. Owls' eggs are always white, and "egg-shaped" to the owl clan means perfectly spherical.

Ornithologists look upon nest-building skill as one gauge of bird intelli-

gence. And on this test old wise boy the owl scores another zero. Some species lay eggs in holes in trees, one (the barn owl) in old buildings, some on the ground and some in old nests of hawks or crows, but wherever an owl sets up housekeeping you can rest assured that it's in no nest it built for itself. Horned owls usually steal a nest that a hawk or crow made the year before. Most other species simply place their eggs in a hollow on the ground or in a tree. Many birds are poor nest makers but all manage to scrape together at least a few blades of grass or feathers. The owls don't even do this. Of course, this might be pure owl laziness, but more likely it is because the owl's meagre brain lacks the necessary know-how.

One barn owl laid 24 eggs one after another on a tin roof without a twig for a nest. The eggs either cooked in the sun or rolled off as fast as the bird laid them, but she kept right on.

And then there is the matter of chimneys. Owls never learn that a chimney top is not a solid roost like a stump. They are always thumping down onto one of mankind's housetop "stumps," discovering that it has a hollow centre and winding up with their eyes full of soot in a furnace or fireplace. One Toronto party was thrown into a turmoil of screaming matrons and overturned bridge tables last year when a little screech owl, its feathers badly singed, materialized as if by magic out of the fireplace flames. The bridge resumed halfheartedly in the kitchen, the Humane Society came next day and removed the owl from its defiant perch on a living room curtain rod.

These Santa Clausing owls are old friends of the Humane Society men. In a single day a year or two ago the Toronto Humane Society rescued two owls from chimneys. One, a big snowy owl, was firmly wedged in a basement pipe at High Park United Church, the other, a screech owl, was in the basement of a residence in suburban York Township.

But one popular belief about owls is no superstitious fakery. Their uncanny ability to see in the dark is greater than even folklore gives them credit for. Next to the mind of man, the owl's eye is probably nature's greatest masterpiece.

An owl with a skull about one tenth the size of man has eyes which are larger than ours. The fact is, an owl's skull is more eye than anything else, and his doltish behavior might well be because the enormous eye development has left no room for development of a brain.

Owls' eyes are so tightly jammed in their sockets that they cannot move. When an owl wants to look elsewhere he has to turn his whole head to do it. But this isn't a serious drawback for the owl has a neck with more freedom of movement than a circus acrobat. Man can rotate his head about a quarter of a turn, owls twist theirs three quarters of the way around.

On a night that appears pitch black to us there is always a trace of starlight seeping through the clouds. The owls' huge pupils admit a large amount of this diffused light, and an amazingly sensitive retina—the photographic plate at the back of the eye—does the rest. The retina's light-sensitive cells are tiny projections known from their shape as "cones" and "rods." The cones distinguish colors and are influenced only by bright light, the rods work in dim light but the sight messages they send back to the brain are always shades of grey, never colored. In owls there are very few cones on the retina (the birds are therefore color blind) but the rods are packed together in most owls at something around

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56,000 per square millimeter (a millimeter: 1/25th of an inch), many times denser than in man. Because of the dense concentration of retinal rods, owls are able to make much fuller use of dim light.

Evidently Mother Nature is very pleased with her handiwork for she has given the owl a third eyelid to ensure that her masterpiece of evolutionary craftsmanship is well protected.

About 10 years ago Dr. Lee R. Dice, biologist at the University of Michigan, began wondering just how much light owls require for vision. He built a light-tight room with a dim adjustable light in its ceiling and, putting mice and owls in the room together, he spent six years studying the light reaction of owls' eyes.

Dice reduced the illumination until he reached the lowest point at which an owl could find a dead mouse on the floor. The amount of light his owls required was infinitesimally small when judged against the capabilities of the human eye. A barred owl was still able to find five out of eight mice in light as dim as that of a single candle burning half a mile away. This owl managed quite well with 1/100th of the light intensity required by man for even faint vision. And Dice proved that the owls found the mice by sight alone; their sense of smell is little developed.

Dice's owls, incidentally, appeared less than wise. In complete darkness they never learned to search the floor systematically for mice that were always there.

He's Really Our Pal

It is fortunate indeed for the owls that they possess this remarkable vision, because they have appetites that make Dagwood Bumstead's look like a reducing diet. It needs a meticulously sharp eye to keep an owl's gizzard filled. One young owl, pet of a British naturalist, swallowed nine full-grown house mice in rapid succession until the tail of the ninth stuck out its mouth and the bird could hold no more. Within three hours it was hungry again and ate another four mice.

John Gerard, Illinois naturalist, watched a nest containing seven young barn owls for 57 days and estimated that in that period the two parents fed their youngsters 3,990 mice. Studies of burrowing owls on the U. S. prairies have shown that they eat their own weight in mice and rodents every 24 hours.

Repeated analyses of stomach contents by biologists have shown that 90% of their food is rodents (98% in some species) and of the remaining 10% a large portion is frogs, crayfish and insects, only a very small percentage farm fowl and game birds. The horned owl is the black sheep of the family; his menu: 65% rodents, 35% fowl and birds.

Once a friend and I counted the remains and skeletons of 57 rats under one horned owl's nest, all of them probably killed during the previous two weeks. Canadian Government biologists claim that every rat costs Canada one dollar a year. Fifty-seven dollars worth of slaughtered rats would certainly more than reimburse the damage that owl might cause if snow the following winter covered up the runways of his rodent file mignons and forced him to raid a barnyard.

Says Dr. A. K. Fisher of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service: "Owls are the most beneficial of all birds, inflicting very little damage to the farmer but conferring vast benefits."

So, it becomes good business to keep a good, if slightly bumbling, friend alive. ★



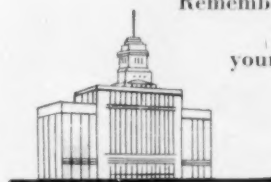
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A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if it was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He couldn't.

A man touched an electric wire to see if it was charged. It was.—*Kitchener Record*.

Cuffs Not Enuff—Cuffs have been back on pants for quite some time, but sometimes it's still hard to get pants on the cuff.—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

Courageous Thug!—A courageous woman beat off a thug by swinging her handbag. Considering the usual contents, its impact was probably that of a horseshoe wrapped in a boxing glove.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Far to the Northovitch—Little by little the facts of history come

to light, and now we're told by You-Know-Who that the Russians discovered Antarctica 130 years ago! Yet, strange to say, though much closer to home, it was not until 1909 that their great explorer Pearyovsky found the North Pole.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Wrong Goal—Many inventors would have been horrified at the warlike uses to which their inventions have been put—the Wright brothers, for example, or the originators of hockey.—*Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

Or Canada for That Matter—New government map for immigrants shows only Ottawa and Toronto among Ontario cities. Why drag in Ottawa?—*Toronto Telegram*.

'Tis True—Too True—'Tis said that married happiness sometimes hardly outlasts the honeymoon. In other words, the return of the tied marks the turn of the tide.—*Toronto Star*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work





Very Helpful—The motorist was lost. Suddenly he saw an old man approaching.

"Hi," he shouted, "do you know the way to Widdlecombe?"

The old man shook his head.

"No, danged if I do," he said.

The motorist drove on slowly, and when he had gone about half a mile he heard shouts behind him. He stopped and looked round. The old man had been joined by another and they were waving him back. Slowly and painfully he backed his car down the narrow road.

"Well?" he said.

"This is my mate George," said the old man. "E don't know, neither."—*Montreal Star*.

Wrong Cough Drop—The pastor of a little church was noted for the fact that every one of his sermons lasted exactly 22 minutes. Then one unfortunate Sunday the sermon lasted 45 minutes.

At dinner his wife asked him what had gone amiss.

"It was one of those things," said the pastor, moodily. "My secret device was to slide a cough drop under my tongue just before giving the sermon. It dissolved in exactly 22 minutes. Then I knew it was time to stop. This morning I was talking for over 40 minutes before I realized that my cough drop was a trouser button."—*Welland - Port Colborne Tribune*.

He Heard It Wrong—"Now," she asked, "is there any man in the audience who would let his wife be slandered and say nothing? If so, stand up."

A meek little man rose to his feet. The lecturer glared at him. "Do you mean to say you would let your wife be slandered and say nothing?" she cried.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he apologized. "I thought you said slaughtered."—*Galt Reporter*.

Bowlerized Report—A spinster living in a London suburb was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires close to her home. She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report. This he did in the following way:

"Me and Bill Fairweather were on this job. I was up the telephone pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Bill. It went down his neck. Then he said: 'You really must be more careful, Henry.'" — *Palmerston Observer*.

A Woman's Mind—The hunter was showing off his collection of trophies to a group of visitors. He was rapturously explaining how he had acquired the various exhibits.

"See that elephant?" he said. "I shot it in my pyjamas."

"My goodness," murmured the surprised young lady, "how did it get them on?" — *Kirkland Lake Daily News*.

Poor Pussy—He found his young wife in tears.

"You know that lovely cake I made from mother's recipe," she cried. "Well, I put it out to cool and the cat ate half of it."

"Never mind, dear," he comforted. "I know someone who will give us a kitten." — *Welland - Port Colborne Tribune*.

Cold Comfort—After the specialists who had been called into consultation had examined the patient, they retired to another room to discuss diagnosis. The patient was curious and sent his small son to listen at the door.

"Could you hear what they said?" he asked as the boy returned.

"I listened awfully hard, but I couldn't get the big words," replied the boy. "But I did hear one of them say, 'Oh, well, we'll find out at the post mortem.'" — *Montreal Star*.

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We call this one Beauty.
One approaches with care.

I Get a Kick out of Cows

By G. B. PENNEY

LOOKING back on the good old days at the office, I realize now that extracting a 6% loan from the bank was easier than extracting 4% milk from a cow. Often, after a hard milking, I wish that the dreamer responsible for the myth that cows are docile, easy-going, innocuous creatures would drop out and milk Beauty. Or Elsie or Bessie. Or, to my knowledge, almost any cow in this Fraser Valley.

The truth is that to beguile these cantankerous, destructive, finicky beasts into giving enough milk to pay their keep, plus your own, requires saintly patience, infinite kindness and no end of bright, shiny, expensive equipment. You find yourself overwhelmed by miscellaneous oddments such as bag ointment, boxes of ginger root, bromthylol test strips, teat dilators, tractors, hypodermic syringes and, above all, stubbornness. This last-mentioned item is still man's secret weapon in his eternal battle with the cow, which is probably nature's stubbornest critter.

Ironically enough, thousands of gallons of hard-won milk are daily poured into little children. Cows, I would say, are not overly fond of little children. The truth is that many intelligent cows would promptly dry up if they realized what became of their milk.

Ah, Sweet Child!

One of our cows demonstrates this very nicely. Beauty is high-hipped and angular, with protuberant eyes and the biggest hoofs in the barn. One must approach Beauty with diffidence, humming a little tune and carrying the milking machine behind your back. At the moment, of course, she is contentedly chewing her cud with the munchy satisfaction of cows in movies and magazine ads. But a slight, menacing twitch in her left hip—the nearest one—indicates that Beauty is all too aware of your presence. You pat her gently, crooning foolish little hopeful things such as: "Nice Beauty . . . nice boss . . ."

Beauty stops munching; she switches her head around and stares you straight in the eye. A ticklish moment passes, then Beauty disdainfully turns her head. The cud begins its long, slow trip up from one of her stomachs into

her mouth; she burps, grunts, sighs and begins chewing.

You have now been granted permission to proceed with milking.

Kneeling down, ignoring the sudden merciless thrash of her tail in your face, you delicately apply the teat cups—1, 2, 3—ooooomph!

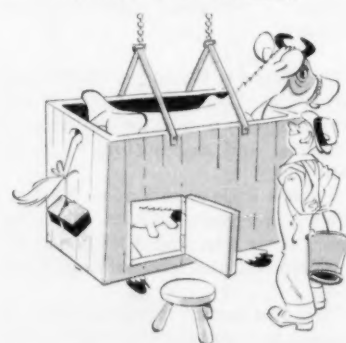
Beauty wears a look of mingled surprise and horror. She slowly lowers her hoof smack on the centre of the expensive milking machine which she has kicked to the floor. Without following her glance, you know that the cute, quiet little boy who is visiting for the day—he always belongs to somebody who knows your wife—has sneaked into the barn and courageously tweaked her tail.

Any similarity between the down-to-earth working cow and the cows in exhibitions and magazine ads is every bit as imaginary as the wistful resemblance, if any, between fashion models and the women most men marry. (This, of course, does not include your wife or mine.) The good dairy cow is often a beat-up, angular, run-down-looking critter with physiological peculiarities as striking as those among individual human beings.

A large bag and accompanying paraphernalia do not necessarily indicate a heavy milker. What one might term the "sweater-type" cow is more readily susceptible to garget, mastitis and other disorders of the delicate mammary glands than her less copiously slung sister.

Even in their ailments cows are

CARTOONS BY GRASSICK



Well, who's the orneriest now?



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ICE

The luscious, full-bodied flavour of choice foods is yours to enjoy when kept *naturally fresh* with Ice. Only ice refrigeration supplies (1) natural moisture to prevent drying out and loss of nutritive juices, (2) constant circulation of pure, vitalized air to prevent exchange of food flavours. Ice gives you dependable, economical, trouble-free refrigeration every day of the year.



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always doing the unexpected. One of their favorite tricks is to develop a large, sinister bump or nob overnight. Offhand, I can recall three lumps and one nob on four different animals which defied diagnoses, worried me almost to death and disappeared within a week. I found a satisfactory explanation for one only, which an old-timer told me in good, down-to-earth phraseology was "wasp-bite-on-the-navel." Fortunately, he observed, this was something that seldom afflicted human beings.

Cows also often develop weird and unexpected noises which astound the amateur herdsman. Shortly after taking over I discovered that old McGinty had developed a strange, dissonant grunt. I dosed her with a bottle of linseed oil on the nightmarish theory that something was catching inside. My theory was wrong; the grunt is still there.

Not so long after, Elsie—the cow beside McGinty—developed a loud clicking sound in her backside. It is most noticeable in damp, chill weather. Now Elsie's clicks and McGinty's grunts are every bit as familiar as the chugging of the milking machine.

Moo, Moo, Whose Calf Are You?

Cows, like neurotic old women, make the most of their illnesses. Whenever a cow falls down, for instance, many dairy farmers will resort to blocks and tackle to hoist her back on her feet. The theory is that cows break down mentally if they can't stand up and after a futile struggle may decide to die. They do this by simply dying.

A neighbor had a cow which fell over a bank and became wedged between two trees. After unwedging her, he found that the animal—while unhurt—refused to stand up. She was slowly and visibly dying, he claims, from melancholy. The remedy, after hours of exasperating coaching and prodding, proved to be childishly simple. He filled a bucket with ice-cold water from a spring and suddenly, shouting and cursing as only a dairyman can curse, he doused Bessie. She roared, sprang to her feet, bellowed with indignation and a few minutes later was contentedly grazing with the rest of the herd.

Like most yokels from the city, I believed that cows were passionately devoted to their calves. This notion was rudely shattered by the first birth following our arrival.

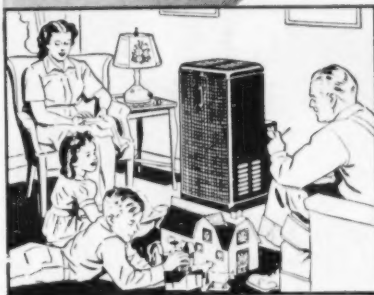
The mother was Bessie, a placid, affectionate heifer which of all our animals most closely resembles the adwriter's cow. We were instructed to drag the newborn calf into the feed trough in front of Bessie. Old Mother Nature would take over from that point on.

What happened considerably shook our faith in Old Mother Nature. When we placed the wet, quivering creature before her, Bessie's reactions were entirely unnatural. She kicked, reared and bellowed. (Personally, I don't hold it against her.) Her relief was immediate when we finally removed the calf and bedded it away, out of sight and sound.

Old Winnie, on the other hand, will tear herself to pieces in valiant but foolhardy attempts to crash the wire fence surrounding the calf pen. She will nurse any or all comers with the same vast, maternal satisfaction. If a newborn calf is within sight or sound she will even hold back her milk with the charitable but (to me) unprofitable intention of nursing it.

Personally, I like cows. I believe that they are the only animal to have what one might loosely term a sense of humor. There is no doubt that in their whimsical, undependable fashion, cows are affectionate animals. But even

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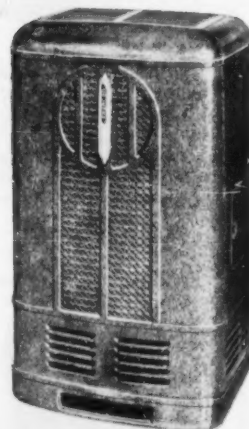


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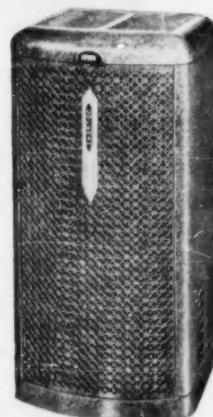
Yes, you'll enjoy clean, quick, carefree heating with a Coleman Oil Heater—freedom from dust—no ashes to clean. Just comfortable warmth at your fingertip, night and day!



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Coleman Oil Heaters are designed to move heat into the lower part of the room where it is most effective. They are efficient in design and beautiful in appearance.

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The Duchess baby-coach is a princely job in everything but its price. This is its specification:

BODY: All-steel, 34" x 18", molded panels, neatly lined.
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LIGHTEST & MOST COMPACT 'GO-CART'

Here is a go-cart that a child could fold in a jiffy, and a child could easily carry! Folds with one simple action into a parcel 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 7"—you'll hardly notice it in a car, and even in the rush hour there'll be room for it on a trolley car! The Thistle 'NIBS' weighs barely 12 lb. and opens out into a really sturdy, useful, free-running go-cart.

—and look at the price, from \$8.50

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BLACK, OX-BLOOD AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN!

DID YOU **"NUGGET"** YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

1-49

this aspect of bovine psychology finds strange twists.

I have heard of a cow which was steadfastly devoted to two white rabbits and would romp with them on the pasture. South of us, our neighbors have a black heifer which is frantically maternal toward their little black mongrel. For a while, dog and cow curled up together every night.

If you were faced with the choice, which I hope you won't be, of allowing a drunken rhinoceros or an ordinary domesticated cow in your parlor, pick the rhinoceros.

This brings forth another characteristic of cows which has been carefully withheld from the milk-drinking public—namely, their destructiveness. I first learned of this trait when our cows devoured half the roof from our car. It was fibre, not tin; but I'm sure it wouldn't have made much difference. Apparently they suffered from the same vitamin deficiency that causes them to chew up laundry, barbed wire, earth, Gyproc, or shingles.

Besides being hoodwinked in this respect, most people believe that cows are peaceable creatures. The truth is that they are constantly bickering and quarreling among themselves.

A kicking cow is anything but humorous to one who has been kicked. A defiant cow is unbelievably strong and lithe; our "Pet"—another misnomer—beat a tattoo up and down my side which raised no less than four pretty good lumps by the time I nose-dived into the gutter.

Bull-Headed Cows

Why then, you might ask, do human beings persist in keeping these disorderly, destructive, finicky animals? I believe that there are at least two answers. One is to get milk. Milk—good 3.5-4% milk—is truly a drink fit for gods. It is nature's sweetest drink—a nectar, like honey, compounded of sweet grasses, succulent clover, dashes of mineral with just a taste of bird song and breezes thrown in.

The other reason reminds me of a cow and a man John White told me about. The man had a cow which kicked. John said it could kick in seven different directions without lifting its nose from the feed trough.

The man tried everything—kindness, the hobbles and, finally, when these things failed, he built a sort of Rube Goldberg machine. He placed the cow in it twice a day, before each milking. The machine, while it didn't entirely stop Boss from kicking, made it barely possible to milk her.

I observed that it must have been a pretty good cow. "Otherwise, he'd have just got rid of her. I know I would."

"Oh, she was," John agreed. He scratched his head. "She was a pretty good cow—a little better'n average." Then he laughed. "I think, though, Harold just wanted to prove he was stubborn than she was—that blinkety-blank old cow!"

This is the second reason. It seems that the cow, one of nature's orneriest critters, presents a challenge to one a little bit ornerier. ★

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Do as millions now do and you'll never have corns! Protect sore toes from new or tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads today and you'll stop corns from developing tomorrow! But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—soothing, cushioning, protective Zino-pads will relieve pain almost like magic. Used with the separate Medications included they quickly remove corns and callouses.

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New patented creep-proof pinked edge molds pad to toe and foot. Prevents slipping; does away with clumsy taping. Downy-soft. Flesh color. Won't come off in bath. As easy to apply as a postage stamp. 4 special sizes and shapes.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

A Canuck from Canton

Continued from page 13

the serving of hamburgers and coffee or takes the checks of outgoing customers with that infinite courtesy which in the Chinese requires no smile.

Wong will tell you: "I love China, but Canada means more to me. Sun Yat-sen had a great dream for China. But those who came after failed him. Chiang Kai-shek ruled by himself for himself and his friends. He kept the people down. What he sowed he reaped. I have been back to China two times; sometimes I have dreamed of living there again. But then I think of the people I saw dying on the streets because they had no food. What kind of a country is that?"

He was 14 when he decided to quit China. His father had been dead for three years and his schooling in Canton was coming to an end because his mother had no means to extend it.

"My grandfather had been a rich merchant," he says, "but my father and his brothers were playboys. They left my mother with only a house."

Wong's prospects were dark. When an uncle decided to emigrate to Canada Wong pleaded to go too. Uncle and nephew landed in Vancouver in 1897. Both got a job in a Chinese laundry and worked together for five months.

His youth, his lack of English, his quilted coat, skullcap and felt shoes penned Lem Wong in the Chinese colony. When he ventured beyond its limits he learned to shrink from the expletive "Chink!" He had been brought up to genteel standards—in Canada he found himself a menial.

He had been reared to admire sobriety and frugality. Like his compatriots, he could live on rice and vegetables with an occasional piece of meat or dried fish. Two planks sufficed for his bed. In leisure he was content with a few books of idyllic Chinese verse.

This bleak code was not popular on the west coast during the roaring '90's. In fact Lem was quick to see that it fired white hatred and fear of the Chinese. Because he could live on a quarter of a white man's earnings, the Chinese could underbid the European colonists in the labor market.

Lem decided that if he was to improve himself in Canada he would find opportunity not in the overcrowded highly competitive Chinese colony, but within the wider horizons of the population.

He left his uncle and headed east from Vancouver with less than \$10. He rode freight trains to London, where he halted for a while to replenish his funds by working in a second Chinese laundry. He moved on to a third in Montreal, a fourth in Springhill, N.S., and settled in a fifth in Sydney on Cape Breton Island.

Here he found plenty of custom among the coal miners. The Chinese proprietor paid him \$4 a week. He worked 14 hours a day from Monday until Thursday. On Friday mornings, when the week-end washing poured in, he worked right through until Saturday night, rubbing, rinsing, wringing, drying and ironing coal-caked shirts and underwear.

His bed was under the counter in the shop. Here he spent most of his spare time, developing his philosophy through the Chinese classics and wrestling with functional English. Other Chinese broke the arduous monotony of their lives by playing fan-tan or smoking opium. Lem, although he was now only 17, knew that all they lacked was a wife.

Thumbing through his Confucius he learned that man is a microcosm

expanding in value to himself and others according to his degree of responsibility. By striving to improve himself, by acquiring knowledge, by purifying his thoughts, by rectifying his heart and cultivating his person he might be able to regulate a family. When he could regulate a family he might be capable of governing a state. When he could govern a state he might be trusted to rule an empire.

Lem had no hankering to run an empire, but he was convinced of the necessity of reaching the first stage in the Confucian precepts of purpose. A family became to Lem an idol, the fount of all endeavor.

At that time the Canadian regulations forbade a Chinese from bringing a wife from his homeland unless he was securely established in business on his own account. To reach this condition became Lem's aim.

A Boot to the Jaw

He saved cent by cent, cutting his food to mere stoking of adequate physical energy. Being young and without female comfort he went off on a couple of jags. But he got back on the rails again and kept his balance with the Confucian injunction: "Do not be ashamed of mistakes and thus make them crimes."

There were times when his employer cuffed him. But Lem, valuing his job, knowing where he was going, kept his peace.

Once, however, a miner, simmering with racial venom, raised his fist to him. The miner saw Lem turn sharply to the left and incline his body steeply sideways and backward. The miner thought the young Chinese was cringing from the blow about to fall. He didn't know that in China boys are taught to box with their feet. As he was about to strike, the miner received the toe of a boot on the point of his jaw. It was as high a kick as ever came out of the cancan. And the miner's prejudices exploded among a galaxy of stars.

Later Lem bought a bicycle. It was not for pleasure. It was for racing. He was never a champion, but he picked up prize money and his bank account passed three figures.

After five years in Sydney, Wong had saved enough for a return steerage passage to Canton plus \$200 or \$300. He went back to China to marry. Years before his mother, through a professional matchmaker, had decided on just the wife for him. But he had seen other ways, and he chose his own wife.

He returned to Canada, alone, and invested \$200 in a London laundry. After they had been married 10 years, during which Wong had revisited his wife only once, she joined him in Canada with their first son and they set up a home together.

"It has not been long," she said.

It cost him \$500 head tax to get her in.

In 1915 he opened a big restaurant on Richmond Street, London. He worked 15 hours a day to make this business go while his wife bore him children at regular intervals. By now he had learned much about the white man's tastes. He would have liked to fill his menu with succulent and aromatic Chinese dishes. But he knew his Londoners were conservative. And he was still influenced by his mentor, Confucius, who said, "Follow the trodden paths."

He contented himself with offering chop 'suey, a spurious Chinese dish mixed for western palates. The rest of his menu was European, but he paid good chefs. He introduced an orchestra and ran supper dances.

Wong's first band was led by a

LITTLE LULU

by Margé



See for yourself! Your skin will feel the difference between Kleenex Tissues and ordinary brands. Fact is, a special process keeps this baby-gentle tissue extra soft. That's why Kleenex soothes raw noses during colds... takes good care of delicate complexions!



The softness you love—the sturdiness you need—you get both qualities in Kleenex Tissues! You won't find any weak spots in Kleenex. It's extra absorbent, dependably strong... a perfectly balanced tissue that's so helpful for scads of different uses!



Tissues always at your fingertips! With Kleenex you pull just one double tissue (not a handful!) and up pops the next. Only Kleenex has this Serv-a-Tissue box... another important reason you'll be glad you asked for Kleenex!

YOUR BEST BUY IN TISSUES!

There are other tissues, but there's only one Kleenex—the top-quality tissue it pays to insist on. Soft! Strong! Pops Up! Keep a box of Kleenex handy in every room in your house.

Only Kleenex* is "just like" Kleenex



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*T.M. Reg.

KLEENEX*
The choice of
9 out of 10
Canadians



There I was lolling on the Waikiki beach... when he stumbled over me and fell! Love must bloom as fast as wild orchids in Hawaii... because when he picked one



and presented it with a hand kiss, my heart zoomed. Oh, he wasn't serious then. But, at Akala Falls, when he kissed my hand again... then kissed me... he was!

*No one warned me
IT happens
in HAWAII...*



Oh! I'm not gullible... and Jergens Lotion doesn't promise a 6 foot George will kiss your hand. All they do promise is that rich, creamy Jergens Lotion keeps a girl's hand softer, smoother and ready to be kissed!

Mine was! And George kissed it... in fun. But when he kissed it again... it was for keeps!

Being a liquid, Jergens Lotion quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs... protects your hands against ugly chapping. Two ingredients used by doctors for smoothing the skin are in today's richer-than-ever Jergens Lotion. Never oily or sticky... still only 10¢ to \$1.00.



MADE
IN
CANADA

More Women use Jergens Lotion than any other Hand Care in the World

London boy, Guy Lombardo. A resident theatrical company called The Dumbells dropped in often. Visiting stage folk began to patronize him. This glamour attracted London's younger set during the '20's.

Clare Bice, the London artist, says: "I remember Wong's was the sort of place every fellow wanted to take his girl. It had a romantic atmosphere and lots of couples got engaged there. Wong greeted everybody at the top of the stairs. He made every man feel he was the most distinguished guest. It was not cheap. Some of the boys sometimes couldn't pay their bill. But Wong understood—and waited. We were all very fond of him."

Occasionally Wong would call down one of the older children to help out. But in general he kept them away from the restaurant.

Norman Wong says: "It got so that we hardly knew Dad, he was at the restaurant so long. But he always came home for dinner. During this he would ask us about our day at school. Many's the time he's given us the hair-brush for a critical report."

When the children complained of being kidded about their color Wong would tell them: "You must win the esteem of the others. You must show them you are neither better nor worse than they are. And then they will forget you are Chinese."

When Wong and his wife turned to Christianity they joined St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Norman comments: "This was a great thing for us kids. The church went right out to bat for us."

Esther, the youngest daughter, adds: "The churchfolk saw we were honest and sincere and they opened up their homes to us."

Lem Wong felt he would never return to China. He gave his children pride in their ancestry but never rammed China down their throats. He exhorted them to be Canadians.

They joined the YMCA, the Boy Scouts, the Canadian Girls in Training. At school they were aggressive in games and diligent in study. At high school Esther was president of the Girls' Athletic Club. Earlier Gretta had been vice-president of the Students' Council. The father saw his children advancing nearer to the goal he himself had only half reached and he was proud.

During the depression poor trade and family sickness involved Wong in heavy loss, but he resisted all temptation to push the children out to work early for the sake of the family budget.

He shouldered his share of the charitable work performed by the Chinese freemasonry, but avoided its deeper social life. He did not care for sitting around in a club all night talking about China. His life had extended beyond China.

There's No Turning Back

One Chinese dragon, however, still occasionally reared its head. Norman, a lithe young man with a wry humor, will tell you: "I met the wife of a white friend of mine on Dundas Street. She is a lovely girl. She was going my way so we walked together. A fellow passing made a remark which was overheard by others. My friend's wife said she didn't care a bit. But I did. I hated to embarrass her. It is incidents like this that make us think. They don't ruin our lives. But they make us careful."

Although, until her youthful death, the family got on well with the white wife of Victor, the younger children have all decided to marry Chinese.

Plump, pretty Esther says: "At high school we used to fall in and out

of love with white kids just like all the others. But marriage is different. I shall marry a Chinese-Canadian, not merely because he is Chinese, but because it will be easier for both of us."

The slender Gretta, who is the family beauty, and much sought after at the University of Toronto by white male students, agrees.

The brilliant and successful eldest daughter Mary, who has the severe clothes and stimulating conversation of a career woman, who moves in affluent and intellectual white circles, and who contributed generously to the younger children's educations, could have married outside her race but chose otherwise.

They have all seen the success of Clara's marriage. Her Chinese-Canadian husband was a flight lieutenant bomber pilot in the RCAF based in Britain during the war. From this union was born Lem Wong's first grandchild, an exquisite China doll of a girl who, dandled on her father's knee, is learning to recite "Little Boy Blue."

It is doubtful whether this tiny second-generation Canadian Chinese, the joy of the entire family, will ever learn a word of her ancestor's tongue.

Wong doesn't care. He knows there is no turning back. He sees his gracious little wife hobbling around the visitor with tea, cookies, candy and cigarettes, a perfect hostess, crippled because in her youth her feet were bound. Deafness, due to some ailment she contracted in China and incompetent medical attention, hindered her English and has barred intimate communion even with her own children. Talk between them is largely in sign language or she lip reads their few words of Chinese. At these reminders of the past Wong shakes his head.

His home is comfortably furnished in western style. The banter of his gay, happy children is essentially Canadian. Only one meal of the day, the evening dinner, is Chinese. It is cooked lovingly by Mrs. Wong, and this is something of a ceremony. Wong sits at the head of the table, surrounded by his single children and often by one or more of the visiting marrieds. He is usually tired after his long hours in the east-end restaurant and leaves the conversation to the young folks.

But on these occasions it is clear he has preserved what is best in his heritage. For his few words there is a respectful hearing. The atmosphere is charged with filial piety.

By teaching his children reverence of the parents Wong enjoys their sincere affection, of which reverence is merely the outward sign. In his home he has been the supreme authority against whose dicta there has been no appeal. In consequence there has always been discipline, dignity and peace.

Often the conversation hinges on the old adage, "East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet." And then Lem Wong smiles sceptically for, looking at his children, he knows that in one or two generations he, the poor boy from Canton, will have proved it false. ★

DID YOU RECEIVE A NOTICE?

It is our policy to notify all subscribers well in advance of the expiration of their subscriptions.

The ever-increasing demand for Maclean's means that most issues are practically sold out before the printing is completed; and that copies are seldom available for mailing to subscribers who are even one issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving "expiration" notification are reminded that, to make certain of continued receipt of their favorite Maclean's, it is necessary to send us their renewal orders promptly.

More head and leg room.. More visibility..

True automobile styling..

Finer performance.. in the New, Bigger

DODGE

Add to these style and comfort features the following:

High, wide doors that let you get in and out with your hat on.

Chair-high seats for real driving and riding ease.

Longer wheelbases that make the famous Dodge Floating Ride even better.

Silent, vibrationless power with 3-point rubber mounting of the powerful L-Head engine.

An even smoother ride with Fluid Drive on Custom models.

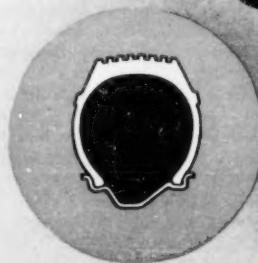
That's why you'll enjoy owning a new Dodge—the finest in 35 years of Dodge history.



The longer wheelbase further improves the famous Dodge "cradled-between-the-axes" ride.



Higher, wider windshields let you see over the hood, give a wide view of the road.



Safety-Rim wheels and low pressure tires provide blowout safety, and smoother riding.



Dodge Special Deluxe 4-Door Sedan.

THREE GREAT NEW CARS:

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DODGE SPECIAL DELUXE 118½" W.B.

*CUSTOM DODGE 123½" W.B. (137½" on 7-pass. sedans)

*"Still the Lowest-Priced Car with Fluid Drive"

The Heritage

Continued from page 9

there. Her short coat did not begin to cover the long skirts and the yards of lace had to hang on the outside of it. She had to walk along the street alone that way in broad daylight and it was torture such as she had never known before. At the last minute she almost turned back to beg Mama to go with her, but Mama was too far away and hurt and there was nothing to do but go alone. She looked straight ahead, her cheeks flaming, her eyes stinging, knowing that every eye was turned toward her.

The party was dreadful. She had never been in a house like that before, and when the maid opened the door she thought she was Martha's mother, and she shook hands and dropped a curtsey, the way Mama had taught her to do.

All the other children had come running to the door when she came; the party had just begun and they still felt stiff and strange, and they just stood and stared at her without much to say. They had acted that way as each child had come, but she had no way of knowing that. She felt the constraint in the air, but she thought it was only around her.

She seemed to stand about forever, alone on the edge of the group. Mrs. Redlock came at last and greeted her, taking both Ilsa's hands in hers. "What a really beautiful costume," she said, and to Ilsa her kind smile was a laugh and her words were mocking. "We must get a picture of it. Martha, Nancy, isn't it lovely?" She tried to draw Ilsa into the group, but the stiff little figure stood immobile.

PETER came at last in his dog costume, and he was almost as funny as they had said he would be, and he ran around the room and barked and jumped at people, and the other girls shrieked and ran and scrambled up on chairs. But in the heavy skirts Ilsa could not run, and she had been taught not to scramble up on chairs.

Mrs. Redlock said at last that it was time for games, and they played blind-man's buff. Ilsa was easy to find; her skirts rustled when she moved and she was caught almost at once, making it her turn to be the blind man. Mrs. Redlock held out the blindfold to her, smiling; in the moment's silence Ilsa heard herself saying—in a voice that was high and prissy and not at all like her own—"I don't think I'd better. Because of my headdress, you see."

The floor did not open and swallow her up. She had done the last, the unforgivable thing. She had been a bad sport. She had not meant to do it; she did not even know where the words had come from, except from the depths of her wretched self-consciousness.

But Mrs. Redlock said, smoothly, "You're perfectly right, dear, I should have thought. Martha, you be the blind man then—all right, dear, hold still while I tie it—" And the party went on, past her and away from her, leaving her there alone.

She turned and walked stiffly toward the stairs. As soon as she was out of sight, of course, she did not need to cry at all. She went into Mrs. Redlock's bedroom, where all their coats had been left; she was going to find her own and put it on and run down the stairs and out the door and never come back, never go to school again, never see any of them again. She was going to take the headdress off and wad it into a bundle and carry it home under her coat, and never mind Mama's hurt eyes, never mind what Papa said.

She took it off and laid it across the bed, and dug through the pile of coats for her own. She had to move Nancy's green velure with the little fur collar; she had to move Gertrude's navy blue with the bright gold buttons. She touched the fur collar; it was softer than anything she had ever felt. She looked at the little fur-trimmed hat that went with it; after a minute she picked it up and put it on and then, quickly ashamed, did not dare look into the mirror. She found her own coat without even looking at it; it was made from an old rough suit of Papa's, and she could tell it by the feel.

And in that moment she wasn't hurt any more; she was only angry. She hated them all; she hated them for having so much that she did not have, and she hated them for being so right, and she hated them because, whatever she did, she would always be different from them. She hated their soft warm coats, and she hated their pretty hats, and she hated their pretty homes. She wanted to hurt them all.

On Mrs. Redlock's dressing table there was a pair of small, sharp scissors.

She moved softly back to the bed and stood looking down at the coats. For a minute she hesitated between the dark green and the bright gold; then she put the scissors behind one of the gold buttons and pressed hard on them. The button popped off and rolled across the floor, and as she stood and watched it she heard the footsteps and the voices on the stairs.

In her panic she did not even think of the bathroom. Instead, she found herself standing, the scissors still in her hand, in Mrs. Redlock's closet. The door would not stay closed and there was no knob on the inside; she held it together as much as she could with her fingers, praying they did not show, praying the footsteps would go by.

They did not; Mrs. Redlock and another lady came into the room. The other lady went into the bathroom and Mrs. Redlock stayed in the bedroom, standing by her dressing table. "I think it's going pretty well, don't you?" she said, looking at herself in the mirror, talking to the lady in the bathroom.

"Couldn't be better," the other lady said. "Of course, they're always a little stiff at first." She came out of the bathroom and came across the room; she stopped by the bed and looked down at Ilsa's headdress lying on it. "Well, thank goodness," she said. "She took it off."

Even in the darkness and loneliness of the closet Ilsa felt the shame flooding her face.

Mrs. Redlock glanced around at it and laughed. "Have you been worrying too?" she said. "I've been simply frantic for fear something would happen to it."

The other lady was touching the lace gently. "Not to this," she said. "This was made to last a thousand years." She picked it up and looked at it. "Honestly, Gwen, look at it! They really knew what they were doing, didn't they?"

Mrs. Redlock got up and went over to stand beside her. As she turned from the dressing table Ilsa was certain, for a horrible second, that her eyes rested on the closet door, but she went right on past. She saw the bright gold button on the floor and bent and picked it up; she stood holding it in her hand for a minute, looking at it thoughtfully, and then she tucked it into the pocket of the navy-blue coat. "You go on down, Kate," she said. "I'll be down in a minute."

The other lady went out, and Mrs. Redlock went into the bathroom. She closed the door all the way. For a

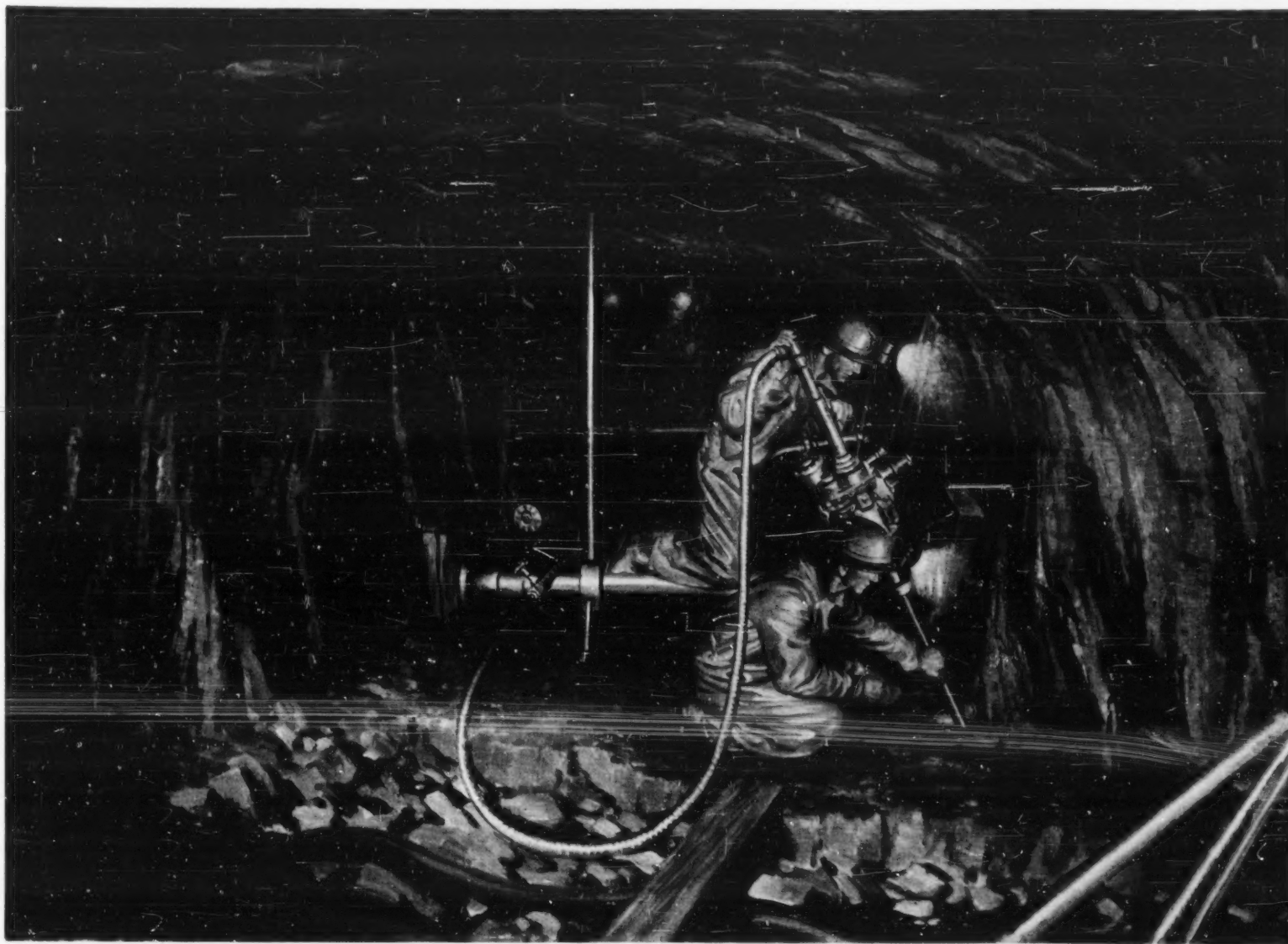
Continued on page 44

BARRYMORE
CARPETS

TORONTO CARPET MANUFACTURING COMPANY
LIMITED

Upholstered Furniture by Barrymore Furniture Co.

CANADA PRODUCES GOLD FOR ALL THE WORLD



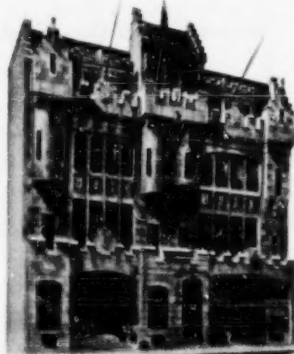
Canada, world's second largest producer of gold, exports more than ninety-five percent of her product—an important contribution to the world supply of this universal medium of international exchange.

Why Seagram's sells Canada first

THIS is an adaptation of one of a series of advertisements which, for the past two years, The House of Seagram has published in magazines and newspapers printed in many languages and countries throughout the world. These advertisements feature various Canadian products—lumber, salmon, furs, nickel, apples, plywood and many others.

❖ ❖ ❖

One out of every three dollars we Canadians earn comes to us as a result of foreign trade. This campaign is designed to help all Canadian industries and, consequently, to help put money in the pockets of every Canadian citizen.



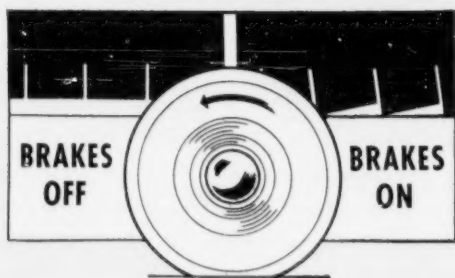
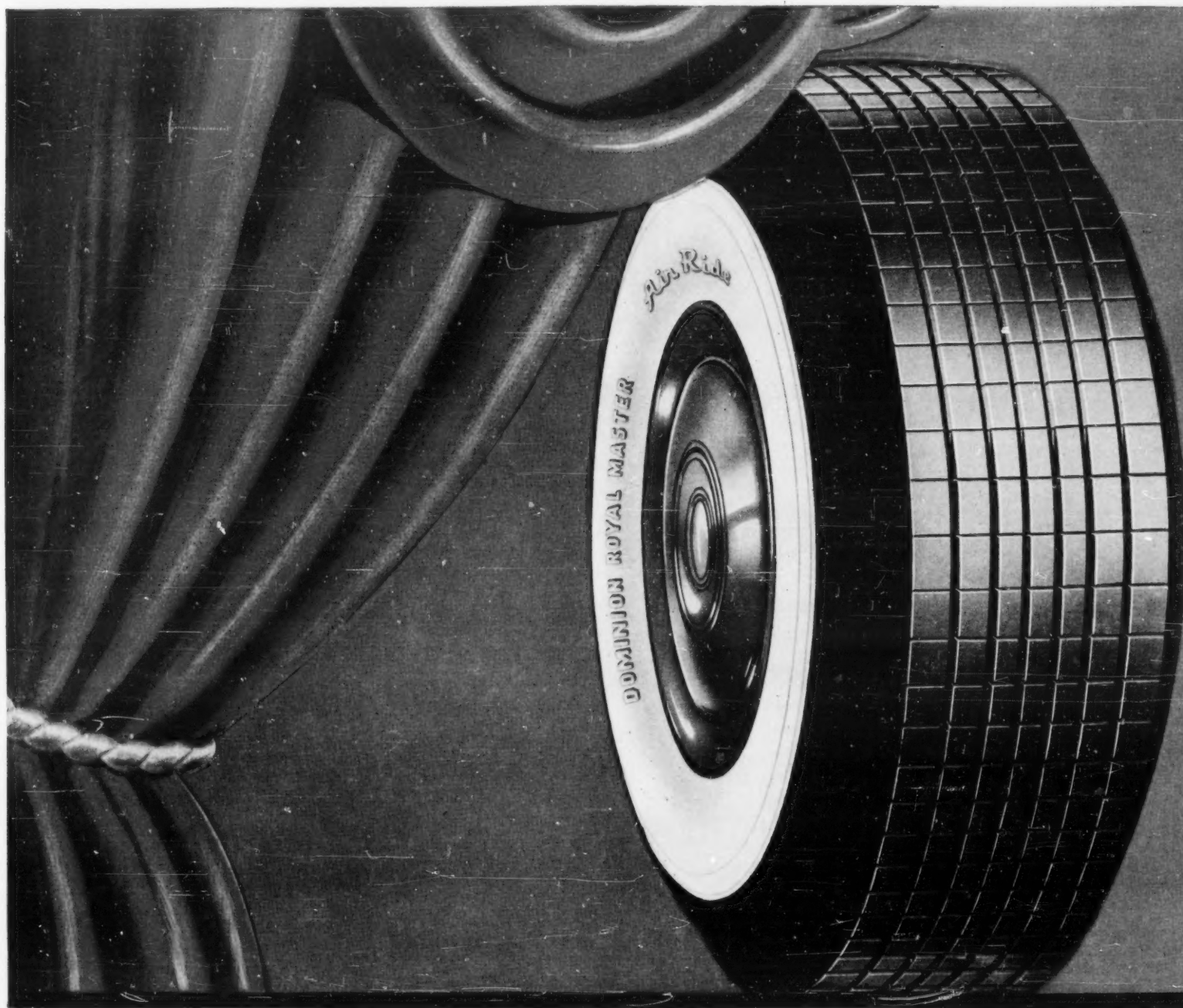
Nature has endowed our country with an almost limitless supply of valuable resources. Properly used and converted to manufactured goods, these resources can carry our nation to unprecedented greatness. But first, the peoples of other lands must learn of the prestige and quality of Canadian products.

❖ ❖ ❖

The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being produced and published throughout the world.

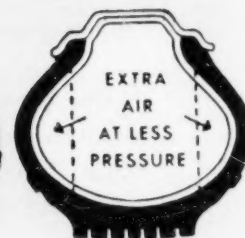
The House of Seagram . . .

IT'S HERE AGAIN...



Unmatched De-Skidded Safety

Now you can drive with dry-road safety on wet roads! "Centipede Grip" cuts through water, mud or oil—stops quicker, straighter, safer. Royal Master National Safety Service Policy provides free re-de-skidding.



D O M I N I O N R U B B E R

...the safest tire ever built

DOMINION ROYAL MASTER

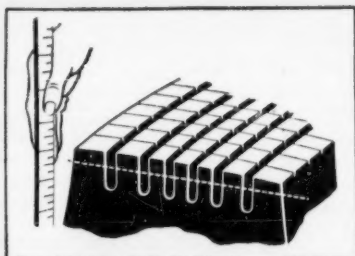
CENTIPEDE GRIP

With New "Air Ride" Comfort

Once more, DOMINION ROYAL MASTER brings you the unmatched de-skidded safety of its famous "Centipede Grip." And now this great tire gives you sensational new "Air Ride" comfort—and up to 60% more safe miles. Dominion Royal Master is the *first* tire with all of today's finest features. No other tire offers you so much in safer driving—smoother riding—and longer life. See your Dominion Royal Tire Dealer today.

New "Air-Ride" Comfort

The new Royal Master provides far more air at less pressure. You "float" over the road on bigger, softer cushions of air that smother bumps. Your tires take the jolts—they give you smoother, softer riding.



Up to 60% More Safe Miles

The extra tough tread of the new Dominion Royal Master is built 25% deeper. That is why you can count on up to 60% more safe miles. This great new tire also gives maximum protection from blowouts.

R C O M P A N Y L I M I T E D

Isn't this a charming room?



Polishing's even easier with a Johnson's Electric Beautiflor Polisher

The Beautiflor is a special household model. And at many a Johnson's Wax dealer's you may buy one for a lifetime of service, or rent one for the day. Richly finished in Cherokee Red. \$59.00



Every week enjoy radio's brightest half-hour:
Fibber and Molly McGee, Tuesday nights—CBC

Bring out the beauty of the home...with JOHNSON'S Self Polishing Glo-Coat,
Paste Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

"Johnson's," "Glo-Coat," and "Carnu" are registered trademarks

Yours can be as lovely so easily!

Parquetry or plain oak boards... period pieces or modern blonde woods... the secret of giving floors and furniture more beauty is a quality wax polish.

You see, wax polishes differ. And for a truly richer lustre and longer-lasting protection, it's best to get the finest wax there is.

You'll see the difference in the quality of genuine Johnson's Wax the moment you apply it! Floors become so wonderfully mellow, so much smoother and richer-looking. Johnson's Wax makes cleaning easier: once-over now and then with a dry mop will keep your floor sparkling bright.

All furniture, of course... your ornaments, fixtures... a hundred other treasures about the house... will be lovelier and gayer with just a thin coat of Johnson's Wax. They'll be stoutly protected against scuffing and smudging, also.

More Canadian women depend on Johnson's to help keep their homes beautiful and wax-protected than any other brand. They've learned there's no finer at any price. Won't you try it, too?

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD., BRANTFORD, CANADA

Continued from page 40
minute or two Ilsa was too frightened to move; she knew that the time was now, and that she could escape, but she could not bring herself to do it. By the time she had made up her mind it was too late; as she stepped out of the closet Mrs. Redlock was coming out of the bathroom.

She did not seem to notice where Ilsa had been. She just said, "Hello, Ilsa. I was wondering where you were, dear," as though it were quite all right to spend the afternoon in a closet. She came over and stood beside Ilsa and took the scissors out of her hand. She said, gently, "Those aren't safe to have around while you're in your lovely costume. If anything happened to that, Ilsa, I should feel terrible. It was a real honor to me for your mother to let you wear it here."

The words meant nothing to Ilsa. The tears, that should have come while she was alone, came then. There was no stopping them. Mrs. Redlock did not try to. She pushed the coats aside and sat down on the bed, drawing Ilsa down beside her; she put her arm around her, held her head against her shoulder, and let her cry, blowing her nose when it was necessary.

After a while, when it was nearly over, she said, "What's the matter, dear? Aren't you having fun?"

The words were hard to say, but they had to be said. "They don't like me!" Ilsa said.

"But, dear," Mrs. Redlock said, "they do. Why else do you think Martha asked you? You're the only child she asked who doesn't live right here in the neighborhood. But she especially wanted you."

Now that she thought of it, Ilsa knew that she had wondered herself why Martha had asked her. She had wondered, but she hadn't dared ask herself.

"I'm—" she said, and her hand was twisting frantically, unknowingly, at the tufts on the bedspread—"I'm not like any of them."

"But they like that," Mrs. Redlock said. She touched one of Ilsa's long honey-colored braids, that Ilsa had for so long begged Mama to cut. "Do you know what Martha told me?" she said. "She came home and said, 'There's a girl in our class has the longest hair in school.'"

"I want it cut off," Ilsa said.

"Why?"

"There was something about the way she said it; you had to answer. 'It looks—it makes me look so foreign,' Ilsa said.

Mrs. Redlock smiled. "And so does the costume," she said. "And that's why you don't like it, isn't it?"

Ilsa nodded dumbly.

"But there's nothing wrong with being foreign," Mrs. Redlock said. "It's a beautiful costume, and it was made in a beautiful country. There's nothing wrong with being whatever you are, Ilsa—rich or poor or Canadian or foreign—as long as you do it well, and you're not ashamed of it." She stood up. "Now, dear, come on—let me put your headdress on for you."

She was so gentle about it, and yet so firm, it would have been impossible to say no. She really acted as though the headdress were something precious. Once or twice she stopped to point out some particularly involved and intricate work in the pattern that Ilsa had not even noticed. When she had finished, smiling, she dusted a tiny bit of powder over Ilsa's small nose. "That's absolutely perfect," she said. "Come now, they're all waiting for you."

As she moved away from the mirror Ilsa touched the two long braids, and then glanced back at the mirror. After

all, it was true. She did have the longest hair in school.

BEFORE the party was over Mrs. Redlock sat down and wrote a note to Mama. "Just to thank her," she said, "for letting you come. And I do so hope she'll lend us the costume for our charity benefit."

Ilsa did not have to walk all the way home alone, as she had come. Nancy and Gertrude walked part of the way with her, and Peter ran along beside them, wearing his dog costume and barking now and then, and all the people turned and laughed as they went by.

Ilsa ran the last half block home, skirts and all. She ran through the door, the headdress swaying behind her, and as she came in Mama looked sharply at the flushed cheeks and the bright eyes, and the dark and husky expression went out of her own. Ilsa gave her the note, too excited to speak, and Mama smoothed it out flat on the kitchen table and read it.

Usually when anything was written in English she asked Ilsa to read it to her, but this time she did not. She read it herself, spelling the words out carefully, and it took a very long time. When she had finished she looked up at Papa.

"She would like to borrow the costume," she said, "to put on exhibition. Well, I guess we could spare it for a while, Papa?" She turned to look at Ilsa, and her eyes were bright with the deepness and warmth of her pride. "You see, Ilsa," she said. "I knew you would look lovely in it."

ILSA took her hand away from Diana's and put it up to touch her hair. She still had the honey-colored braids, though she wore them around her head now. She had never cut them, nor had a permanent, and she knew that in any gathering she stood out as the woman with the beautiful hair.

"So my mother was right, you see," she said.

Diana had stopped crying long before; she was relaxed now against Ilsa's shoulder, and her head was moving gently in time to the rocking. "And where's the costume now?" she said.

"I still have it," Ilsa said. "I put it away to give to my daughter, as my mother gave it to me. Only I have no daughter, but I keep it still. Tommy or Peter—one of them will have a daughter, and then she shall have it. A thing like that," Ilsa said, "was made to last a long time."

"The rest of the party," Diana said, "did you really have a good time?"

"I did," Ilsa said. "I really had a good time. And I made myself remember that they would not have asked me if they did not like me, and I didn't mind being different, because I knew they liked me even if I was."

Diana said, "But I don't have long hair."

Ilsa knew enough of children to understand the remark, and to hide her smile. "Your mother is a great actress," she said. "You have been often to the theatre, and that's a lot for a little girl to have done. None of the others have." She looked appraisingly at the small dark face. "You can act too," she said. "You have the look." She put the child down gently and stood up. "Come, we will brush your hair and go back downstairs. And the rest of the afternoon I know what we will do—we will have a play, and you shall be the queen. And the others will be your subjects. Your costume is just right for it, like a princess. And I know you can act it."

The rest of the afternoon was almost too easy. The children took the play

Continued on page 46



Painted by J. S. Hollam

There's room to grow in Canada Unlimited

Along the network of highways that link Canada's broad landscape safely speed mighty transports and buses laden with precious cargoes of goods and passengers. In less than 35 years, the growth of this great industry has opened the gateway of opportunity to thousands of Canadians, not only in transportation but in many subsidiary industries. It is proof that there's room to grow in Canada Unlimited.



Unlimited", Dept. G, O'Keefe House, Toronto, Ontario. (Please print your name and address clearly.) All monies received will be donated to the Canadian Citizenship Council.*

Just how much room is told in "CANADA UNLIMITED", an illustrated 144-page book published by the O'Keefe Foundation. You may obtain your copy by sending 25c in cash (no stamps or cheques please) to "Canada

O'Keefe's
BREWING COMPANY LIMITED

*A council of service, welfare, church, labour, fraternal, and other organizations whose aim is to acquaint new Canadians with the opportunities offered by democratic citizenship in Canada.



**See 'em
go for vegetables
WITH RICH, GOLDEN Velveeta SAUCE!**

Here, Mother, is the trick of getting the vegetable dish cleaned up with *enthusiasm!* The rich, satinsmooth cheese sauce you easily make with Velveeta adds such glamor, such goodness—and fine nutrients from milk, too!

Just melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Velveeta in the top of the double boiler. Gradually stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk. Pour that "golden velvet" sauce over broccoli—or broiled tomatoes, fried egg plant, string beans, onions, cauliflower, boiled potatoes and so on.

Keep stocked with enough Velveeta to glamorize vegetables often—and to spread or slice for snacks and sandwiches at a moment's notice. For families, the 2-lb. Velveeta loaf is the smartest buy. Besides being a treat Kraft's famous cheese food is mighty nutritious, and digestible as milk!

VELVEETA
A KRAFT PRODUCT
PASTEURIZED
PROCESS CHEESE FOOD
KRAFT FOODS LIMITED - MONTREAL, QUE.

The world's favorite cheeses
are made by **KRAFT**



Continued from page 44

far beyond anything she could have thought up; once their imaginations got to working on it there was no end to it. And through it all Diana presided, the beautiful queen, the gracious monarch, the great actress, not remembering for a minute that she was just a little girl named Diana.

When Miss Peters, the governess, came to call for Diana the play had reached a point that simply could not be interrupted. Even Miss Peters could see that, and she agreed to wait a few minutes. Ilsa brought her a cup of coffee, and sat beside her while she drank it.

Usually she was a little afraid of Miss Peters. She was so stiff, so correct, so brisk. Today, seeing Miss Peters sitting here in her own home, she found she was not afraid of her at all. And suddenly she saw Miss Peters for

what she really was—a woman who lived in other people's homes, who brought up other people's children, who had nothing of her own at all.

Ilsa looked around her own living room. The furniture was old, but it was comfortable. The boys had patches on their pants sometimes but they always had enough to eat. Things were better for the boys than they had been for her, and things were better for her than they had been for Mama and for Papa. And for the boys' sons things could be even better. With all they had behind them there was no limit to how far they could go.

She looked at Diana, happy and flushed in the centre of the group, and she looked at her own sons, playing with Diana without any thought of the difference that lay between them.

No, Papa hadn't come to Canada for nothing. ★

Flickering Lamps of Liberty

Continued from page 14

spirit shines like one of the candles which used to delight his fancy, was born in a humble house near the Inner Temple.

Dick Whittington is buried in The City, the eternal example of the self-made man—he not only became three times lord mayor of London but acquired great wealth. The imagination of Charles Dickens was inflamed by wandering in the worst-planned and most fascinating square-mile in the world.

I was pondering these things recently because I had to propose the toast at a banquet to the lord mayor, sheriffs and aldermen of The City of London. It was the first annual dinner of the old Aldersgate City Club since 1939. Actually the lord mayor was ill, but his place was taken by Sir George Wilkinson who was lord mayor from November, 1939, to November, 1940, during which he saw nearly half The City destroyed by incendiary bombs.

In his speech Sir George recalled how in 1940 the Toronto Telegram had informed him that its readers had started spontaneously a fund for the relief of Britain's air-raid victims and that \$20,000 had been collected. But that was only the beginning. Something like \$3 millions was eventually raised by the Telegram readers. It would have warmed your hearts if you could have heard the applause of the diners. To an exile like myself it is always good to hear praise of one's kinsfolk.

Let me assure you that I was not wholly unsuited to the task of proposing the toast to the corporation for, in fact, I am a city liveryman. The ancient guilds, formed hundreds of years ago to protect the standards and the standing of skilled craftsmen—they were the forerunners of trade unionism—are perpetuated today by city companies that preserve many of the old traditions. Thus I am a liveryman of the Honorable Company of Stationers, and was once informed (although I have never verified it) that as a stationer I am privileged to wear a bayonet and cannot be arrested for drunkenness within the precincts of The City.

In the jargon of today what does all this add up to? What are traditions but crumbling monuments that clutter up the roadway in a streamlined age? Why this nonsense about the lord mayor riding in a golden pantomime coach or challenging the King at Temple Gate? In a world of creeping common sense what can these postur-

ings mean and what are they worth?

For an answer turn back just a moment to the reign of Charles I. Five members of the House of Commons had spoken and voted against the King's demands which would have ended the authority and dignity of Parliament. When the King heard of it he rode to Westminster with a squad of troops to arrest the men who dared to defy their sovereign, but the birds had flown. They had been taken on a barge down the river and delivered to the freemen of The City, who promised to hide and protect them.

Filled with wrath the King entered the debating chamber of the Commons and demanded from Mr. Speaker Lenthall the names of the five members. With the respect due to the King, Mr. Speaker knelt on one knee before him and then uttered these immortal words: "Sire, I have no eyes to see and no tongue to speak save as I am directed by this House whose servant I am."

"Liberty—and Death"

Today in the corridor that leads from the public lobby to the members' lobby there hangs a painting depicting that scene where men chose liberty and even death rather than submit to tyranny.

Again and again the guilds defied authority. Thus did The City become a kingdom within a kingdom, having its own representatives in Parliament specially privileged at each opening ceremony to sit upon the government front bench whatever government was in power. But after the next general election in 1950, unless the Conservatives win, there will be no more special City M.P.'s. The Socialists see no need to perpetuate empty symbols.

As a Canadian I come from a country where freedom is as natural and unquestioned as the air which one breathes, a country which because of its youth looks forward and is not deeply interested in the past. Yet it took 3,000 years for man to find freedom, 3,000 years of thought, of sacrifice, of struggle, of prayer and of martyrdom.

In ancient Greece they debated democracy and held that it was the highest achievement open to man—but they also saw that democracy, because of its character, might well prove its own worst enemy. Aristotle declared the foundation of a democratic state was liberty, which meant that the people would govern and also consent to be governed. He argued that the poor ought to have more power than the rich since there were more of them (a prognostication of universal franchise) and that it should be the right of every man to live as he liked, "since he is a slave who must live as he likes

not." (I suspect that the authors of the American Declaration of Independence had studied Aristotle.)

Pericles took at once a more fervent but also more cynical attitude. He said that the art of governing a democracy was to persuade the people to do what the government wanted them to do, while allowing them to believe that they did it of their own initiative. Yet even that utterance, which sounds like something from Shaw or Wilde, acknowledges one thing: the people must be made to feel that they are free; without that, democracy was nothing.

Yet look at the map of the world today. If Sir Edward Grey could say in that fateful August of 1914, "The lamps are going out all over Europe," what words would he use if he were alive now? In Central and Eastern Europe the lamps have not only gone out but have been thrown away because the despots believe they will never be wanted again. Tyranny is on the throne, a tyranny more black-hearted and subtle than even Caligula or Nero inflicted upon the Romans, for the modern tyrant has learned how to destroy the souls as well as the bodies of men.

The most disturbing consequence of all this—and it is gravely disturbing—is that people deprived of liberty can lose their longing for it. Like many of the slaves in the American South who were terrified of freedom the people of today look to centralized authority to solve their problems, blueprint their lives, and take away the very element of personal decision. Undoubtedly the carnage and chaos of two World Wars have done much to bend the spirit of man, but at what point will it break?

Bread and Circuses

I know that in this modern, troubled world a government must take greater powers over the lives of the people than ever before, but can the aggrandizement of the bureaucratic state and the development of a freedom-loving democracy grow side by side, or will one crush and destroy the other?

"Give the people bread and circuses," said the Emperor Augustus, and when his reign was over Rome had descended into flabbiness. "Give the children milk," says modern Socialism, "give them meals, give the people free medical treatment and dental treatment, give them wigs and water bottles, give them pensions, give them a decent burial at a reasonable price. However, since all these things cost money, we, the Government, will take toll from your wages, your investments, even

your savings if you have enough of them, and will tax your amusements and your indulgences. Further, we will exercise the right to direct you into forms of work regarded as essential to the needs of the nation. Where'er you walk the spectre of the State walks with you, and after a time you will feel strange and timid if you do not feel its bony fingers on your shoulder."

Like many other serving men I experienced that feeling when we heard the whistles blow and the bells chime at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 11th day of the 11th month in 1918. The war was over—but now we would have to face the perils and uncertainties of civilian life.

For four years I had been fed, watered, bedded, disciplined and paid by the Army. There were no worries except those presented by the enemy, and there was always a higher authority to give orders which he, in turn, got from a still higher authority.

But what about peace? To be hired and perhaps fired, to know the haunting shame of discouragement, to marry and have a family—and then to lose one's job! Many of us in the war years had lost faith and almost lost interest in human liberty. Our lives had been ordered for us and any other life seemed puzzling and discouraging.

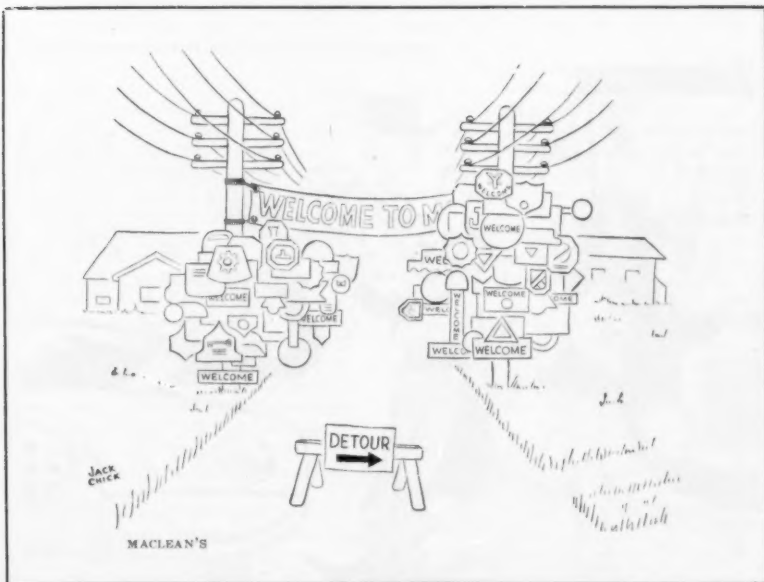
That is what is happening in the world today. As Walter Lippman once wrote: "People ask for manacles to hide the trembling of their hands."

We saw when the Nazis came to power the beating up of the elected members of the Reichstag and the bloody persecution of the Jews—in other words the sentencing to death of what was left of liberty in Germany—and no man raised a hand. Where was Germany's Cromwell, where was her Mr. Speaker Lenthall, where were her guilds to give sanctuary to the oppressed?

It took centuries piled on centuries to give liberty to mankind, yet in less than two generations it has been destroyed in nearly half the world. And even among the nations where it has not been destroyed men and women are asking whether there are not better things than liberty and if it does not demand more of men than they should be asked to give.

Like Mephisto tempting Faust, the creed of totalitarianism asks for your soul in exchange for a "cradle-to-the-grave" policy in which you pay not only the premiums but the amount assured.

What price freedom? The market is sluggish; there are many sellers but few buyers. ★



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Protection at Low Cost



MM-9

Don't Be Dumb — Ride By Thumb!

CARTOON BY MEL CRAWFORD

By RAY GARDNER

NOT since Watt put wheels on his teakettle and hitched it to a long line of Pullmans and a club car has there been a revolution in transportation such as the one this article is certain to inspire. I am going to reveal how you can travel the land without buying train, bus or plane tickets, or even owning your own car. You can do it by using a well-manicured thumb as your Pogo stick.

I am a master of the technique for my wife and I last summer completed a trip by thumb from Edmonton to Toronto (2,300 miles) on a total expenditure of \$63.35 for meals and accommodation (cheapest rail fare for two: \$144.70, meals extra).

Our costs included an unbudgeted, emergency expenditure of 45 cents for a bottle of liniment. My wife dislocated a digit in a vain effort to test the brakes on a cream-colored Cadillac convertible as it whizzed by us at 75 miles per hour on a lonely stretch of road between Port Arthur and the northern Ontario town of Hearst. Such financial drains can easily be avoided unless you have a wife with a craving for Cadillacs or a passion for Packards. Keep her passions in the medium- and low-price fields.

We made the trip in nine days, which, I'll admit, is slower than you could make in bus, plane or train. But, then, we saw the country in minute detail, and always by daylight. At times we took some of the minute details of the country along with us. After a day bumping over the dry dirt roads of Saskatchewan I had so much dust in my hair, where the dandruff once used to play, that when we reached Winnipeg a fine crop of Marquis wheat had ripened on both sides of my parting. Instead of going to a barber I looked up the local Massey-Harris agent and had my hair threshed.

"Nice head of wheat you got there,"

he said. "About 40 bushels to the acre, I'd say. And with today's prices that ain't hay. Comb it dry?"

Now you, too, can enjoy the thrill of the open road and, at the same time, make your contribution toward the ruination of transportation empires. Listen closely to how it's done. Pull up a chair. Pull up your socks, too.

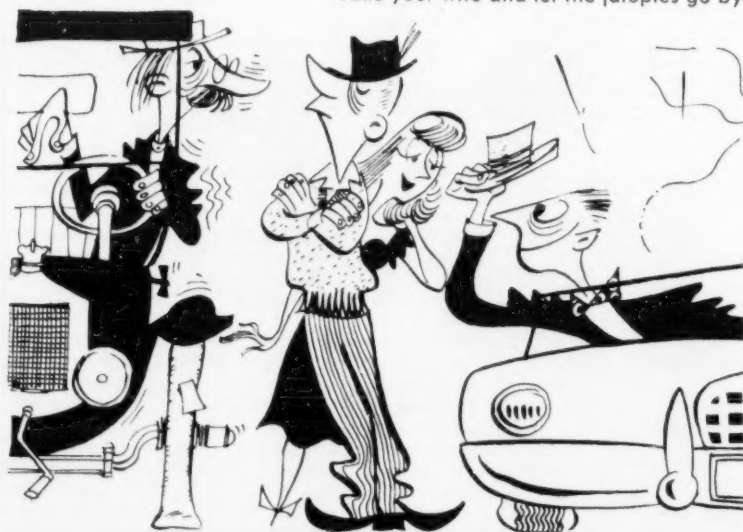
First, it is essential that you dress the part not of a hobo hitchhiker, but of a well-tailored thumbing tourist. Dress as though you are roughing it and you're a cinch to catch double pneumonia from being exposed to the wind of passing cars. Fourteen of the 19 persons who gave us lifts told us they picked us up because we didn't look like graduates of Kingston who might clunk them over the crumpet with a sandbag.

Take your wife along by all means. Two can travel as cheaply and more swiftly than one. Her presence helps reassure the motorist that he is not going to end up in a newspaper headline that says: "THUMB A LIFT, BURLY GUN-TOTING BANDITS LEAVE MOTORIST BOUND AND GAGGED ON LONELY HIGHWAY IN UNDERWEAR." Sixteen of our 19 benefactors said they never pick up two men together and seldom one alone. The consensus was that with a lady present a man is less likely to end up in his underwear.

Streetcar to the Limits

One more sartorial tip: buy your wife a new dress, a bright new dress. Let the gypsy in her have free reign. She must have a dress that can be heard, a rainbowlike raiment that will stand out like a soft-shoulder sign and can be seen at 50 yards in a Saskatchewan dust storm. And let her spend the change on a supply of Pink Lightning nail polish. Got that? Pink Lightning. Our first three days out my wife wore Fatal Apple polish on her right, or working, thumb. We averaged less than 250 miles a day. A

Take your wife and let the jalopies go by.



whim, nothing more, caused her to change next day to Pink Lightning and we whisked 400 miles in one lift, from Regina to Winnipeg. That Pink Lightning's got more pickup than Ethyl and you know what kind of a girl she is.

Okay, you are now dashing haberdashed and all you need is a very small bag, just large enough to carry a change of BVD's (if you can get by with just BV's all to the good), a clean shirt, a handkerchief or two and, if you happen to be a writer, as I am, some writing paper and a pen. By the way, it was while waiting for a lift at Walsh, a gas pump near the Saskatchewan-Alberta border, that I wrote the concluding chapter of my novel, "War and Peace," and thus had it ready for my publisher when I reached Toronto. The English edition you may have seen published under the pseudonym, "Leo Tolstoy." It has been only a mild success, partly, I suppose, because I composed the original in Russian, a language I neither read nor write.

Kiss your dog good-by, leave a note for the milkman (milkmen like to get notes), set a booby trap for your landlady and you are ready for the open road. Pick up your bag (the small one; your wife is old enough to walk by herself) and take a streetcar or bus to the city limits where the highway begins. If you are to hike without a hitch in your conscience and be a credit to your new profession these excursions from city centre to city limits must be the only paid rides you will allow yourself.

Oh, there may be bleak moments when not even a Model T will loom over the horizon and you'll be tempted to flag down a Greyhound. But, remember, only a man who would cheat at solitaire and then lie to himself about it would stoop to that. Why, it shouldn't happen to a Greyhound.

So there you are on the road, thumb outstretched. Is it outstretched sheepishly or confidently? As the first few cars whip by it is important that you arrive at the correct social and philosophical approach to your mission, your role in it, and the role of the country's motorists. The moment you assume the correct attitude your thumb will cast off its sickening sheepishness and assert itself with new confidence.

Snubbed by a Caddy

For, young man, remember you are no highway hobo groveling at the white-walled tires of a Buick for alms. Remember, the country owes you a ride. (I intend making the reasons the subject of a profitable coast-to-coast lecture tour, so don't expect me to go into it now and kill a good thing for myself.)

It is a mistake for you to feel you are imposing on a motorist who gives you a lift. This will get you nothing but an inferiority complex and saddle the nation with a generation of patronizing drivers. Don't do it.

That is the general rule of thumb (you are not glossing over that pun, I hope) to apply to motorists who do give you a lift. You need another for those who pass you by in their empty and spacious cars. Only a spineless weakling will seek to excuse the motorist by saying, "Oh, well, it is his car. I suppose he is entitled to privacy if he wishes." That approach will get you nowhere, least of all across the country. Hurl oaths at him! If you are on a gravel road, hurl stones at him. If not, curse the very pavement his tires hum on.

The tourist-by-thumb need not let snubs crush him provided he discriminates. One simply must discriminate.

Let it be a cardinal rule that you do

not accept a ride in a truck or a car that does not have that new look. A jaded jalopy will get you nowhere, either in a hurry or in comfort. To paraphrase Petain: They must pass.

We showed our disdain for these hoary horseless buggies simply by refusing to thumb them and, indeed, by turning our back on them. In time we would always be picked up by something sleek and well-upholstered and in no time we'd overtake the venerable vehicle we had shunned. My wife was inclined at moments like this to thrust her head out the window, stick out her tongue and jeer at the driver of the old wreck: "Ah, get a horse," or "Hey, d'ya know your back wheel's goin' aroun' frontward?" or something equally as comical. This would put the driver of the old car in his place and immediately establish our social position with our host.

Penniless? Of Course Not!

It is important, of course, that as soon as possible on entering a car you must establish your social equality with or superiority over the driver while, at the same time, trying to make him feel he belongs. More often than not his curiosity will provide you with the opportunity to do this. He is sure to ask why you are hitching and he may, in the way he phrases the question, suggest you are penniless. You are gracious enough to ignore this affront and proceed to put him in his place by replying you are doing it by preference, as a bit of a lark, if you like. Indeed, you have traveled the country from one end to the other many, many times by CPR, CNR, TCA, CPA, NSF, CCL, AFL, CIO and once, to publicize your novel about the Sahara, by camel train. Traveled, traveled, traveled in luxury until you are sick and tired of it. You want to rough it. One feels at times one wants to see the country.

Nine times out of 10 your driver will still offer to stake you to a meal at the end of your journey together, and also nine times out of 10 your driver will be a traveling salesman. Ours were. They pick you up for company and conversation, which, on the Prairies, evolves into a sparkling repartee concerning always the condition of the crops. I will try to set down a few samples of dialogue which the student might learn by heart. The keen student, however, will go on and register at the university for a three-year course in agriculture.

You: Looks like a fine crop of wheat.
First driver: Oh, that's just grass, hay. They feed it to the livestock.

You: Ugh, I bet it tickles their throats.

(A few hours later, in another car.)

You: Looks like a fine crop, seeing as how it's been such a dry year.

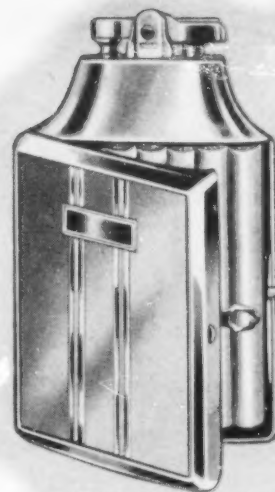
Second Driver: Matter of fact, it's been the wettest year since '23. But that's still a poor crop. Grasshoppers.

You: Those darn old grasshoppers. Sure play hob with the crop, wet year and all.

(Another hour later, in still another car.)

You: My that's a fine crop, thanks to the wettest year in umpteen years. And in spite of the hoppers, too.

Third Driver: Well, yes and no. You see, this is mighty strange country for 20 miles along here, from where I picked you up to the town up ahead. Rained like it'd never stop everywhere else, but hardly a drop here. Driest year since '14. Hoppers just chewin' up the crop every-



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where else like they never ate since Bernard Shaw was a boy. But not here. Never a sight of a hopper all summer. That fine crop, my boy, is the result of strip farming.

(Several more hours and one car later.)

You: Strip farming is sure the thing, isn't it? Look at that crop. Strip farming did it.

Fourth Driver: What in blazes might strip farming be?

You: (Luckily you are prepared for this. You produce a copy of the government's Handy - Dandy, Every Farmer's Manual, and read him the three chapters devoted to strip farming.)

Fourth Driver: Well, I'll be darned. What are they going to think of next?

(More hours, another car later.)

You: Some crop, eh?

Fifth Driver: Yes, siree, some crop.

You: Yep, some crop. Broth-errr!

There, I've told you all I know. The whole of Canada is your oyster and every four-door sedan is your pearl. But you must plan for the summer. In the long winter months only the dog trains brave the white wilderness between Fort Winnipeg and Fort Edmonton and, they say, the trail is scattered with the bleached bones of more than one hitchhiker who tried to hitch with a Husky.

In a lonely spot, 10 miles from Edmonton, the natives will show you one such skeleton, perfect and complete to the last vertebra but for one missing thumb. Legend has it that these are the remains of a tardy traveler, caught in the first fall of snow, who in desperation tried to thumb down a dog train. And, the legend says, just as he thrust out his thumb the sled driver shouted, "Mush!" The lead dog, an aged canine whom the years had robbed of his hearing, thought he said "Mash." The traveler fell to the ground, thumbless, and was left to perish. ★

CANADIANECDOTE



The West's Jestin' Judge

SIR Matthew Baillie Begbie, first chief justice in the early days of British Columbia, held court indoors and out. He was always more interested in seeing justice done than listening to fine-spun legal argument.

An American on trial for murder in Begbie's court was unquestionably guilty. Before passing sentence the black-bearded judge gave the man a chance to talk.

For the next few minutes the court heard nothing but insolent abuse, assertions of innocence and the defendant's indignant announcement that he would carry his appeal to the very foot of the throne.

Begbie soothingly agreed to transmit the man's appeal to the colonial secretary. Then he added dryly:

"It will take six months or more for the colonial secretary to deal with the matter and months more before we learn his decision. But you will not be interested in what he decides, for you are to be hanged Monday morning."

Dealing with a drunk, Begbie said, "I'm feeling lenient, so I will just fine you \$5."

The prisoner, an overbearing type, grinned. "That's fine, judge," he said. "I've got it right here in my pants pocket."

"And a month in jail," added Begbie coldly. "See if you've got that in your pants pocket."

Once at Kamloops two brothers quarreled over the division of their father's farm. Begbie soon settled that.

With a map in front of him he instructed them: "John, you divide the farm into two parts, as even as you can, remember. James, you take your choice of the parts."

One rainy night Begbie went into a miner's cabin to borrow a coat. The miner was an American deserter and he brought out a Confederate greatcoat.

"Here 'tis, stranger," he said. "But be careful! That old fool Begbie is at Richfield and if he catches you wearing this coat you'll get six months!"—Eric R. Adams.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

The Life and Loves Of a Queen Bee

When Agnes was told about the birds and the people she knew she was in for a rough reign

By **PIERRE BERTON**

CARTOONS BY GRASSICK



AGNES was no ordinary bumblebee. In a world made up largely of sexless workers and lazy males, she was one of the favored few—a queen. Agnes was a bumblebee with a mission.

When Agnes was a little larva, her mother—also a queen—tried to take her aside and tell her all about the birds and the people. She explained that Agnes' mission was to produce more bumblebees. Statistics show that she only had a 75-to-1 chance of accomplishing this. But Agnes, bless her, came through humming while her 74 buzzin' cousins fell by the wayside.

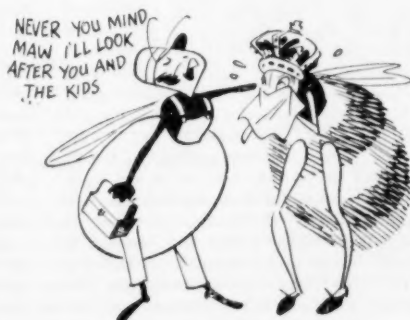
This is the story of how Agnes did it. Soon after her wedding with an unidentified drone, Agnes got that tired, logy feeling and dropped off to sleep for the winter. She made her bed in a mossy spot under a log, and, because her body was dry, she didn't have to worry about frost.

Come spring, Agnes began to get a gnawing feeling in her stomach, so she stretched herself lazily and flew off to a local plum blossom for an aperitif. She tumbled back into her bed again for 40 winks, but a still, small voice inside her kept murmuring, "Agnes, remember your mission in life," and before long she was up and around looking for a nesting place.

Red Is So Becoming

Now there are a good many different kinds of bumblebees, all with complicated Latin names, but the bees themselves, who don't know any Latin, have divided themselves into two unscientific groups: those who nest above the ground (sometimes called "carder bees") and those who nest under the ground.

Agnes was strictly a member of the underground. She was darned if she was going to dig a hole for herself, so she found an old mousehole, where the rent was low and they didn't mind a lot of kids, and in she moved. It was about three feet long and the mouse's old nest was down one of the branching passages. Agnes dragged the softest



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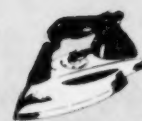


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When guesting, remember your friend's mother with some wee giftie. You can bring it, or send it later. Either's correct. But you needn't flourish the present the moment your foot is in the hall! What's more, you needn't postpone your visit—

just because "that" day is nigh. For new Kotex keeps you comfortable. Gives you softness that holds its shape . . . (this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it!)



To style-wise gals, does "Empire" suggest

- ☐ World's tallest building
- ☐ Great Britain
- ☐ Good camouflage

Plan to go places? Or a stay-at-home vacation? Either way, you can find new glamour—by giving careful thought to your wardrobe. If you've figure faults, select styles that conceal them. For instance—the high-waisted "Empire" line does wonders for a flat-chested femme. And don't forget, on certain days, there's no telltale line with Kotex. For that, thank the flat pressed ends of Kotex. They prevent revealing outlines . . . do wonders for your confidence!



How to choose the right perfume?

- ☐ By trial and error
- ☐ By its glamorous name
- ☐ Buy Mom's brand

Sultry scents aren't suitable for teens at any time—much less in summer. Keep cool and sweet with a delicate cologne; or some fresh, light-hearted perfume suited to your type. How to tell? By trial and error. Try a few different fragrances in small sizes, to find the kind for you. You know, when smart gals choose sanitary protection, they try the 3 absorbencies of Kotex—Regular, Junior, Super. Do likewise! Discover which one's right for your needs.



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KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

material out of this and, with some old bits of grass she had chewed up, rolled it into a ball five inches deep, burying herself in the ball in an inch-wide cavity. The heat of her body soon dried out the nest.

Meanwhile, Agnes had been out looking for her honey (not the old drone—he died shortly after the wedding—but the real McCoy). This is where Agnes took her place in the Great Scheme of Things, though we don't intend to get all maudlin about it here. The fact remains, however, that without Agnes and her ilk, there'd hardly be a shred of red clover in the country. Red clover is important because the bacteria at its roots can gather nitrogen from the air and enrich the soil immeasurably. Bumblebees are important to red clover because they are the only bees that can reach its pollen with their tongues and thus fertilize nearby blossoms.

Agnes had a tongue to be proud of. It hung below her head like a living watch spring, curled up in a sheath of black mandibles, and when extended it was longer than the whole of her body. Without this tongue neither the red clover, nor the honeysuckle, nor the heartease, nor many orchids would ever give seed.

Agnes, of course, was oblivious to all this. She didn't give a hang whether red clover ever got fertilized or not. She merely settled on the clover because red was her favorite color—she looked becoming on it, and you know how women are about these things. (Blue is a bumblebee's least favorite color for some reason.)

Agnes put the honey in a waxen honeypot which she made herself near the entrance to the nest. The wax oozed out between the segments of her abdomen and she scraped it off with her legs. It took her three days to make the honeypot, which was three quarters of an inch high and three quarters of an inch in diameter.

The housing shortage being what it is, Agnes wasn't too happy about leaving the nest on her first journeys. Besides, she was afraid she couldn't find her way back without a Boy Scout compass. The first few times out she crawled in a spiral around the entrance way, examining each root and blade of grass. Then she rose in ever-widening circles, observing all the landmarks so that she'd know her own front door again the next time she saw it.

Agnes swallowed the honey, planning to regurgitate back at the nest, but the pollen she carried about in a more complicated manner. We might as well face it, chaps: like all bumblebees, Agnes had hollow legs. Matter of fact, some of Agnes' friends, sitting about of an evening and watching her down great buckets of pollen, used to remark to each other: "That Agnes! She must have hollow legs!" How right they were.

The bright students in the front row will probably be interested to know that the last two main sections of an insect's leg are called the tibia and the tarsus. The tibia of Agnes' hind legs were hollow and the tarsus contained a little brush, just as effective as anything Mr. Fuller ever took from door to door, which she used to get pollen off the flowers and also to wipe her coat and mouth with. Agnes' knees were hollow, too, and they each contained a little comb against which she rubbed the brush of the opposite leg. The pollen thus combed off the brush dropped into her hollow knee and, when she straightened the leg, an arm hidden inside the tarsus pushed it inside the tibia where she carried it home. What won't they think of next!

By this time Agnes could be observed knitting little things and ex-

pressing strange longings for chow mein. Agnes was in an interesting condition and she didn't have much time. With her mandibles she rounded off a pellet of pollen and fixed it to the floor of the nest cavity. On top of that she built a circular wall of wax with her jaws. She laid a dozen eggs in this container and covered the whole with a wax roof.

Well, you should have seen Agnes go on about those eggs! They weren't much to look at—sausage-shaped, white translucent things about an eighth of an inch long—but that's the way mothers are. Four days later the larvae hatched out and Agnes was busy as a bee feeding each one individually with a predigested mixture of honey and pollen, and changing diapers and suchlike.

On the 11th day the larvae spun cocoons for themselves, and from then on Queen Agnes began laying eggs like mad—a new batch every two or three days. By the 22nd day the first worker bees had hatched, and what with the wax cells adhering to clusters of cocoons and the batches of larvae taking up more and more room she had the beginnings of a recognizable comb.

Agnes had come a long way. Of her 74 sisters a good 70 had met sticky ends. Some had been flooded out, others had had their brood eaten by mice, others had been killed by birds and a good dozen had been run over by automobiles just like the other pedestrians. A few had broken their legs and the weight of the wax exuding from their bodies, which they now couldn't remove, had bowed them down and killed them.

But Agnes still had her health, her nest, and her little ones. Despite this, Agnes was a mess: it was mid-June and she was no longer the gay little bee of early May. Her wings were tattered, she was so heavy with eggs she could scarcely fly and most of the hair was rubbed from her body. Agnes had that Old Look.

The Villain of the Piece

But help was on the way in the person of the worker bees. Worker bees are sort of glorified baby sitters. At first they just helped around the nest—feeding the young larvae, guiding their weaker sisters out of the cocoons, making electric fans out of their wings to keep the air moving. As each worker tottered to the honeypot for the first time Agnes greeted it with pathetic joy, patting it on the back and promising bonuses, time and a half for overtime and other incentives.

Pretty soon the workers were strong enough to venture out into the fields for honey and pollen, and when this happened Agnes became a stay-at-home. She was still bee-busy, though, building new cells and honeypots, laying more eggs, feeding some of the larvae and brooding over the cocoons.

By mid-August the colony was at its height. The comb was now a solid structure six inches wide, knit together by wax. There were close to eight ounces of honey stored in 20 separate pots and, frankly, the kids were beginning to get pretty fed up with the stuff. The overflow honey was stored in empty cocoons and there were waxen cells, half an inch across, chuck full of pollen ("You'll love its tangy goodness," Agnes used to tell the larvae). There were three egg cells, several large bunches of larvae and still larger clusters of cocoons.

The place, as Agnes often remarked, was a madhouse—simply a madhouse.

Already Agnes had spawned 400 workers, 50 young queens and 50 of those wretched males. The males and the queens refused to lift a finger

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



MEL CRAWFORD

The Bloodhounds Wouldn't Talk

By C. WALTER HODGSON

MANY newspaper readers following the story of a murder trial have declared, "I wouldn't hang a dog on that evidence."

Reversing that situation—would you hang a man on a dog's evidence?

This challenge was put to a jury in Vancouver, following the murder of a merchant in suburban North Vancouver.

The victim was found in his store on the morning of June 22, 1925. His head was smashed in, evidently with a hatchet. He had last been seen alive shortly before the previous midnight.

Police called in a constable who made a specialty of bloodhounds. Given a scent of a patch of blood

on a carpet which bore the imprint of a shoe—thought to be the murderer's—the dogs went baying off. The next morning a Vancouver man was arrested and charged with murder.

The Crown's case was that accused had been seen at his brother's house at 11 p.m. on the night before the murder, had walked to the store, and, after killing his victim, had fled to the Moodyville Wharf, a mile away on Burrard Inlet, from which point he had escaped by canoe to Vancouver.

Evidence was presented that accused's brother kept a canoe at the Moodyville Wharf, and the constable with the bloodhounds testified that his dogs had definitely established accused's route to and away from the scene of the murder.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of murder and the judge sentenced him to be hanged, but his lawyers took the case to the British Columbia Court of Appeal. Would you have freed the man—or would you have hanged the man on the evidence of a dog?

(Answer below.)

around the house and most of them eloped early in the game.

The males had a short, lazy, and, in some respects, a perfect and highly satisfactory life, making mad love to the queens and feasting dreamily at the flowers. Pretty stupid, though, couldn't tell a sow thistle from a daisy half the time. A sleepy bunch, too. First cold night killed most of them, and good riddance, we say.

But, meanwhile, back at the nest, terror, stark terror, is striking right at the heart of everything our simple, unspoiled bumblebee has been striving for! Stay close to your radios, folks, here comes the deadly usurper bee, a bee with an ugly political stripe and a dictator complex.

Although she looks just like an ordinary bumblebee there are subtle methods

of telling a usurper from a bona fide bee like Agnes. First, there's her Latin name (genus *Psithurus* instead of genus *Bombus*), although this doesn't cut much ice with the bees. But note that this gal has no pollen-collecting apparatus on her hind legs, note the suspiciously smoky color of her wings—then try and get her to sign an affidavit that she doesn't advocate the overthrow of the constitutionally established government and see where you get.

The usurper bees like to sleep in late and aren't around and about until mid-summer. Then they search about for a weak colony of bees of their own particular species to prey on. (There is a corresponding species of usurper bee for each species of bumblebee.)

Already Agnes' four remaining sister

Answer to "What's Your Verdict?"

Three of the five Justices of the Court of Appeal held that one of the law's important safeguards was the right of the defense to cross-examine all witnesses. The bloodhounds obviously couldn't be put on the

stand, and actually the "dogs' evidence" was really evidence given by their master, and hence "akin to hearsay." The prisoner was granted a new trial at which the bloodhounds were never mentioned, and was acquitted.

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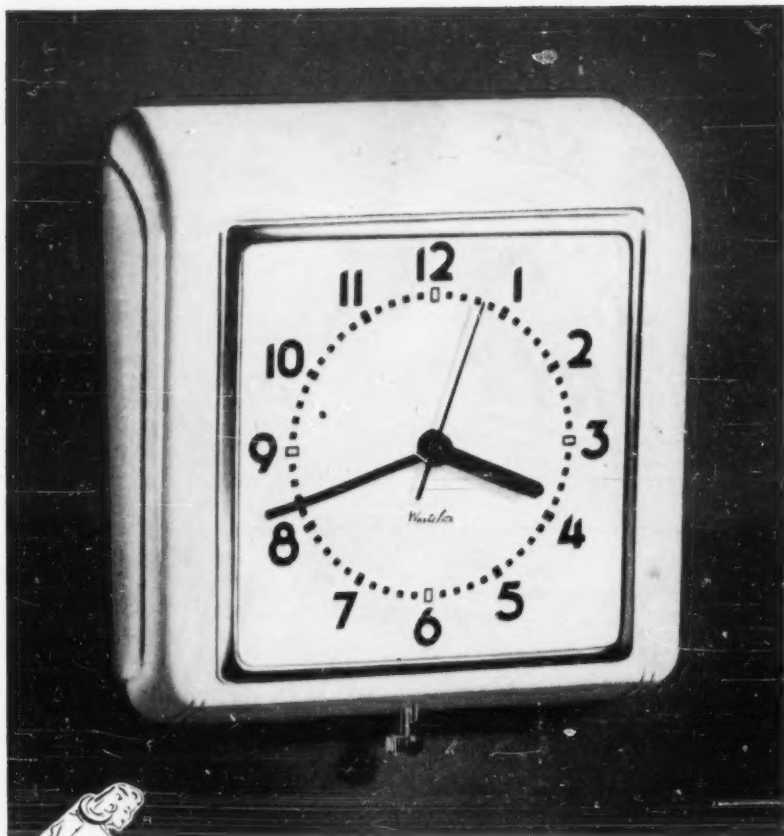
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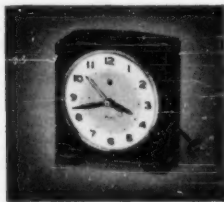
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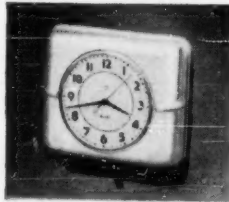
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queens have fallen prey to usurper bees. Look what happened to Mathilde and her brood, for example. Mathilde had a weaker nest than Agnes—not too many workers, for one thing, which had weakened Mathilde, herself. Along came this usurper, when Mathilde wasn't looking. She carefully kept out of Mathilde's way and mingled with the workers, shaking hands with a few of them, kissing larvae, helping herself to a few snorts at the honeypot, and generally acting as if she owned the place. Naturally this caused a good deal of dissension in the ranks, especially as the usurper was obviously about to lay a few eggs of her own.

Loyalists to the Wall

Mathilde began to get pretty jealous. Who was this intruder and why did she dare come in the nest? What was the matter with the boys in the union that they didn't toss her out? How about that usurper inspecting her brood every day? Let that gal start to build one egg cell and, hey—she was building an egg cell!

And there's the bell for the first round, folks! Mathilde comes out from her corner wearing purple trunks and tosses her sting right at the usurper's abdomen. Poor Mathilde. What she doesn't know is this: all the segments on a usurper's abdomen overlap. You can't hurt them there, even with your Sunday punch. Now Mathilde is down. Her abdomen is unprotected and the usurper lands a vicious sting right between the segments. She is winner and new champion.

Now the usurper showed her true colors. A few loyal workers rushed forward to protest the assassination of their mistress and these were immediately lined up against a wall and shot. The dictator then passed a slave-labor bill and cut out the overtime pay for the others. New workers, part of Mathilde's brood, were hatching all the time and these were immediately pressed into service, for the usurper herself laid eggs which hatched out queens and males only.

Because the colony was weak already the usurper only had about 80 workers, and as these died one by one of overwork the situation grew blacker. By mid-August, Mathilde's colony was at an end.

Now back to Agnes and her brood. (Incidental music.) Will the usurper bee, now at her doorstep, overthrow the democratically established regime? Will Agnes successfully defend her title? Will Tonto arrive in time to save the Lone Ranger?

Fortunately for Agnes, she had a healthy, strong, well-run nest. (We gave the whole thing away in advance by telling you that she alone out of 75 queen bees would survive.) The usurper hardly had her foot in the door before Agnes' shock troops hit her. They couldn't get her in the abdomen but one of them found a vulnerable spot in her thorax and that was the end of this usurper.

And that is about all there is to the story of Agnes. Her work was done. Most of the males and queens were off on their honeymoons and the colony dropped into peaceful but gradual decline.

Queen Agnes was the last remaining member of her clan of a year ago. Of the 75 to 100 queens she hatched only one would live long enough the following year to produce a healthy brood. If this wasn't so the bees would multiply by leaps and buzzes, and before long the bumblebee would inherit the earth.

Agnes' mission was accomplished. In her last days she sat around with a few of the old faithful workers and chatted about the good old days when honey was cheap and there was a free lunch at every petunia. A few of the workers still went out, only to fall asleep and die quietly in the cups of the autumn flowers.

Soon all the pollen and the honey in the colony was gone. Bee by bee the workers fell asleep, never to wake again, until Agnes, mother of them all, was the only one left alive. Then she too dropped her knitting needles, closed her big eyes and drifted off to the place where the good bees go. ★



"Remember last week we left Linda locked in the trunk of the car that was falling off the cliff? Well, no one has seen or heard of her since, so this week we start off with a brand-new program entitled . . ."

He Plays for Keeps

Continued from page 22

and the time he played championship tennis across Canada and in Europe.

A bachelor, Doherty lives in a 15-room Toronto house, looked after by Nora Fraser, an old family servant.

He has slick jet-black hair and tufted Mephistophelian eyebrows over a pair of dark brown eyes.

In his conversation, which is witty and rapid, Doherty emphasizes points with expressive hands. He talks with a cigarette bobbing between his lips. He limits himself to 30, or perhaps 40, or sometimes 50 Sweet Caps a day. In the morning he washes his face, works up a lather, and shaves, all without removing the cigarette from his mouth.

Some people say his clothes are "casual"; others suspect that they have been dragged from the prop trunks of old plays. A complete ensemble may include a pair of sandals, dress shirt, Tyrolean hat, and parts of various suits.

"Here's \$1—Eat on Me"

Although Doherty could perhaps make more money practicing corporation law than he ever will in Canadian theatre, he is always vague and sometimes exasperating in his approach to personal money matters. His business manager sometimes has to work for days to get him to the bank to sign papers. He often finds himself in church (he is a Roman Catholic) with the collection plate approaching and only three cents in his pocket.

His carelessness is well remembered by members of his company who met him in a Montreal restaurant after a performance, and before going to a party. They had planned to have a sandwich, but Doherty would have none of that.

"No, no, no," he said, waving his hand. "Order a real dinner. You might not get fed at the party."

With the impresario as host, the players called for *filets mignon*, lobsters Newburg and breasts of duckling.

Halfway through the meal, Doherty jumped up: "I've just remembered—I have to go on ahead and talk to someone."

He pulled a bill from his pocket, tossed it on the table. "Here. This will take care of the check."

A dozen pair of eyes riveted on the greenback. It was a one-dollar bill.

Brian Doherty is the elder son of the late Manning Doherty, onetime Minister of Agriculture for Ontario. His brother, D'Arcy M. Doherty, is partner in a brokerage and secretary of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Brian's great-grandfather, Bernard Doherty, came to Canada from Queens-town (now Cobh), Ireland, nearly 150 years ago. To the family's eternal horror, he refused to buy a farm on the site of what is now the junction of Toronto's rich Queen and Yonge Streets, because it was too swampy to raise cattle. He settled in Peel County, where the original family home, named "Clontarf," after a victory of the ancient Irish king, Brian Boru, is still standing.

Manning Doherty took his family to Saint John, N.B., where he had been appointed president of a dredging firm. It was here that Brian, aged eight, had his first taste of theatre. He danced a sailor's hornpipe in a Red Cross charity affair.

After living in Ottawa for a while, the Dohertys returned to the farm in Peel County. Brian attended the little red schoolhouse at Hanlan. He scored victories in school debates ("Is the Cow More Useful Than the Horse?");

swilled sarsaparilla at Gill's General Store; and sometimes stared in awe at the smokehouse rafters where relatives of his had hidden the rebel, William Lyon Mackenzie, on his flight from Toronto.

Brian's next educational stop was Upper Canada College. As a champion marathoner, he won permanent possession of the cross-country cup by three successive victories.

At 16 he entered the honors course in political science at Toronto University, played squash and tennis, and helped originate the Hart House debates.

He graduated at 20, entered Osgoode Hall. Here he played good rugby and championship tennis and was president of the Literary and Athletic Society.

He practiced corporation law in Toronto until the war, and switched from tennis to badminton (one partner: George Drew).

Doherty had begun to produce plays in 1914, when he wrote a virulent and, he still considers, brilliant attack on "Kaiser Bill." This was staged in the family attic by nine-year-old Doherty and hastily recruited playmates. His first serious effort, "Intimate Rela-

tions," was written while at Osgoode, and so far has had only a private reading.

In 1935 he wrote a play around the famous English wife murderer, Dr. Crippen, who became the first criminal caught by radio when he was picked up as he disembarked in the St. Lawrence with his mistress, who was disguised as a boy. This was called "Headlines in the Morning," and Doherty feels it might have done all right, except that another playwright did it first.

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in 1937 (a dramatization of Bruce Marshall's book), Doherty tasted success, both in New York and London. Though still widely produced, his royalties from this dribble in at about \$200 per year. From the New York run he figures he netted \$5,000. The play recently sold to the movies for \$15,000, but when he had finished paying both U. S. and Canadian income tax and other fees he was left with exactly nine per cent.

When the war began, Doherty first organized troop entertainment, then joined the RCAF. He rose to be a wing commander on special intelligence work with the U. S. Army 9th Air Force.

When the war ended he was placed in charge of RCAF repatriation in London, England.

Here his own play was produced and he began to meet the great names of the London stage. He made arrangements at this time for the Canadian tours by British companies which followed soon after.

In his desk now is a rough draft of a new play, titled "Lawrence." It is based on the life of Lawrence of Arabia. Doherty may later try this work out on Canadian audiences.

When Doherty chose "The Drunkard" for his first New World production, many people thought he would lose his shirt. The play was written over 100 years ago, as a temperance tract. And Doherty planned to use no box-office names, but young Canadian actors and actresses. The show has two prop trunks.

"Don't do it," warned a well-known drama critic. "Not only will this be a terrible flop—but it will set Canadian theatre back 10 years."

Doherty plunged ahead, and "The Drunkard" became a solid success. An American syndicate offered to finance it on Broadway, but Doherty was unable to accept—he'd already scheduled a tour across Canada to Victoria, returning through north-western States.

There's Cash in the Sticks

Behind Doherty's promising leap into successful theatre lies a lot of hard work, a lot of clear thinking and planning. His New World company is the only one in the English language section of Canadian theatre which offers full-time employment to young Canadian actors and actresses (about 20 at present). The lowest salary paid is \$65 per week, considerably above the New York and London stage minimums.

Doherty's Toronto home, during rehearsals for "The Drunkard," was a bedlam. Musical numbers were thumped out on a piano in the living room while players waved scripts in halls and kitchen and prop man and business manager shouted at each other in the 2,000-volume library.

Doherty moved from scene to scene, smoking furiously, handling 50 telephone calls a day.

Times like this, Doherty is followed by Nora, the family maid, who accepts the invasion with majestic despair, and tries to persuade Doherty to eat. Nora is followed by Jo-Jo, a budgie, which perches on her maid's cap or swoops across the table and snatches food from the lips of unnerved visitors.

Jo-Jo was a gift from Doherty to his mother, and he worries that the bird may be caught in a closing door or suffer some other unhappy fate. Every morning he lays down an ultimatum to Nora—the bird must be kept in its cage. Nora says nothing. Each morning Jo-Jo flies again.

Doherty produces plays which are assured of making money before they

go on the road. The secret: the Doherty Finance Plan.

Before he hits the smaller centres, Doherty secures sponsorship and a financial guarantee from a local community service club. He addresses Rotarians, Kiwanis, Lions and other service groups on the subject of Canadian theatre. He will address any group that will hold still long enough.

Somewhere in the address, Canadian theatre and Doherty's company become synonymous. A little more Irish eloquence convinces club members of their mission to bring culture to the local citizenry. They begin to wonder if they can persuade Doherty to bring his company to their town.

Doherty gives in graciously.

He is proud that all the service clubs which have sponsored him have made money. He has often had to overcome prejudice left behind by some sharp operator who has promoted an entertainment deal which left the club concerned gazing numbly at a hefty deficit.

Are They College Players?

Doherty likes to quote one delighted club treasurer who said to him, "Why, you must bring your company here again—you're better for us than bingo!"

Doherty feels this is a healthy state of affairs all around. In playing smaller towns he is drawing in new theatre-goers who do not see large, imported productions. Also, he is establishing a theatre circuit where he, and others, will be welcome later with other plays.

It's during the summer, with the Straw Hatters, that Doherty really hits the Ontario small-town circuit. They circle around the resort towns of Port Carling, Gravenhurst and Huntsville. Last summer with such plays as "Dear Ruth," "Papa Is All" (yes, and "The Drunkard") they played churches, dance halls and old town opera houses.

The troupe lived off the land to the extent of borrowing stage properties from local townsmen and farmers, and, when invited out after the theatre, eating heartily.

There's no push in the sticks. In one hall the fire precautions consisted of a sign on the dressing-room wall: "In Case Of Fire—Jump Out The Window."

Their season ended with turned-away customers watching the show through windows. In Port Carling a dance-hall proprietor finally resigned himself to closing up his place on the nights the Straw Hatters came to town.

Who are the players of the New World and Straw Hat companies? Doherty's critics (and he has many) dismiss them as "college kids." One jaundiced observer was heard asking if the players in "The Drunkard" were aware that it was a burlesque piece, dependent for success on ham flourishes and resounding speeches.

Leading man Murray Davis (responsible with brother Donald for getting Straw Hatters started) has been trained as an actor and singer since early youth. He has appeared in summer stock in the States with several stars, including Ilka Chase and the late Elissa Landi.

Montreal's John Pratt, famed for his Navy Show song, "You'll Get Used to It," has also played in films. So has Murray Matheson, who has played leads with Bea Lillie.

Barbara Hamilton was selected as one of the country's 10 best actresses at last year's Dominion Drama Festival.

William Drew, villain of "The

Continued on page 58

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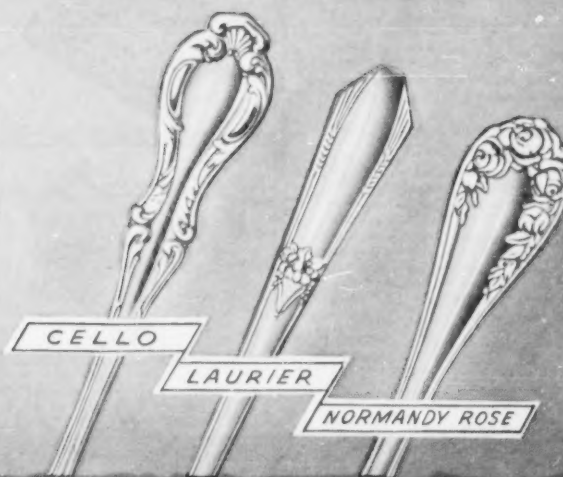
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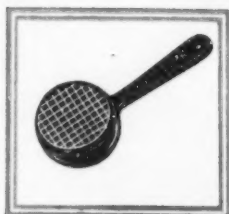
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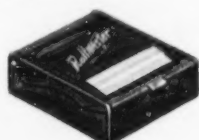
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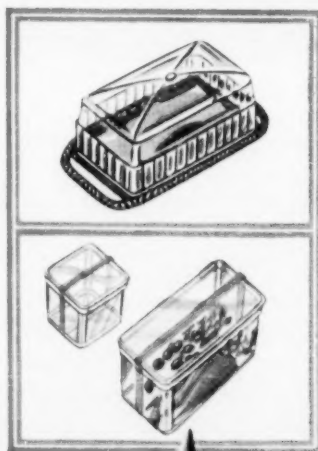
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Continued from page 56
Drunkard," played the dauphin in the festival winner, "Saint Joan."

When he hears wails from the idealists that he is more interested in making money than in developing a native theatre, that he has not produced a play written by a Canadian, that "The Drunkard" is too commercial to be classified as theatre, Doherty clasps his head and groans.

"This is no time for honeyed words," he says, lighting a new cigarette from the butt of his last. "Twenty-five years of associating with Canadian amateur-theatre people have not accustomed me to their frightening lack of self-criticism and their ability to absorb the most blatant flattery like a sponge."

The Samuel French Bible

Doherty feels that, to progress, Canadian theatre must become fully professional. This attitude has wounded egos in the amateur-theatre groups, some members of which nourish aspirations in the direction of a national theatre with some form of Government subsidy.

"Many amateur productions are a form of torture for any member of the audience familiar with first-class productions," Doherty says. "They are doing real harm to the theatre by convincing patrons that it is a dull and dreary place, where incompetence walks hand in hand with vast self-assurance. The performers are all having a wonderful time—but what about the cash customers?"

"There is no more sense in saying that the performance of an English drawing-room comedy is good when the actors have lived on farms all their lives than there is in saying the playing of a Chopin nocturne is good when the pianist has arthritis."

Does Doherty underestimate the cultural contribution of amateur groups? The amateurs, in this view, are earnest young idealists, students of Shakespeare and the best in drama, people who have a deep and profound love of the theatre. They labor ardently and without pay to lay the finest flowers of the theatrical forest at the feet of the local public.

Doherty groans again. "On the contrary, most of them are as commercial as a dollar bill. Talented

exhibitionists, with a shocking ignorance of contemporary theatre, let alone dramatic literature and the classics. Their bible is not Shakespeare or Stanislavski—but the catalogue of Samuel French." (Suppliers of plays to small town, church and school groups, the Samuel French firm relies heavily on the tried-and-true bromides of theatre.)

Doherty throws up his hands at the condition of all the arts in Canada.

"We have all the materials to create an exciting, native professional theatre," he says. "But we have not done so through ignorance, indifference and indolence."

"The most encouraging sign in this direction is the brilliant work of Fridolin. And *Les Compagnons*. But we look in vain for any comparable development in the English-speaking regions of Canada."

Fridolin is the 39-year-old French Canadian, Gratien Gélinas, whose annual revue, "*Fridolinons*," a collection of topical skits, songs and dances, plays to 130,000 in Quebec each year, netting author-producer-director-actor Fridolin something like \$50,000. "*Tit-Coq*," his production for the past season and his first full-length play, sold out in Montreal's *Théâtre du Gesù* for months.

Les Compagnons, another French-Canadian company, is a talented group under the direction of Montreal's Father Legault, experimenting with community living and production of first-class plays. This group bolsters its income by radio appearances.

Shaking his head, Doherty adds, "We are perhaps the only important civilized nation in the world with no legitimate theatre of professional size in the capital of our country."

He figures that known or unknown Canadian playwrights just won't write Canadian plays until there is a skilled full-time organization ready to produce them.

"We could take a lesson from Russia," Doherty asserts. "Magnificent theatre there. Hundreds of groups supported by the State. Never less than six productions of Shakespeare in Moscow at any one time."

He points a warning cigarette. "But don't take that as a sign of my agreement with their political ideology. I don't want to be burned at the stake in Medicine Hat." ★



I Saw Europe on \$190

Continued from page 21

was desperate. I wired home to my family for money and bought a ticket for \$160, which I eventually cashed.

I set sail in the Calvin Victory as an ocean-going cowboy with \$150 in my jeans and a shoulder bag containing all my possessions. I had shaving kit, toothbrush, camera, several foreign-language dictionaries and, just to keep me in the right mood, a book of adventure. I wore a plaid shirt, heavy walking shoes and grey flannels, and I packed along an extra pair of socks and an extra suit of underwear. I added to my wardrobe during the trip a light khaki shirt, a raincape, shorts, sandals and a pair of dungarees which I wore aboard ship.

I also took a blue blazer for really posh occasions. You might think that a bit of unnecessary swank for anyone traveling as light as I was, but you couldn't be more wrong, and you'll be wise to include something like it.

You'll find out why when you get to Europe. In the first place, you can be dressed up in a couple of minutes. You change from a beat-up, foot-loose character to a student—a dusty, down-at-heels student, perhaps, but a student nevertheless, and consequently a respectable citizen. By the end of the summer my red shirt had been bleached pink, the cuffs of my flannels had a saw-toothed edge, the soles of my shoes were held on only by the heel and my underwear was in rags, but I could still slip on my blazer and go anywhere I wanted, to night clubs, hotels, restaurants, and never encounter as much as a raised eyebrow.

Another thing that's hard to explain to anyone who hasn't been a roving student in Europe is that anything you can do to identify yourself, to make people notice you, is all in your favor. People who see at a glance that you're a student from Canada will go out of their way to help you. Your blazer will do that for you, particularly if it carries some Canadian emblem. My blazer bore a maple leaf athletic crest I'd won for an intercollegiate swimming championship and, although I hadn't given it any thought when I left Canada (it just happened to be on the blazer) I was mighty grateful for it many times.

Best Buy a Bike

Nine days later the low-lying towns of the Netherlands coast appeared through the fog and rain and we entered the River Scheldt. I stepped off the ship with a seagoing roll, \$30 richer and a great deal smellier. I now had \$180.

If you were in Europe during the war you'll find great changes. The scars of the war are still there in the charred skeletons of ships, the rubble of bombed-out buildings, the sinister slit of a pillbox in a brilliant garden, but reconstruction has progressed at a tremendous rate, both physically and economically.

In Belgium you'll find every type of article that you see on sale in Canada, and a few that you don't, such as American cigarettes. Belgium has control of the rich uranium deposits of the Congo and this has brought her goods and wealth from the United States. But prices are high, partly due to the lowering of the value of the franc during the war, and partly to the fact that Belgium now has hard currency and prosperity.

In the other countries there are still scarcities, but nothing compared to the way things were immediately after the war.

On arriving, if you're traveling as economically as I was, the most immediate question will be how to get around. The best way, by far, is to ride a bike. I decided to buy one. That was when I received my introduction to postwar European economics. I found that a bike would cost me \$70, which I couldn't afford, but I also found that in all hard-currency countries a free market rate exists for the currencies of less fortunate countries. When I took my Belgian francs to a travel bureau, and found that I could buy Dutch gulden at half their official rate, I decided to hitchhike to Holland and buy a Dutch bicycle. My figuring was right. Although on the official rate of exchange the Dutch bicycle would have been equally as expensive as the Belgian one, I was able to buy mine for \$40.

Travelers' Cheques Best

I became more familiar with the money racket as I went along. I found that on the free market in Switzerland, and to a certain extent in Belgium, one can buy any currency at its relative value, which places some such as French and Austrian, at a very low par, and places the dollar at a premium.

But there is a difference between the free market and the black market, such as exists in France. On the black market only cash will buy, as travelers' cheques which can be traced must go through a bank.

But for all this finagling, it is still more practical to carry American travelers' cheques and certainly a lot more honest in a country where cash invariably finds its way to the black market, as it does in France. In Paris the marketeers have become so barefaced that, in the area around the Place de l'Opera, you'll be approached by at least three men in every block. But they deal in hundreds. "Ten dollars? Ah—pardon, Monsieur—"

For a week I cycled through Holland, stopping where I pleased, riding to any promising tower or church, and struggling with my smattering of Dutch. And, by the way, you'd better spend all free evenings between now and the time you leave brushing up your French. Nearly everyone can understand English in Holland, and in the parts of Belgium and Switzerland where Dutch and German are spoken, but if you are going to southern Belgium, France or French Switzerland, at least a smattering of French is necessary.

I followed a route which led through Holland's most interesting cities, Haarlem, Rotterdam, Gravenhage, and passed through the islands of Zeeland which are sprinkled over the Scheldt estuary. The natives there still wear their picturesque Dutch dress, windmills abound, and the strawberries grow as big as tomatoes.

I stopped at every town to admire its cathedrals and canals, slept on many banks when new-found muscles began to ache, and acquired a sunburn which had turned to a deep mahogany by the end of the summer.

I crossed the Scheldt to Bruges, and from there cycled to Tournai, then Valenciennes, Marles, Laon and Reims, where I revisited the ration office to obtain the coupons necessary to buy the bread and cheese and chocolate which were the mainstay of my pantry.

Rations were always a bother, and gave me particular trouble when I discovered that I'd eaten my complete ration of cheese for a whole week (about eight ounces). Fortunately the people in the stores were so confused with my attempts at French that they frequently overlooked the ration tickets just to get rid of me.

I found that I was able to live on



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about a dollar a day. You won't be able to do this if you start off eating in the best restaurants, but you can live very well and get lots of nourishment if you follow my plan. My habits were frugal, but I never failed to eat quite well. My knapsack was always crammed with bread and cheese and chocolate.

For a few cents I bought carrots and a head of lettuce now and then at the stores in the small towns I passed through. I carried a bottle which was sometimes filled with beer but more often with water.

An average day's expenses would be 15 cents for a loaf of bread, 15 cents for chocolate, 20 for beer, 20 for cheese, 25 for a bed.

One day in Gravenhage I saw a man peddling tiny fish from a pushcart by the side of the road. He urged me to try one. I did. It was good. Then someone else came up and bought one and I noticed for the first time that the vendor cleaned and seasoned the fish as he sold them. It gave my stomach a bit of a jolt to realize they were raw.

Leaving Reims I ran into some of the most difficult country that had yet rolled under my wheels. It seemed to be all uphill, and I soon found that even the flowers at the roadside and the billowy white clouds were losing their rapture for me. For the first time I could have become a lot more rapturous about an automobile. And my map told me that the mountains on the way to Switzerland became bigger and better. My map was right. When I arrived in a lather at Zurich I stored the bike safely and started out to see Switzerland on foot.

I wasn't altogether a stranger to mountains as I'd been a co-director of a ski school in Ontario, but these mountains in Switzerland were in another league and to climb one had always been one of my ambitions. But I soon found out that it's a sport that doesn't go with living on a dollar a day. Climbing equipment can be rented for very little, but the big item is the guide, none of whom come much cheaper than \$25 a day. You can see how that will leave a bank account like the one you're going to take along!

Pick a Low Peak

If you insist on giving it a try, however, go some place where the mountains are low. On the high mountains you have to stay at expensive hotels, built above the snow line; on the lower mountains, where you can get plenty of good climbing, there are more reasonable accommodations, such as youth hostels.

Take a few days roaming around meeting the people. Make friends. Swiss mountain people go for climbs in the mountains the way you go for a stroll along Main Street, and if you can get them to take you along with them you can have your mountain climbing very cheaply.

Another thing to do is to consult the nearest alpine club. Explain that you're just a poor student with an urge to climb just one mountain before you go home and you'll find them full of helpful suggestions.

The main thing to remember is not to try any mountain climbing without a guide. I did.

I borrowed an ice axe and a rucksack from some Canadian students I knew at the University of Zurich, did a bit of rock climbing with an experienced climber I met who took me along for free, then set out to see what I could do on my own with the Matterhorn! I found that snow had stopped all climbing there, so I changed my plans and headed for the Jungfrau (13,669 ft.),

one of the country's highest mountains.

I boarded a small train which climbs right through the mountain to a half-way station on the other side and got accommodation at the Jungfrauoch, the hotel from which ascents are made. But there was a blizzard raging which had dumped seven feet of snow on the route to the top and set climbing back more than a week.

It was a heartbreaker for me, for the longer I had to wait the lower became my finances; so when the storm cleared and the mountains came into view I decided to climb part way up the most difficult of the two ridges leading to the summit. There was nothing to it, I thought. All you did was wade into the deep snow patches and chop steps on the wind-blown ice.

Arranging an Avalanche

I was hacking away with gusto when I heard someone calling, "Das ist nicht gut," and turned to see a climber waving frantically to me to stop. He was a rugged, weather-beaten young Swiss German member of a research expedition. He explained, in no uncertain terms, that a few more wallops with my axe and I'd have started an avalanche that would have ended my mountain-climbing days, and probably his, for good.

The next morning I set off again, this time on the more accessible Monch, and with a paid guide. We climbed to the summit, 13,465 feet, which was accessible from the razorlike edge of a windswept ridge. The climbing was difficult, through cornices of unhardened snow, but the summit was a magnificent second best, from which the gleaming Matterhorn, Finsteraarhorn and Schreckhorn seemed within easy reaching distance.

When I took the train down from the Jungfrauoch I bought a ticket only to the place where the train emerged on the other side of the mountain. I figured on descending the rest of the slope on foot to save money. But when I got off the train and watched it toot off down the mountain, leaving me there alone, I found that the snowline had dropped two miles below me. So I began to descend in deep snow in my ordinary hiking clothes.

My shoes soon filled with snow and when I took them off to empty them I lost my grip on one and watched it toboggan down the slope, teeter on the edge of a cliff, flop over and plummet down for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. I figured I'd do better to get my feet wet and keep my socks dry, so I took off my remaining shoe and went after the runaway in my bare feet. It was the coldest walk I've ever had.

That ended my mountain climbing in Switzerland, and at the same time nearly ended my dough. It had cost me more to live for four days in the



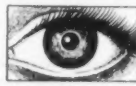
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high mountains, pay my guide, and buy my ticket on the train than it had cost me to travel 3,000 miles and live for a month and a half.

I spent the next two weeks hitchhiking around Switzerland, staying mostly at youth hostels. I visited Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux and Bern, and did it all on \$15.

When I returned to Zurich my total resources were one bicycle, a \$10 deposit on same at the Swiss border, and about 23 francs in small change. In other words, I was about broke.

Rather than cut my adventures short I wired home for an advance of \$40 and crossed the border into Austria. Because I had bought my money so cheaply (the schilling which I bought for three cents is officially worth 25) I went on my only spending spree since I'd left Canada. I stayed at the best hotels, ate in the best restaurants, visited cafes and night clubs and lived the life of Riley—all for \$12!

When I got back to Zurich I shipped my bike to Antwerp and hitchhiked to Paris. From there I went to Brussels, then to Antwerp. I picked up my bike and rode it back to Amsterdam in the hope of selling it, but someone had started making a lot of bicycles since I bought mine and they were no longer in demand. So it is still there—my foreign assets.

The end of August was near so I made my way back to Antwerp and there was rehired on the Calvin Victory. An efficient tug guided us through the canals that zigged and zagged along the course of the River Scheldt, past strange-looking barges lying blunt stem to blunt stern, past the bones of burned-out freighters lying in the mud, past new factories, through the locks of the canal and out into the sea, headed for New York.

I learned when we docked that we weren't getting paid for the return trip, so I hit New York without a dime and had to call on my family for help. Still, for \$190 (my original \$150 plus the \$40 I'd borrowed) I'd had myself a time and I'd learned a great deal about Europe that I'd never have learned out of textbooks.

I began to realize how close I'd been to the people. I'd met and talked to them on country lanes, on farms and in market places, at their homes and in their shops. They'd fixed the flapping sole of my shoe, helped me up mountains, taught me to eat their food. I hadn't been peering at them with a guidebook in one hand. I'd been living with them.

It is the feeling that you belong with the people of a country that makes a trip successful, and you can't achieve that riding in a car or on a train and living in the best hotels.

If you plan making the same trip, the same way, my advice is to buy a bike—and be one of the people. And good luck. ★

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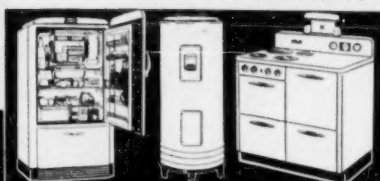


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A Godless People? They Say Nay!

"Are We A Godless People?" by Hugh MacLennan, Maclean's, March 15, is a credit to your magazine and well worth a year's subscription.—J. A. Mullen, Seaforth, Ont.

● In answer to the question "Are We A Godless People?" the answer is "No!" Canadians are a very good people whose nationhood is being built up slowly but surely on the very Godlike-ness that wrested this once wilderness land out of savagery into nobility . . . —Christine Monney, Garrington, Alta.

● The great error men are making today is that they have taken the parable of the good Samaritan as their whole theology, forgetting that Jesus also said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve" . . . —E. Pellow, Chapleau, Ont.

● Hugh MacLennan is a dyed-in-the-wool pessimist. The 17-year-old boy's so-called ignorance of the New Testament can be matched any day by countless other teen-age youths who are crowding our churches and living high and noble Christian lives . . . —"United Church."

● I take exception to the statement by Hugh MacLennan that only the Catholic Church had been able to arrest the growth of Communism . . . There is no institution on earth so guilty of causing people to become Communists as the Catholic Church . . . How any intelligent man or woman would say otherwise after looking at Italy, France, or the Balkan States is more than I can understand.—H. A. Traxler, Finmoore, B.C.

● I read with great interest "Are We A Godless People?" in your last edition, but I find that it appears to be extolling the Roman Catholic faith very unduly, for a Protestant.—S. P. Petersen, Vancouver, B.C.

● I have discovered by experience that you dare not print anything that really goes to the roots of the parlous situation of religion . . . All you dare do is condemn Communism, but the West is totally helpless against the red diabolism until it repents of its reliance on "free enterprise" (note quotes) and

atomic war, and begins to pay attention again to the teachings of the Man of Galilee.—R. Edis Fairbairn, St. Mary's, Ont.

● The excellent article by Hugh MacLennan was alone worth the price of the March 15 issue . . . You will soon, if not now, be publishing the best article magazine on the continent.—R. C. Duncan, Winnipeg, Man.

Tips

Re "Three Thousand Nights on Wheels" (Maclean's, March 15), I feel it necessary to request correction of an implied statement that I average \$50 a month in tips. I made no such declaration . . . but (this) has made me a special target of scorn by my fellow workers except by those who know me well. Otherwise the story gives me no cause for regret.—Curtis M. Ruffin, Toronto, Ont.

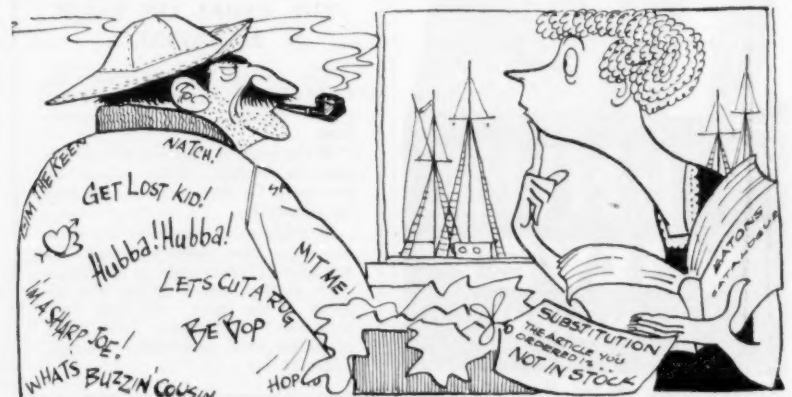
McKenzie Porter, who wrote the story about CNR Porter Ruffin, worked out his average for a month's work in tips after talking to several porters. The article did not in any way suggest that this was Mr. Ruffin's own average.—The Editors.

More Cana'cdotes

Do not be discouraged from giving us Canadianecdotes. We do not all have 30 volumes of Canadian history in our houses (as lucky Mr. Crisford) and so welcome any stories about Canada. We have only one puny little history book my son used at school, and I dare to say that would be average for the Canadian household.—Hilda Campbell, Victoria.

Money Back?

A recent issue of Maclean's told of a Newfoundlander who, when asked why they voted for Confederation, replied, "Eaton's Catalogue." Which has set me worrying. Supposing after joining Canada they start sending orders to Eaton's and, because apparently goods are still in short supply, the money is returned with a slip saying "not in stock." Will we lose out our 10th Province?—N. E. H., Stanstead, Que.



"I Defy"

In Mailbag, March 15, "C. F." Westmount, Que., states that butter coloring was added to butter in the creamery where he worked during the summer months. Of course it was. Cream must be pasteurized . . . the pasteurization process destroys the natural flavor and color of the butter. Artificial coloring is then added but the flavor is gone forever. I defy any margarine maker to imitate the natural color and flavor of good *dairy* butter.—Mrs. W. Jones, Goodlands, Man.

No Foundation

I appreciate your editorial in March 1 Maclean's, "Must Our Iron Emigrate?" If we barter our natural resources to keep the wheels of industry turning elsewhere than in our own country we are selling the foundation from beneath the house in which we live.—A. R. McFadden, Bluffton, Alta.

Comrade Churchill

"The Tory party is the party of the vested interests—corruption at home, aggression to cover it if abroad, the trickery of tariff jugglery, the tyranny of the party machine, sentiment by the bucketful, patriotism by the pint, the



open hand at the public exchequer, dear food for the millions, and cheap labor for the millionaire."

These words are quoted for the benefit of Beverley Baxter, who in a recent issue of Maclean's forecast the return of the Tory party in Great Britain with Churchill as leader . . . Mr. Baxter, these were the words of Churchill himself in 1900.—Jack Sutherland, Hanna, Alta.

Value

Your magazine seems to me to be improving all the time . . . I doubt if there is another magazine published in North America which gives so much value for the price as you do.—W. H. Stratton, Vancouver, B.C.

Arithmetic

Maclean's, March 1, Blair Fraser's "Houses, Houses, Where Are the Houses?"—"An insurance company will build four-room units to rent at \$65 per month and houses to sell at \$8,000." Same issue, Bruce Hutchison's

"The Big Lies"—"Even at the high wages and full employment of 1949, only about half of Canadian wage earners can afford to pay \$49 per month for shelter, let alone raise \$1,000 as down payment on a house."—George R. Belton, Winnipeg, Man.

Unanimous

At the annual meeting of The Toronto Conference Woman's Association of The United Church of Canada the following motion was passed unanimously: "That we commend Maclean's Magazine for the article 'I Quit!' by Henry Craig." This has been recommended for use as temperance program material.—Mrs. W. C. Sturtridge, Toronto, Ont.

● You would be doing a very great service to the cause of common-sense sobriety if you would have the article "I Quit!" printed in pamphlet form.—William J. Hart, Minden, Ont.

And In a White Rage

There is one thing vitally wrong with the representation (I won't call it a picture) of an ardent golfer on the cover of Maclean's, March 1. The ball should have been red in color. It is very difficult to find a white ball on the snow-drift.—Andres Moore, Winnipeg, Man.

Tipping the Scales

I was not going to renew my subscription owing to the plethora of articles you have been carrying on the psycho themes, on crime, drug addiction and prostitution . . . however, your last few numbers, notably that of Jan. 15, show balance restored. Gutter grubbing isn't necessary.—William D. White, Laurel, County Argenteuil, Que.

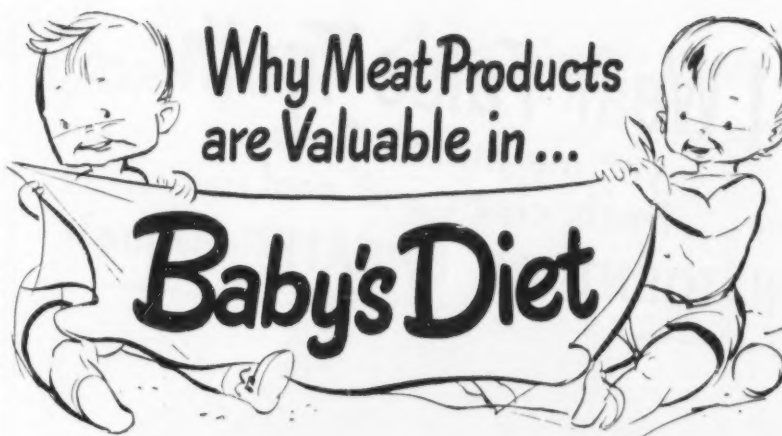
Likes the Regulars

I do enjoy your magazine very much . . . Beverley Baxter, Backstage at Ottawa, Cross Country, Parade, Wit and Wisdom, Mailbag, In the Editors' Confidence all go to make up a national magazine that Canada can be proud of. I enjoy the fiction too.—Mrs. W. R. Jones, Fairfax, Man.

Uplift

I think it not wise to expose your readers to so many sordid unhealthy subjects, as for example: dope addicts, the Beanery Gang, divorce and adultery, prostitution, car stealing, etc. . . . Similarly on articles of health and disease . . .

I suggest that articles be written with a view to bringing out the good, the beautiful and uplifting things in life . . . —C. P. Jones, Bowmanville, Ont.



Your baby needs proteins not only to live on but to grow on. For his size he needs much more than an adult. And meat, in addition to supplying other valuable nutrients, is one of the best sources of high quality proteins. By stimulating the flow of gastric juices, meat also helps baby to digest other foods.

Until recently most babies have gone without meat for their first few years, because preparing it at home in fine enough form is an arduous chore. Now—thanks to modern food science—even a very young baby can enjoy the benefits of nutritious, body-building meat.

Of course not all babies are ready for meat at the same time. It all depends on the individual child. So just trust your doctor. When he decides that meat should be added to your baby's menu, you will find in the 27 varieties of Heinz Strained Baby Foods, 5 tempting and nourishing meat products.

STRAINED BEEF AND LIVER SOUP: An ideal meat meal for baby. Made from chicken and young beef livers, selected lean beef and broth, potatoes, tomatoes, celery, carrots and farina, with added salt.

STRAINED CHICKEN, VEGETABLES AND FARINA: Containing the meat and broth of selected chickens, milk, celery, farina, peas, wax beans, wheat germ, yeast concentrate, onions, carrots and a small amount of salt.

STRAINED VEGETABLES WITH LAMB: Lamb meat and broth are combined with potatoes, rice, carrots, onions, and celery. This delicious nourishing mixture is thickened with milk and cornstarch, and salt is added.

STRAINED VEGETABLES WITH BACON: A delicious combination of bacon, carrots, potatoes, tomatoes, celery, flour, onions, farina, yeast concentrate and salt.

STRAINED PEAS AND BACON: Another tempting variety containing peas and bacon to which are added small amounts of milk, potatoes, carrots, flour, onions, celery and salt.

FOR OLDER BABIES

When the doctor says baby is old enough for coarser foods, you will be able to choose 6 meat products for his menu from among the 17 varieties of Heinz Junior Foods.

JUNIOR LAMB AND LIVER WITH VEGETABLES: The delicious lamb flavour comes from the use of both the meat and liver of the lamb. This product also contains chicken livers, milk, celery, potatoes, carrots, cream, rice, farina, onions, cornstarch and salt.

JUNIOR VEGETABLE BEEF DINNER: A complete well-balanced, ready-prepared dinner! Contains beef, potatoes, carrots, onions, whole peas, celery, barley, flour, parsley and salt.

JUNIOR VEGETABLES WITH FISH: An excellent way of introducing fish into baby's diet. A blend of white fleshed fish, potatoes, milk, tomatoes, carrots, yams, cornstarch, onions, cream and salt.

JUNIOR VEGETABLES WITH BACON: Selected bacon is blended with peas, milk, potatoes, carrots, flour, onions, celery and a little salt.

JUNIOR MACARONI WITH TOMATO AND BEEF: Combines tender pieces of beef and bacon with tomatoes, tubetti, cream, sugar, flour, carrots, whole milk powder, onions, celery, yeast concentrate and salt.

JUNIOR CHICKEN SOUP: A delicate, nourishing, creamy-textured soup combining milk, chicken, egg noodles, flour, carrots, cream, celery, onions, yeast concentrate and salt.



Heinz Baby Foods

57



I Wear False Teeth

yet my mouth feels
fresh, clean and cool

No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



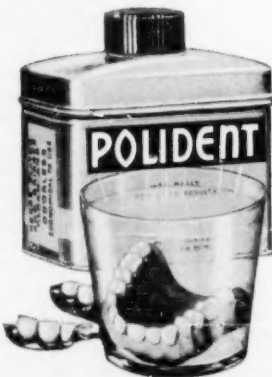
*"It's so easy and quick to keep my plates clean and odor-free with Polident. I'm proud of my smile, now, and I never offend others with Denture Breath!"

Mrs. A. C. C., Toronto, Ont.

WHEN plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for "Denture Breath", the oral disturbance that comes from improper cleansing. False teeth need the care of a special denture cleanser—POLIDENT. Safe, easy, quick, Polident leaves your plates feeling clean, cool and fresh. No fear of offensive "Denture Breath".

And remember, Polident keeps your false teeth more natural looking—free from offensive odor, too. For a smile that sparkles, for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh—soak your plates in Polident every day.

Polident comes in two sizes—regular and large economy size—available at all drug-stores. It costs only about a cent a day to use, so get a can of Polident tomorrow, sure.



NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

**LOOSE
FALSE
TEETH?**

Amazing New Cream
Holds Tighter, Longer
than anything you ever tried
or double your money back

POLI-GRIP
Made and Guaranteed by
POLIDENT

Are You Really Well Fed?

Continued from page 20

when the right foods are bought and served, housewives often throw away many of the vital ingredients long before they reach the table.

The nutrition division of the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare recently stated that the cooking water Canadian housewives pour down their kitchen drains each six months contains vitamins and minerals worth \$25 millions at current drugstore prices. And that figure does not include vitamins destroyed by bad cooking methods.

Good nutrition habits are a matter of education—education about the "foods" that can't be seen. Things like niacin, thiamine, vitamins, and carbohydrates aren't visible in a slice of liver, a leg of lamb, a bottle of milk, or a breakfast bowl of cereal. Yet they are there and vitally important. We must have them and others if we are to be well fed.

To many the label "healthful eating" smacks of bushels of raw carrots, crates of lettuce, and meatless meat dishes brewed from nuts and vegetables. Yet normal healthful eating is interesting eating because it calls for the use of a wide variety of foods from meat and potatoes to salads and sweets.

Here is a simple eating test. List the various foods you had for your three meals yesterday. List them according to general types—meat, fish, green vegetables, citrus fruits, milk, and so on. You will probably say to yourself, "How can I be anything else but well fed?" However, unless your list includes some of each of the 11 basic food groups—milk and cheese; meat, poultry and fish; eggs; dried beans, peas, nuts or peanut butter; leafy green and yellow vegetables; citrus fruits and tomatoes; potatoes; other fruits and vegetables; cereals including flour, bread, and pastry; fats; and sugar—you have missed out on your daily nourishment.

Watch Teen-age Girls

The amount of each food group necessary to meet your own requirements depends on your age, sex and work. Children need more of certain foods because they are growing. A teen-age boy needs as much or more food than his father. Office workers need less than someone doing hard, manual labor. Expectant and nursing mothers and the sick have special needs.

Too many of us, particularly in or near large cities, tend to concentrate our daily eating. We skip or skimp on breakfast, eat hasty sandwich lunches, and then try to stow away the major quota of our daily food at the evening meal. Only about one out of every seven average people regularly eats a good breakfast. One tenth generally skip it entirely in their mad rush from bed to work, while a big percentage settle for toast and coffee. Nothing could be worse, say the food experts. For proper nutrition, each of our three daily meals should provide one third of our day's requirements.

In the Pennsylvania test normal breakfasts approved by the nutritionists were eaten every day by the human guinea pigs. And where box lunches were needed they were packed with more than "just a sandwich."

The families chosen for the experiment all had adequate means as well as the desire to be well fed. The researchers wanted a test group that had no reason to be undernourished.



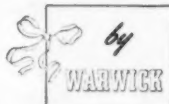
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The deckled edge writing paper of superior quality in heavy weight stock with a package of envelopes to match.

Both For 49c

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DEPARTMENT
STORES

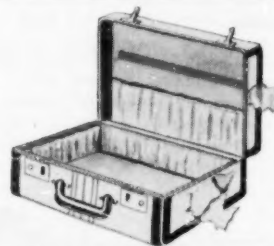


TORONTO

WHEN YOU THINK OF VACATIONS THINK OF CASH'S WOVEN NAMES THEY GO TOGETHER

To save possible losses, arguments, have all clothing and belongings marked with your own name. Essential for children at camp. Easy to sew on, and attach with No-So Cement. Permanent. ORDER EARLY, from your dealer, or

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CASH'S 13 doz. \$1.65; 9 doz. \$2.75 NO-SO CEMENT
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MEND'S LUGGAGE, BOOKS

... also china, glassware, toys and furniture. Ideal for shell jewelry and ornaments. It's water-proof, transparent, flexible. Keep a tube handy.



Yet they were! At the start of the test the medical rating of the average of the group was class II, which meant that out of a possible 100 points the average person scored only 79.4. Few scored 90 or more. Some were suffering from digestive disorders of nutritional origin. Many complained of nervousness and fatigue. Less than one third of the entire group were getting the number of calories recommended for normal growth and health.

In these tests fathers and sons measured up better to the medical standards than did mothers and daughters. The average teen-age girl was underweight, lagging in bone development, and low on calcium, iron, and vitamin intake.

Most flagrant breakers of the laws of good eating were fashion-conscious mothers and their adult daughters. They were underweight and needed to bolster just about all the food components. They had eaten themselves to poor health and made the worst showing of all sex-age groups at the start of the investigation.

During the 12 months of the test the families (119 males, 120 females) ate meals prepared from 36 master menus which gave enough selection to provide 78,650 choices. There was no monotony in the food. To ensure proper preparation, nutritionists visited the home kitchens to teach the housewives correct cooking methods.

In spite of rising food costs the planned menus cost these American families only \$1.34 more a week. And here is what each person got for his additional 36 cents plus a week: 24% more milk, 47% more lean meat including fish and poultry, 15% more citrus fruits and tomatoes, 24% more leafy green and yellow vegetables, 14% more

potatoes, 9% more of other fruits and vegetables, 21% more flour and other cereals, and 30% more fats in the form of cooking fats, margarine, and butter.

A final physical examination given at the end of the year showed that the over-all medical rating of the group had risen to class I. Some individual ratings had been boosted as much as 14 points. What's more, the families reported fewer colds, skin conditions were better, there was less fatigue and nervousness, and the number who had attained the correct weight for their age and sex had increased by more than 50% during the year.

The Dictates of Fashion

The men and teen-age boys showed the greatest improvement. Surprisingly, they co-operated better than the women and the girls. At the start of the study only 40% of the teen-age boys weighed what they should. At the end 85% had hit their ideal weight. Although they came from homes of plenty, the young boys simply hadn't been getting enough to eat!

Although the teen-age girls also showed considerable improvement, they finished well behind their brothers. Half of them started the test underweight. After a year of good eating three quarters of them had attained their recommended weights. They had made good strides in growth and bone development, but still showed a lack of calcium and vitamins.

Mother and her adult daughters showed the fewest gains at the end. When the test was begun, only 42% tipped the scales at the proper weight; at the end the percentage had risen to 64. Although they made gains in

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS



Prof. Bracken Stumped Them

YOUNG John Bracken was the star attraction at the meeting that evening in Marengo, Sask., nearly 40 years ago. Farmers had driven as far as 18 miles to hear him speak. But not about politics. Professor Bracken, of the Department of Field Husbandry at the University of Saskatchewan, was going to advise the homesteaders how to raise crops on their rich, but semi-arid, prairie along the Alberta boundary north of the Goose Lake railway.

The visitor was introduced by the president of the Marengo Board of Trade (its slogan: MARENGO — Magnificently Attractive, Richly Endowed by Nature with Grain-growing Opportunities). Then Prof. Bracken got down to cases. First, he'd need some basic information.

"For instance," he asked, "when is your rainy season in these parts?"

There was a stunned silence. "Come, come," said the man who was one day to be Premier of Manitoba, then leader of the federal Progressive Conservative Party, "I must have these answers quickly or we'll be here all day. You sir—" he addressed a farmer in the front row, "when is your rainy season?"

The startled farmer just gaped up at the speaker for a moment, eyes bulging. Then he stammered:

"Please, sir, I don't know. I've only been here two years."

And, come to think of it, after 40 years of farming here I still couldn't answer the question myself. — William Pettit, Hoosier, Sask.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

Special sparkle for a simple meal

Honey-sweet, crunchy PECAN BUNS



they're a tempting treat!

● Luscious for lunch—delicious for dinner—any meal of the day, these fragrant Honey Pecan Buns are delectable eating . . . made with modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

If you bake at home—use it for speedy rising action and perfect results—amazing new convenience, too! You can keep Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast for weeks on your pantry shelf without refrigeration! Then dissolve it and use exactly like fresh yeast—for delicious flavor and fine crumb in everything you bake. Get several packages at your grocer's.

* * *

HONEY PECAN BUNS New Time-Saving Recipe Makes 24 Buns

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; in the meantime, scald

1/2 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture. Stir in

1 egg, well beaten

1 cup once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic.

Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, grease 24 large muffin pans.

Combine

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down)

2/3 cup liquid honey

3 tablespoons butter or

margarine, melted

Divide this mixture evenly into prepared muffin pans and drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 12 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Sprinkle with a mixture of

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down)

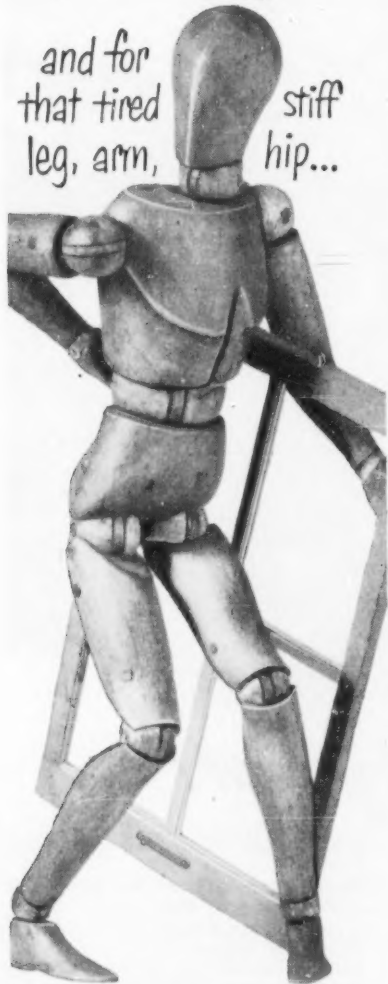
1/3 cup chopped pecans

Beginning at a 12-inch edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.



Oh! **ACHING**
my back!

and for
that tired
leg, arm,
stiff
hip...

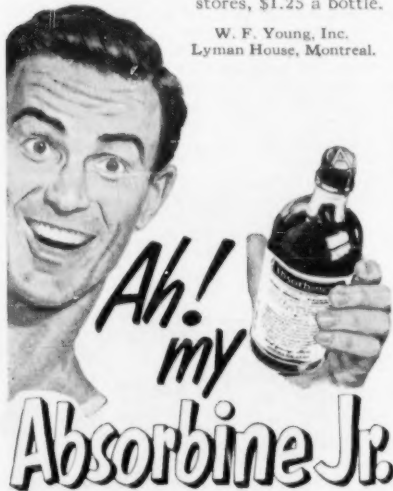


Clock Absorbine Jr.'s Quick Soothing Relief

• Next time you overdo and are plagued with stiff sore muscles . . . look at your watch! Then rub those torture spots with famous Absorbine Jr. Chances are you'll get the gratifying relief you want so **FAST** that when you look at your watch again . . . you'll be surprised!

Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes sore places on application. And it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle-relaxing effect. Try it! All drug-stores, \$1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman House, Montreal.



protein consumption (meat, eggs, poultry, milk, cheese, etc.), their daily diets still lacked the proper quantities of minerals and vitamins.

Dr. Pauline Berry Mack, who helped direct the study, attributes this directly to their desire to keep fashionably slim.

The over-all picture, however, was one of great improvement. It takes time for good food, in balanced quantities, to heal the scars caused by disregard for the common-sense rules of healthful eating.

Most housewives, Dr. Mack found, had been planning their meals in a haphazard fashion with little regard for nutrition. To them, food was food, and if it was of good quality, fresh, and supplied in sufficient quantities the family would be well fed. Food likes and dislikes played a big part in menu selection.

Both Dr. Mack and her co-worker Julia Kiene, Westinghouse home economist, felt, however, that there was more to the problem than improper selection of foods. They were sure that excessive cooking losses also were responsible for the poor showing of the families initially. They collected food samples from the families before and after cooking. A laboratory check showed that vitamins and minerals literally had been cooked out of the foods.

Put Milk in the Dark

They found that the average housewife, through ignorance, actually washed and boiled the vitamins out of her vegetables and in many cases poured the nutrient-rich cooking liquor down the drain. When the visiting researchers showed the women how vegetables should be cooked in a minimum of water—starting them fast and cooking them quickly without violent boiling in pots with tight-fitting tops—the vitamin content of cooked foods rose. Leftover liquid, instead of being thrown away, was either served with the vegetables or saved for use in soups and gravies.

High temperatures and overcooking are taboo for meats too. For broiling, pan broiling, and even roasting, the recommended procedure is slow cooking at relatively low temperatures to conserve the natural meat juices and prevent charring. Charring releases valuable thiamine, while overcooking causes shrinkage and less servings per pound.

Dr. Mack and Julia Kiene gave their housewives these don'ts:

Don't shell peas or beans until you are ready to use them.

Don't thaw out frozen vegetables before cooking.

Don't leave vegetables out of the refrigerator.

Don't buy more vegetables than you can refrigerate at one time.

Don't place meat in the refrigerator in its store wrapping paper. Remove wrappings, place on plate, and cover lightly with waxed paper.

Don't allow milk to stand in the light. It causes a loss of riboflavin (essential for growth and good eyesight).

Don't keep ground meats too long. They are extremely perishable.

Don't store eggs in an open container. They will keep fresh longer in a covered dish. The shell of an egg is porous and allows the egg to evaporate.

Don't cut oranges or grapefruit, or stem and wash berries, until just before serving time. Also, don't squeeze orange juice in advance.

Don't cut any more of the skin off potatoes, carrots, etc., than you have to. The layer just under the skin contains valuable minerals and vitamins. If your family will eat them,

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RIGHT WAY
TO DO EVERYTHING



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IT'S SMART TO BUILD WITH THESE



B.C. COAST WOODS

serve such vegetables cooked in their skins.

Don't allow peeled fruits or vegetables to soak in water. Many nutrients are soluble in water and will be lost.

At first glance, all this planning and preparation looks as if it would add up to a good many extra hours in the kitchen for the housewife. But records, carefully kept before, during, and after the test, show that time is saved. Without the guidance she received from Dr. Mack and Julia Kiene the average housewife used to spend 12 hours and 50 minutes a week in planning, preparing and cooking her meals. Now she spends 12 hours and 6 minutes. Also, because of better kitchen management she has cut her dishwashing time from a weekly 8 hours and 56 minutes to 6 hours and 52 minutes. The total saving of kitchen time is 2 hours and 48 minutes a week.

About the only thing that stands between us and nourishing meals is common sense. There is no reason for the average family to be underfed in the lands of plenty. And when we disregard the simple rules of good eating we are gambling with our future health. ★

Why Hollywood Is Scared

Continued from page 9

is foundering on the rocks of financial ruin. With a head start technically, financially and artistically, Hollywood might have readjusted itself to the new conditions. It hasn't. Why? Because the tradition of big money persists.

The people of Hollywood still behave as though they live in a golden palace, although they know full well they toil in a highly competitive industry. Executive producers still draw \$1 million a year in salary and bonuses. Actors still make from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a week. You can't turn a camera on an "A" picture under \$1,500,000.

The top people still like to behave as though they were the Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks of 1920; they can't quite adjust themselves to the notion, although they are aware of it, that the motion-picture industry is just another business with profits for the talented and efficient and losses for the wasteful and stupid.

A few executives have, as I have indicated, begun to clip their fingernails. One executive producer, an exceptional realist, recently cut his own salary from \$5,000 a week to \$3,000 a week. He also fired a few \$40-a-week stenographers.

Most of the studios have now adopted the principle that a story property will not be purchased unless its place on the production schedule can be clearly foreseen. This is an amazing innovation. There was a time when every new book and play was snapped up at a fabulous figure whether or not it would ever make a picture. A few weeks ago a major studio inventoried its shelves of unused story purchases. It had paid more than \$3 millions for useless story properties in a single year.

Recently a studio head ordered a survey of the box-office value of his stars. He discovered that 20 actors whom he was paying anything from \$2,000 to \$5,000 a week, year in and year out, had a box-office value of almost zero. He let their options lapse.

These are beginnings, only beginnings. They won't save Hollywood. Only a complete revolution in the money standards of this community can save the industry as it is presently

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You save money 2 ways with a Kralinator Oil Conditioner and Cartridge on your car, because Kralinator means longer oil life, fewer repair bills! Easily installed on any automotive engine, Kralinator Oil Conditioner filters your engine oil for improved all-round performance while Kralinator Cartridges with their exclusive Kralin content go to work to remove all contaminants twice as fast! Check on Kralinator next time you visit your local garage or service station—the operator will tell you how Kralinator Oil Conditioner and Cartridges keep your car out of the repair shop and on the road longer, and for less money!

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RIDLEY COLLEGE

FOR BOYS

Ridley College—for boys 8 to 18—combines the advantages of supervised residential life in modern buildings, with sound academic, athletic and character training. Over 50 acres of playing fields for organized recreation. Generous entrance Scholarships and bursaries. For information and illustrated prospectus, write the Headmaster—J. R. Hamilton, B.A., F.C.I.C.

Applications are now being entertained for boys who will be ready to enter Ridley in 1949 and later years. Fall Term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1949.

RIDLEY COLLEGE

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constituted. When a good associate producer gets the same salary as a high executive of any other major industrial venture—say \$50,000 a year—and a good actor gets around to believing that \$100,000 is a lot of money, perhaps a good picture will show for 30 cents (not \$1.20) and make a profit.

Otherwise the place must blow up, and out of its ruins may emerge men and women of talent and integrity who will make pictures on a scale consonant with life and work everywhere else in the nation and the world.

Is Hollywood worth saving? It is a large question. Here we run up against another cliché: Give the public what it wants and a picture will make money. The short answer to this is that Hollywood has been losing money consistently, so perhaps it is not giving the public what it wants.

I asked one of the more enlightened directors in Hollywood his views. His reply was interesting: "To make a good picture in this town you've got to blast your way through the system. What is the system? It is a sense of values built up so thick and strong since 1915 it takes dynamite to break through it. Take, for instance, a story I wanted to do last year. It was a sensitive love story of two ordinary people you might meet anywhere in the country. It's life. Ninety-nine per cent of the married people in this country once met at a dance, or in business, or were introduced by mutual friends. They fell in love, maybe they just liked each other and were lonesome. Anyway they got married. Sometimes marriage turns into drama, or tragedy, or happiness. But we start with two ordinary, sensitive people.

"Well, I discussed it with a producer. He liked the idea, called in some reputable Hollywood writers, and we began to break it apart for its story values.

"Before I knew it the girl had become a night-club singer and the man a croupier in an adjoining gambling house. Of course they fell in love. In Hollywood you can't have two people fall in love unless the girl is a night-club singer and the man is an underworld character who is ripe to be reformed.

"Well, I accepted that. We came to the body of the story, the little household tragedies and happinesses. In two days of conferences this was changed. The man tried to reform but his old gang boss, who was always secretly in love with the night-club singer, wouldn't let him reform. There was gunplay. The gang boss was shot. The man became a fugitive from the police—anyway, that's what came out of starting a nice, sensitive love story about two ordinary people. I dropped the whole project."

Here again is an example of what ails Hollywood. It is not that producers willingly make the same old plots over and over again. They know the public wants fresh new stories. They buy such stories with the brave purpose of departing from the beaten path. But when the story makes its slow journey through the production machinery—through executive producers, studio censors, industry censors, scenario writers, directors, cutters, film editors and finally the studio's sales force, each changing an angle or a situation—it comes out like a thousand pictures that have gone before it since 1915.

It is like the salary situation. Story values, like money values, are so deeply ingrained in the people who have been here many years that it is hardly possible to make something fresh.

Three of the best Hollywood pictures of last year—"Treasure of Sierra Madre," "Johnny Belinda," and "The Snake Pit"—were fought through inch by inch by men of integrity who

The fastest sprinter
runs 100 yards in 9.3 seconds . . .
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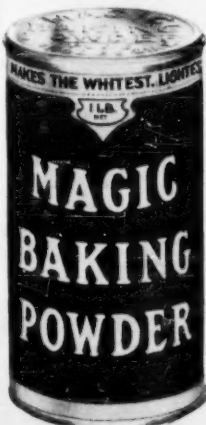
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MAGIC BLOSSOM CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour	¾ tsp. salt	¾ cup milk
4 tps. Magic Baking Powder	12 tbsps. shortening	1½ tps. vanilla
	1¼ cups fine granulated sugar	4 egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening (or mixture of butter and shortening); gradually blend in 1 cup of the sugar and cream well. Measure milk and add vanilla. Very gradually blend about a third of the flavored milk into creamed mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining ¾ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture will stand in peaks. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of the remaining milk and combining lightly after each addition. Add meringue and fold gently until combined. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes. Put cold cakes together with lemon filling; when set, frost all over with yellow-tinted vanilla butter icing and decorate with candy "blossoms".



refused to have them watered. Until the last day of shooting on these films there was powerful and organized studio opposition to them.

What is the solution to this curious Hollywood problem? It may be a slow process of reform. Tradition can't be broken down overnight. When enough money has been lost, when excess capital has been used up, the process of reform might quicken.

There is a school of thought here which believes Hollywood is too big, that it assumes too much financial and social importance in its present state.

The disadvantage of being big and important is obvious. Hollywood is watched closely by governments, by women's clubs, by religious organizations and by political parties. Each seeks to exert a pressure which cannot but detract from the integrity of a film.

I sold my novel "Sealed Verdict" to Paramount some months ago. As a novel it received decent reviews and, in one or two notable instances, ecstatic reviews. It was agreed, even by its detractors, that it would make a good film. I thought so too.

Nearly Offended France

Let me trace the studio's difficulties in transferring the story to the screen. In the first place the Johnston code, which is the industry's supreme arbiter, placed a cold hand on a hot love scene which was an essential part of the story's motivation. Out went the love scene.

Then, because the story involved the behavior of American military people in occupied Germany, the Washington authorities were required to poke around it. Part of the dialogue was watered. A minor example was this: In a scene in a German civilian hospital a German doctor is handed a bottle of penicillin. He looks at it wondrously, saying, "I have never seen it before. We have no penicillin here." To satisfy authority, the doctor in the film was made to add, "But I understand some is going to arrive tomorrow."

Having survived the Johnston and Washington sensitivity about love and Germany, the story had to undergo still another revamping. The French Government wouldn't like it because it showed a French woman as friendly toward a German war criminal. In the midst of the trials of dozens of French women on charges of being friendly with Germans, the French Government might object to this phase of the story.

The result was that the film bore some scant resemblance to the physical setting of the novel and very little more.

In large measure this wasn't the studio's fault. It was due to the fact that Hollywood has assumed such importance that a film will cause people to riot and governments to frown.

When Roberto Rossellini went about Italy making "Open City" he didn't submit his script to anyone. He was unimportant. He was a man with a story and a couple of cameras.

There is great talent here in Hollywood: scores of admirable actors (although not as many and not as expert as the British) move through the studios; good directors are plentiful; there are two or three superb camera artists; good writers are woefully lacking, but the writers' market is the world; and the Hollywood technicians are without peers in any country.

Once Hollywood breaks its diseased traditions—as the gold and cattle states broke theirs and became normal, civilized, competitive communities—a lot of good pictures will emerge from these hills. Pictures like "Belinda" and "Snake Pit." Even like "Hamlet." ★

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The Myth of Mass Immigration

Continued from page 16

61 millions—without benefit of immigration.

India since 1870, despite famine, has increased its population by 150 millions. But certainly not by immigration.

All these are old countries. In the new world, which was relatively empty a century ago, it will be said the case is different. But is it?

The French stock in America has multiplied in the course of three centuries from about 5,000 to five millions. Immigration played only a small part in this.

How Populations Grow

In Ontario there was an influx of settlers from 1820 to 1834. Then, with outbreaks of cholera and the troubles of the rebellion period, immigration stopped. The curious thing is that the six or seven years during which there was little or no immigration were precisely those in which there was the most rapid increase in population.

Again, from 1896 to 1914 nearly 3 millions poured into Canada, building our railways, taking up homesteads, flocking into the cities. Yet at each successive census it was impossible to find more than a mere fraction of them. Statisticians find that if we had simply retained in Canada all the people born here, our population, without immigration, would not be greatly different from what it is. It would, of course, be very different in social traditions, religion and race.

During the 90 years 1851-1941 our population increased by 9,070,000 from 2,436,000 to 11,506,000. The surplus of births over deaths was 8,672,000—all but 398,000 of the total increase. During the 90 years we had 6,694,000 immigrants and lost 6,297,000 by emigration. In other words, immigration made only a trifling net addition to our numbers (about 4,400 a year).

In England and Germany the populations increased because expanding industry provided opportunities for employment. In each country, as industrial expansion slowed down, the birth rate fell.

In India the British introduced law and order, built railways, irrigation dams, and checked famines. Every additional irrigated acre meant more human beings; every railway, fewer deaths by famine.

Plenty of Land, Plenty of Kids

In the United States, which grew from possibly not more than 200,000 original settlers, an enormous stretch of virgin land gave opportunities for life which were reflected in the large families of the pioneers. No matter how many children there were there was land for all. As the land was taken up and people began to go into the towns families became smaller. Thus, though immigration around the turn of the century reached very large totals—peak year was 1907 with 1,285,000—it did not compensate for the fall in the birth rate and so the percentage increase became lower as immigration increased.

It has been much the same story in Canada. French Canadians increased at about the same rate as Americans as long as there was plenty of land. So did English Canadians. When, about 1860, the supply of homestead land ran out, immigration, although there was plenty of it, did not increase the population, for people went away as rapidly as they came.

The surprising thing is that even when our empty West began to open up the general result was much the same. There was the initial rush of settlement population and then a vast immigration. Between 1901 and 1921 3,373,000 immigrants came into Canada, but 2,427,000 emigrants went out. This left a net influx of rather less than a million, not only for the peopling of the West but for building the large increase that took place in the eastern cities at the same time.

For the short run immigration speeded up the business of populating the empty West, but in 30 years—by 1930—the West was "full." Its increase since then has been trifling and there has been an outflow of population. Natural increase from a relatively small base of population might have taken a little longer to "fill up" the West, but when we think of the innumerable native-born westerners who have left it the difference in time might well have been only a few years. Immigration just speeded up something that would have happened anyway.

Someone will make the objection that I rule out the first settlers: I don't, they were immigrants like all later comers, but somewhere along the road from the beginning of this century to the present Canada passed from the stage where immigration could mean a rapid though short-run increase in population to the stage where it means rather a substitution of population.

This whole business of human population is not too difficult to understand if we will grant that men are animals and are, physically, just like other animals. Man multiplies rapidly when there is lots of food and dies off just as rapidly when food runs short. It is the law of life.

In One Door, Out the Other

Man "eats" many other things besides food. He "eats" iron and copper, oil, coal, houses, autos. During the last 60 years Canada has built a large newsprint industry. The thousands of people employed in it live on the spruce and balsam of the north just as truly as does the spruce budworm. Do men make jobs? No, jobs make men.

My heresy, if heresy it is, on point No. 1 lies simply in asserting that, except in the beginning of settlement and in periods of labor stringency when more work has to be done than there are men to do it (such as the years just past), we don't need immigration to populate a country. Nature will look after that.

No. 2: Immigration stimulates emigration.

In Canada we live beside the most attractive population magnet on earth. It will always pull people away from us, but when the difference between Canadian and American rewards and opportunities is widened by large-scale importation of labor (which since it is insecure is necessarily cheap), then the pull becomes irresistible and our native-born people go over the border.

We maintain an "army" of more than 1 million Canadian-born people on American soil. Last year 25,000 recruits went over to reinforce it. They went, no doubt, because conditions were better in the United States. Since Canada is a poorer and harder country than the United States, conditions inevitably are better to the south. But the gap no sooner shows signs of closing a little (as it did in the war years) when it is opened again by our import of labor from abroad.

Even in the academic profession, to which I belong, young able Canadians, unable to accept the low salaries of Canadian colleges, often emigrate to

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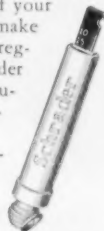


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those of the United States. But Canadian college salaries are kept low, among other reasons, because there is an alternative supply of labor abroad which is willing to accept lower salaries than our native-born. In this way we lose far too much of our native ability.

The only way to stop the leak to the United States—and it can never be stopped completely—is to bring Canadian conditions as far as possible abreast of American.

No. 3: We want the immigrant for what we can get out of him.

Immigrant labor must be cheap labor or we would not seek it. The word "cheap" includes more than the money rate—it touches such qualities as docility, timidity, ignorance of the new environment. These add up to "reliability." It may surprise Canadians to learn that they are usually considered "reliable" in the United States.

I don't for a moment suggest that the average Canadian is ungenerous: I know there is a great deal of the sheer milk of human kindness in his feelings about the D.P.'s, for example. I agree that men in their thousands have benefited themselves by emigration to Canada. I am simply suggesting that the primary incentive on the part of those who want immigration is the conscious or unconscious realization that immigration is profitable. Let's at least have our cheap labor without hypocrisy.

The White Collar Cuts Families

North America, from the beginning, having always been in a hurry, has demanded hands and more hands. Land being easy to get, imports of hands have not stayed very long with the importer. With one exception: when the importer began to bring in Negroes from Africa, he found labor that could not get away. For two centuries the Negro slave was the perfect immigrant.

In the psychology of everyone who hopes to profit from the importation of immigrants there is something of the slaveholder. I do not except myself—I could do very nicely with a slave about the place just now.

No. 4: Immigration is mainly substitution or displacement.

The Canadian figures for 1851-1941 I've quoted give pretty clear proof of this, but it can be shown by other ways, too. If immigrants accept conditions that the native will not, then they either displace the native, or, by coming in at the bottom of the social scale, shove the native farther up. The clearest example of this is drawn from the immediate past—from Oriental immigration. Competition forced the whites out of the humbler employments into the more polite callings, or, putting it another way, the cheap labor of the immigrant opened other opportunities to the white. The Oriental immigrant thus decreased the size of white families.

At first sight it seems hard to see why the Oriental should have anything to do with the size of white men's families. But remember that the size of the family is in inverse relation to the ladder of occupations. Remember the jingle—

"She married a man unlearned and poor
And many children played round her door."

It is debatable if all of Clifford Sifton's immigration back in the early years of the century—his "stalwart peasants in sheepskin coats"—made any striking net addition to the population of Canada. What it did, with its hundreds

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of thousands of newcomers tramping over our soil, was to give a great illusion of growth and to speed up the whole process. It gave a mushroom growth to the West and added many races and tongues to the Canadian population. It hastened our economic development, but like any other vast human movement gave us social problems which will be with us for many a long day yet.

A similar movement today would once more upset our slowly forming national society and postpone indefinitely the formation of a Canadian people with its own way of life.

No. 5: Immigration will not "fill up the country."

This is obvious from a glance at the map. Most of Canada can never be "filled up." Are there any applicants for homesteads in Baffin Land? Well, then, in the peninsula of Boothia, in Ungava, or on the rather extensive tops of the Rocky Mountains? Most of our north will remain empty forever and mining settlements, like Yellowknife, will not upset that situation. They can only be dots on a wilderness of rock.

I doubt very much if 10% of our land surface can ever be settled (about three and a half per cent of it is "occupied" today). Thus, neither the immigrant nor anyone else will ever "fill up" this country.

No. 6: Canada won't become another United States.

No. 7: Canada's resources are scattered, her farming land limited.

I will handle these two points together. It is impossible for Canada to grow into another United States. It is all a matter of resources, of their location relative to each other, and of climate. Take any category you like—animal, vegetable or mineral. Above all, consider the major factor of arable land—the only one I can deal with here. In the United States for many years past there have been normally about 350 million acres under cultivation. In Canada there are 60 millions.

We have put most of our land under the plow. What remains is either second-rate, hard to get at, or far to the north. How much it amounts to no one knows, but if I allow the other side of the debate 25 million acres, I am being liberal. That would give us, with our present 60 millions, the optimistic total of 85 million cultivated acres. From this a good deal should be subtracted that ought never to have gone under the plow (including some of our oldest farming regions in southern Ontario).

We Need Three Acres Each

It is true humanity can live on any commodity which can be exchanged for food, and nobody knows what the future will bring forth. It may be that the wonder-working scientist will show us how to turn the ice of Great Bear Lake into ice cream (if he hasn't first destroyed us all). If such things happen predictions based on past experience go out of the window. But I, personally, find it hard, for at least the next century, to imagine humanity divorced from the soil. So I suggest that our maximum 85 million acres, apart from the other disparities in resources, will mean a limitation to our population that will keep it several times smaller than that of the United States.

Take another approach. Today the United States supports about 145 million people in comfort from 350 million acres of cultivated soil—a little less than two and a half acres per head. On the average their acres are more fertile than are ours. We support about 13 millions on 60 million acres—a little less than five acres per head. A good



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deal of our acreage is used to produce our export surplus of food, which we trade for other commodities.

In the world of today, countries that get down below three acres per head are either highly industrialized, drawing their food from elsewhere, or they are crowded and half-starving. On this basis our maximum 85 million available acres would allow us a maximum population of 28 millions. We would then be consuming our own food surplus, and might be unable to import many of the items we at present enjoy. Would this mean a lowered standard of living?

These are questions that cannot be answered with absolute definiteness, but they suggest to me that, given a world reasonably similar to our own, when we get beyond 28 millions here in Canada we begin to worry about our food. If we go much beyond it (as we conceivably could on the basis of international free trade), we become like Great Britain, living on the precarious supplies of food that other people don't need.

When singing the old Canadian refrain that what this country needs is more population, let's not forget the old woman who lived in a shoe.

No. 8: Canada's growth will be relatively slow.

No. 9: If we ever have 30 millions, living standards may fall.

Canada's growth over a long period will be relatively slow because our remaining resources, thanks to climate and communications, are hard to utilize. The unused major oil field of Norman Wells is a case in point. What will happen will be the slow drift of settlement northward, together with the discovery of additional minerals from time to time, like the present iron finds in Labrador. These discoveries and movements will eventually create a good many tens of thousands more Canadians, but not untold millions.

The best estimates of the experts are that by the end of the century our population will reach, under good conditions, a maximum of 18 to 20 millions.

No. 10: No country can do much about the total of its population.

This is the last of my 10 "heresies." And it sums up my entire argument. Nature will take its course over the years and man's behavior, like that of all created things, will conform to its laws. Man's behavior won't be as simple as that of other created things, but underneath all his complexities lie the same old determining factors.

Wide Enquiry Needed

In the past war and pestilence have seen the grim adjusters; they are active in many parts of the world today. We have escaped them, but our numbers will come into some kind of equilibrium with the means we have of sustaining life. If we ever get to the end of those means, then by dividing them among larger numbers we shall have that much less each.

Proper understanding and handling of the issues involved in immigration are vital to our national welfare. I suggest an enquiry into the whole subject—not the usual kind of parliamentary enquiry which gets nowhere, but a searching scientific investigation. This should cover immigration, emigration, demography (the science of population) and social and economic effects. If it were complete enough and sound enough it would form a Domesday survey that would enable this country to shape its policy for generations. ★

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TIRES

Calgary: Stampede City

Continued from page 7

established a special camp, equipped with a couple of St. Bernard dogs, to rescue tender-footed airmen from the East who got a glimpse of the mountains and decided to stroll over and climb one of them.

Whether the people make the town or whether the town makes the people can be argued either way. It has, in fact, been argued since the early '70's when Colonel Macleod built his Northwest Mounted Police fort at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow Rivers and named it Calgary, after his old home on the Isle of Mull.

For 40 years Calgary was the hotbed which gave the West and Canada a bountiful crop of diverse and contradictory personalities. Blooming at the same time in Calgary were roistering Bob Edwards, founder of the Calgary Eye-Opener, and R. B. Bennett, who had the very bad luck to win an election from W. L. M. King in 1930. There was Henry Wise Wood, the man from Missouri who took root in Calgary and fathered the Alberta Wheat Pool; and "Deafy" Wilson, devil-may-care, beknickered English architect who became a Calgary legend; Paddy Nolan, one of the greatest of western criminal lawyers and a first-class drinking man; and Bill Aberhart, high-school teacher turned religious prophet who whipped up the Social Credit frenzy in 1935; Pat Burns, who ran an eye for beef and land values into a meat packing and ranching fortune; and Bill Sherman, an American impresario whose idea of public relations was to walk onto his Orpheum Theatre stage and upbraid the bon ton in the audience for publicly snickering at his advertising backdrop.

Fancy Saddles in the Old Corral

All have gone to their various rewards. If ghosts walk some of them might have difficulty recognizing the place today. The old Alberta Hotel bar, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and 1st Street West, has given place to a Picardy candy store. It was here that Paddy Nolan and Bob Edwards rubbed paunches and drank deep. And in the place where Deafy Wilson sat by the door in the rotunda, awaiting the arrival of businessmen for their midmorning pick-me-ups, there is now a United Cigar store.

If Lord Bennett made the longest leap of all Calgary's sons—from Mrs. Moore's boardinghouse on Sixth Avenue to the House of Lords—Deafy Wilson held the local record for short sprints. Deafy had developed a wonderful taste for free liquor. From his strategic seat he would nod to the incoming customers.

"Good morning, Deafy, fine day, isn't it?" they'd bawl at him.

"Don't mind if I do," Deafy would bawl back at them and beat them to the bar from a sitting start.

Bob Edwards, with a fine disdain for libel laws, and even the broader canons of good taste, put out a paper that snapped, crackled and popped to the delight of readers as far away as London, England.

Almost any town can point back to colorful characters. The point about Calgary is that the link with the past is so much stronger than elsewhere. Interesting parallels are always arising.

Back in 1921, for example, the electors were looking around for a likely candidate for the legislature. Somebody mentioned Bob Edwards' name, and almost without dissent he was elected. What made all this off pattern was Edwards' notorious insobriety,

plus his complete inability to make a speech. For all the boisterousness of his writing he was a modest, bashful and soft-spoken little Scot. He made no speeches in the legislature and died soon after he was elected.

Three years ago a young radio sports broadcaster, Don Mackay, decided that what Calgary needed most was himself as an alderman. He ran and was elected. He promptly left town on a series of good will missions and established a record for nonattendance at council meetings. His fellow aldermen got pretty provoked and criticism got into the papers. At the next election Mackay promised to stay away from the council even more often. He was re-elected, at the head of the poll.

Or there was Bill Sherman who managed the Orpheum Theatre when it first opened in the Lougheed Building. He collected unset diamonds, which he carried in chamois-lined vest pockets.

The modern counterparts of Bill Sherman make him look like a piker. They go in for fancy saddles and trappings for display on prize palominos and pintos in the show ring. These glittering gold and silver embossed outfits cost anywhere from \$2,500 to \$7,000.

A fatal crash on the Macleod Trail south of Calgary last fall gave rise to a story that is pure Calgary.

A passing driver, who recognized one of the defunct motorists, turned his car around quickly and headed back to town.

"You going for the ambulance?" he was asked.

"Heck, no!" he replied. "That dead guy, Doakes, owns four hockey seats right on the blue line. I'm going to get my name in quick to take over his contract."

Nobody believes this story. Yet arena officials swear that time and again they have had enquiries about the hockey tickets of Calgary departed, often before the news of the death has reached the newspapers. Calgary won the Allan Cup in 1945-46, played in the 1946-47 final but was beaten by Edmonton, which won the cup the next year. The Calgary Arena on the Stampede grounds seats 5,000. All the seats possible to reserve have been sold out for years. The comparison for Toronto or Montreal would be a sellout crowd of better than 40,000 for every home game of the season.

To attribute the Grey Cup antics to football madness is to completely misread the character of the town. For 30 years Calgary demonstrated that it could take football or leave it alone. The football final was simply a great excuse to put Calgary all across the Canadian map.

Boosting Calgary is something akin to the itch. Calgarians cannot leave it alone. When an outlander moves in he must undergo a continual cross-examination on the question: "How do you like Calgary?"

Oh, that Calgary Summer!

If he combines superlatives with snide cracks about Winnipeg or Vancouver or Edmonton, Calgarians purr like kittens. But if he hesitates, or even tempers his enthusiasm in the slightest, Calgarians take his reaction as a personal affront.

The most extreme face-to-face criticism of Toronto or Winnipeg seldom fazes a native. Calgary, like a beautiful but jealous woman, has got to be loved, by everybody, constantly and passionately.

Calgarians will go into ecstasies about their winter climate at the drop of a 10-gallon hat: "Oh, sure, it get's cold in Calgary, but only for a week or two. Then along comes a chinook and

presto! the snow goes and you throw off your winter coats."

Up until the past bitter winter the story was mainly true. But there is one reason why Calgarians confine their conversation strictly to their winter climate: Calgary's spring and summer are usually beyond mention except in unmixed company. Storing storm windows is not the chore in Calgary it is in Winnipeg or Windsor. Along about the middle of May Calgarians take off their storm windows, wash them, and put them right back on again.

This practice has led to the false idea that Calgary has no summer, an idea propagated with considerable enthusiasm by Edmontonians.

Actually July and August are quite warm, in the daytime. But once the sun sinks behind the Rockies, you reach for a topcoat and sleep under woolen blankets. There are nights, in the middle of summer, when a fur coat comes in handy.

Calgarians don't, however, keep their storm windows on as protection against the chill—it is the fine dust that is propelled by cyclonic chinooks through chinks and crannies that wind alone cannot get through.

Yet there is not a Calgarian alive who doesn't cheerfully suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous climatic

changes for the compensation of beautiful blue skies, the sight of the mountains out his back window, brightness of the sunshine, winter and summer, that wrinkles the skin around the corner of his eyes. Above all there is the striking beauty of the town, a beauty that manages to survive the combination of indolence and civic neglect.

Neither the Bow nor the Elbow which come together at Calgary are any great shakes as rivers. But aeons ago the Bow was a stream 200 feet deep and a mile and a half wide, flowing eastward from the Rockies. Its south bank then is today's top Calgary residential district, Mount Royal. The North Hill, where Calgarians are going in for bungalow building on a grand scale, is the old north bank of the Bow.

Calgary's downtown area, within a quarter-mile radius of the Palliser Hotel and CPR station, is prairie flat. The business, shopping and early residential district grew up naturally here around old Fort Calgary at the confluence of the two rivers. Eighth Avenue, which runs east and west, has always been Calgary's Main Street. Here are located the biggest stores, the movies and the banks.

For a city of its size—105,000—Calgary is an outstanding city of homes. I talked to one real-estate man



CARTOON BY
MEL CRAWFORD

Rainbow Reading

Maclean's Quiz by Gordon Dustan

THE LITERATURE of the world includes many colorful books, and includes some in which the color shows through into the title. Spin the spectrum and fill in the blanks below. One author is Russian, one Belgian, and the rest English or American.

1. The ———— Arrow (R. L. Stevenson)
2. The ———— Decade (Thomas Beer)
3. The ———— Badge of Courage (Stephen Crane)
4. Chrome ———— (Aldous Huxley)
5. ———— Mansions (W. H. Hudson)
6. The ———— Murder Case (S. S. Van Dyne)
7. The ———— Treasury (F. T. Palgrave)
8. The ———— Monkey (John Galsworthy)
9. The ———— Cord (A play by Sidney Howard)
10. Riders of the ———— Sage (Zane Grey)
11. The ———— Bird (Maurice Maeterlinck)
12. The ———— Orchard (Anton Chekhov)
13. Forever ———— (Kathleen Winsor)
14. The Innocence of Father ———— (G. K. Chesterton)
15. A Study in ———— (Conan Doyle)

Answers on page 75

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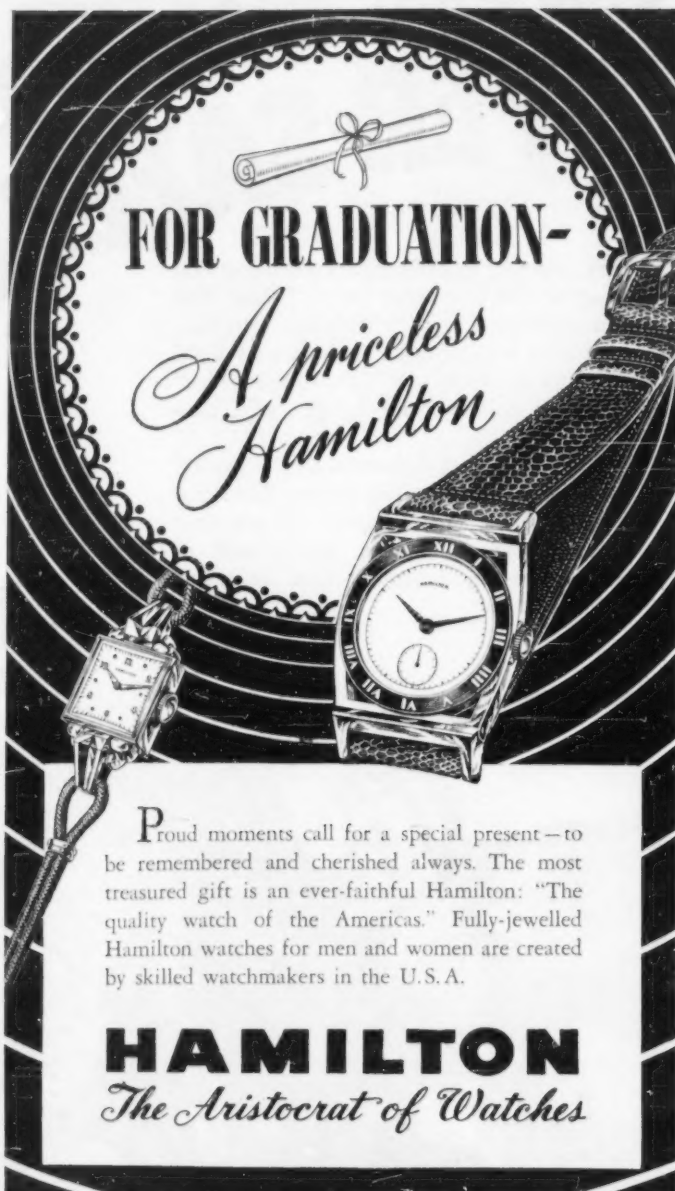
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PC-F-49



who's sold seven \$20,000 bungalows in the past six months. The uphill-downdale topography of Mount Royal lends itself to unusual design and land use. Calgarians, borrowing heavily from California bungalow designers, have made the most of their homesites.

Calgary, 3,439 feet above sea level, is a "view" city. There are scores of vantage points from which the whole of the downtown area can be viewed from afar. This is one explanation for the love of Calgarians of their town: they see it continually, as residents of Toronto never see Toronto except from chance glances from skyscraper windows.

They've Got Natural Gas

The buildings are shiny clean and give a deceptive youthfulness to all Calgary homes and office-blocks. This stems from the complete absence of fog or smog. For 30 years all the heating in Calgary has been done with natural gas. A whole winter's heating can cost less than most Canadians pay for fuel for December and January alone.

Calgary lives with its past and its citizens are violently sentimental about their city's history. They set up an angry howl when a storage firm purchased a vacant lot which was once the site of the old Mounted Police Barracks and prepared to move the cairn marking this historic spot. The firm compromised by moving the cairn only slightly.

A Calgary Herald reporter, wandering through a marble works, found a stone on which Bob Edwards had once made a down payment. It was to have contained a bottle of whisky and the last issue of the Eye-Opener. A collection was easily raised to pay off the stone and move it to a cemetery. The story is that the movers drank the whisky and could find no copy of the Eye-Opener to place in the stone.

The Calgary Stampede — without which the city would be just another modest town—is an outward manifestation of this sort of spirit, a spirit half real, half phony, a spirit that stems from a highly romanticized version of Calgary history and a real story that is equally fantastic.

The annual Stampede is an effort to recapture for a week the glamour and excitement of the Old West when the rancher was King, the hootin' rootin' tootin' shootin' West where men were MEN, carried six guns, and died with their embroidered boots on. The sad truth is that there was no such West in Alberta: the Mounties were in Calgary before the ranchers arrived and not only had everything in hand but kept it in hand.

But if the authentic Canadian West was law-abiding it was nonetheless rugged. It was the kind of country where a strong back, hard work and intelligence paid rich dividends in both kudos and cash. From 1880 until 1920 it was a land where a young man could make a stake.

Pat Burns, the young Ontario Irishman, tramped across the prairies, trading horses and cattle, taking on commissary contracts for the railways. George Lane, the Montana cowpoke, wandered into Alberta for an early roundup, stayed to make and lose his fortune several times. "Nigger John" Ware, one of the greatest bronco busters of them all, a former slave who called himself the first "Smoked Irish" cattle raiser in Alberta, died in 1905, one of Alberta's most successful and respected ranchers. Ernie Cross, who came equipped with a sheepskin from the Ontario Agricultural College, founded the famous "a7" ranch. Frank Collicutt, a pioneer Calgary newsboy,

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built up the world's largest herd of registered Herefords.

They, and scores like them, came together at Calgary. They gave the town its flavor, a flavor that came out of the soil, out of the vast stretches of 50,000- and 100,000-acre ranches, out of terrific gambles with cattle.

Before he died Ernie Cross had used his ranching fortune to establish Calgary's biggest brewery. Pat Burns, who with consummate skill dodged the shoals that sunk so many other packers after World War I, went on to build the largest independent abattoir in the West. They left their marks upon the commercial community. But more important was the collective brand which all the cattlemen fashioned for Calgary. And Calgary is still too closely hog-tied to its pioneers for the brand to have faded.

When the CPR opened the country up with the turn of the century it lured thousands of settlers from the United States with cheap land as bait. Thousands of successful farmers from Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas cut into the open range and drove the ranchers back. And at the same time the dwindling range in the western States attracted cattlemen to Alberta, too. Like the immigrants from England they put their roots down in the country.

Something about southern Alberta, and Calgary in particular, acts as a magnet to the British people. The Duke of Windsor, as Prince of Wales, was only acting like a typical Englishman when he took one look at the country and had to buy a ranch at High River, south of Calgary.

Three Ring Madhouse

The mixture of English and American influences is a Calgary hallmark. The Stampede is a good example of it. The first Stampede, in 1901, was staged to celebrate the visit of King George, then Duke of York. It lapsed until a decade later when a couple of American rodeo hands hit the town and tried to promote a rodeo. When they had no luck, one of them went back to Oklahoma, and later to Hollywood. His name was Tom Mix. His pal, Guy Weadick, stayed on, determined to try again next year. That winter Weadick talked Pat Burns, George Lane, Ernie Cross and A. J. McLean into putting up \$25,000 each to promote his Stampede. First under Weadick, and later under Charlie Yule, the Calgary Stampede became the town's greatest and most enduring claim to fame.

Calgary, remember, has a population of 105,000—a fact that never embarrasses Calgarians except when coupled with a second fact: Edmonton has 130,000. Yet in the six days of the 1948 Stampede 376,983 tickets were collected at the gates. The top daily attendance was on a Friday when 78,426 jammed into the park.

Grandstand seats for the Stampede go on sale in Calgary in the first week in February. By the end of the month most of the ducats are gone. Hotel reservations begin to trickle in from

far-off places in February and by June reservation clerks begin to go mad.

The show itself is more akin to a three-ring madhouse than to a circus or ordinary rodeo. To take in everything that goes on in front of the grandstand in the afternoon you have to be three people. While thoroughbreds race around the track wild horses and steers are being ridden in the centre field. More people watch the bucking contests than watch the races. Around the grounds a dozen buildings lodge stock and agricultural exhibits. Behind the grandstand the carnival does the biggest business in the West.

Chuck Wagons in a Hurry

The big thrill of the Stampede, however, comes at night. The chuck-wagon races, Calgary style, are easily the most exciting spectacle devised since the chariot race. Six heats are run off each night, and at the end of the week the outfit with the fastest time pockets a large chunk of the \$7,500 purse.

A chuck-wagon outfit consists of a wagon drawn by four horses (many of them thoroughbreds) and four out-riders. The race starts with four outfits lined up in the centre field, their tailboards to the race track. When a klaxon sounds the dismounted out-riders fling a stove and an awning into their wagon, mount and chase after it. The wagon driver starts fast, lashes his team around a figure eight, and the rigs hit the track, often three abreast, at a full gallop. Then the half-mile bull ring is jammed with four four-horse teams and 16 mounted riders, all apparently hell-bent for destruction around the turns. An outfit that can't make the original figure eight and circle the half-mile track in 1.15 will win few prizes. But failure one year never discourages a man from hoping to win next year. Early every spring these ranchers will spend their off hours training new horses for the event.

What bewilders the spectators is that the drivers survive not only from night to night, but also from year to year. They do. Dick Cosgrave, the greatest driver of them all, won the trophy 10 years in a row. He has since retired to the ground and the bossing of the arena events.

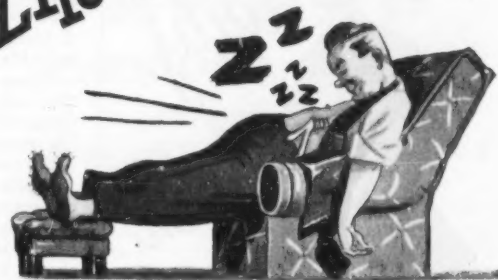
The small fry who come to Calgary expecting to meet the gun-toting Indian killers of the movies are always disappointed. A cowboy afoot bears too close a resemblance to a farm boy with bunions to be very glamorous. But in the lobby of the Palliser you can rub shoulders with the best cowboy riders on the continent, men who ride wild horses in Cheyenne, Pendleton and Madison Square Garden and make \$10,000 a year the very hardest way. In the off season they are ranchers or ranch hands in Alberta, Wyoming or Arizona.

The real color of the Stampede is provided by the natives. By the Indians who work at being colorful and get paid for it; and by Calgarians who just like to dress up in fancy pants and shirts. Calgary has its quota of stuffed shirts and they curl a supercilious lip at the sight of their becostumed townsmen. But the outsider who suspects the whole show is phony, and says so, will find himself in trouble.

It isn't phony, for Calgary is a horse town if there ever was one. Calgary kids take to horses like young Winnipeggers take to skates. They can be seen by the score at any hour of a summer day, out near the Currie Barracks where Mrs. Maude Ovens keeps her big string of Shetland ponies. The kids learn to ride as they should learn—bareback. In Calgary many a stenographer skimps on her lunch



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Answers to RAINBOW READING

(See Quiz on page 73)

- | | |
|-----------|-------------|
| 1. Black | 9. Silver |
| 2. Mauve | 10. Purple |
| 3. Red | 11. Blue |
| 4. Yellow | 12. Cherry |
| 5. Green | 13. Amber |
| 6. Canary | 14. Brown |
| 7. Golden | 15. Scarlet |
| 8. White | |



Please don't walk away or turn a deaf ear, gentle lady! There's big news in the air and you may find it just as important in your life as it has proved to millions of other women all over the world—not once, but thirteen times a year... As you already have guessed, the subject under discussion is a wholly feminine one—monthly sanitary protection.

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to buy herself a horse, or a new saddle, or a new pair of \$50 riding boots.

Calgary goes wild about horses. Every breed and type of horse has its supporters—Arabians, thoroughbreds, pintos, palominos, Tennessee walkers and six-gaited American saddle horses. A Calgarian, bitten by the horse bug, is liable to start a whole collection.

There is the case of Robert Spence, the city's pioneer shoe merchant. Ordered by his doctors to get out of his store, he bought the old Rocky Mountain Polo Pony Ranch west of the city limits. He stocked it with palomino mares and went into horse breeding on a grand scale. Not for profit, not for show, but just for the sheer joy of being surrounded by beautiful dams and foals who will come running to him when he goes into the pasture and calls them by name.

From the Palliser Hotel Calgary has the appearance of a city without industry. The illusion is dispelled quickly on a dank evening when the fumes from the burning garbage dump—Calgary has never got around to an incinerator—the big oil refineries and the stockyards are wafted in on an east wind. But however acrid the odor from the oil refineries, native Calgarians relish the smell. It bolsters their belief that Calgary is the nation's oil capital, despite all the rather unpleasant publicity Edmonton has been spreading abroad.

Calgary's first boom came when settlers rushed west to the foothills. From 5,000 in 1900, its population zoomed to 50,000 by 1912. The CPR put up the Palliser in 1913 and the real-estate boom gave the town the beginning of a skyline. Real-estate promoters had subdivided the prairie far out. They carried their money to the banks in wastebaskets and the banks opened late at night to take it in. The collapse of their boom left the town strewn with wreckage, but not for long. The Dingman well struck oil in Turner Valley in 1914, and once World War I was comfortably out of the way another boom set in. This time it was the oil promoters who carried money to the banks in baskets. Though the 1929 crash doused that boom, another got going in 1936 when crude oil was discovered in South Turner Valley.

Edmonton Got the People

Through oil booms and crashes Calgary always has had the cattle industry in its back yard. It is the supply base for the big ranches and it is the main market for their produce. Calgary's stockyards are second only to Winnipeg in the West, and a thriving meat-processing industry has grown up around them.

The vast sums spent developing the oil industry have been put up not only by outsiders but by Calgary itself. Oil refineries were built there with a total capacity of 15,000 barrels a day. That is sufficient to supply almost a third of all Western Canada with petroleum products.

At the moment when Calgary thinks of oil it has to think of Leduc, Woodbend and Redwater. That reminds it of Edmonton, which is hard on Calgary's blood pressure. Alone with such thoughts Calgary may conclude with some justification that fate has been using it for a football. It wouldn't have cared where those fields had been discovered if it hadn't been at Edmonton.

Calgary has a grudge against Edmonton. For political reasons that seemed valid at the time (1905) Edmonton was chosen as Alberta's capital. Calgary's feelings were assuaged some-

what by the promise that when the Alberta University was established it would be in Calgary. But Calgary was euchred out of that, too. It has been agitating for years for a university branch at Calgary, but, despite the fact that the Premier of Alberta is usually a Calgarian, nothing ever happens.

Then, during the World War II, Edmonton leaped ahead in the population race. Finally, oil was discovered at Edmonton. Leduc was hard enough to take. But when it was followed quickly by Woodbend and Redwater, all potentially bigger producers than Turner Valley, Calgary's cup of woe ran over.

For a while there was a steady exodus of population northward as oil companies moved to Edmonton. But that has stopped and Calgary's fear of losing the oil industry is subsiding. Big new American companies are moving into Alberta, but they are locating in Calgary. Calgary's milder climate, proximity to the States, and long connection with the oil industry are tipping the scales definitely in its favor. In February, New York businessmen announced that a 15-story "skyscraper" would be erected this year. It will be rented mainly to oil companies.

Now that Edmonton has definitely moved into the number one population slot Calgary seems to have lost interest in size. That is a healthy sign.

To many Calgarians, who love the town as it is, Calgary should be thinking in terms of better rather than bigger.

These people ask: why go to endless trouble attracting tourists (the latest dodge is a 15-car Calgary caravan to tour the States this summer) if you ruin the springs of their cars with miles of potholed and rutted streets? The streets in Calgary's newer residential districts are mainly graveled and they fill the homes with dust; when the

streets are oiled rugs and floors are damaged.

Many of the city's main bridges were built for oxcarts. The traffic tangle is compounded by a woeful lack of signals. The street lighting in the residential districts is atrocious. The lack of an incinerator would be a public scandal anywhere else.

Yet Calgary's pioneer citizens left the town a real inheritance. They established, on St. George's Island, one of the finest parks and zoos to be seen anywhere. The city is dotted with beautiful parks. It has a good amusement park at Bowness, two splendid hospitals and fine schools. Fifty years ago the Alberta Hotel was the only hotel between Winnipeg and Vancouver that could boast of bathtubs in rooms. Calgarians then demanded the best.

They have been succeeded by a generation which seems to have a high tolerance for the mediocre. Too much of Calgary's energy is devoted to spectacular stunts in front of the show, too little to having something solid behind the curtain. Why this should be is difficult to assess. Perhaps one reason is the supplanting of the Calgary enterpriser by the branch manager. Certainly the growth of the branch-plant economy is very apparent in modern Calgary. Branch managers of banks, retail stores and commercial enterprises are notoriously uninterested in local civic affairs, save only when improvements impinge on their taxes.

The same is true of Edmonton, perhaps even to a larger degree. Yet Edmonton is rushing ahead with civic improvements. The difference may be that Edmonton has the leadership Calgary lacks. Or, and this in Calgary is the ultimate in infamy, it may very well be that the old spirit that built the town has slipped away unnoticed and has been captured and held by Edmonton. ★



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2. Finally Lace dove into the icy sea and managed to reach shore. Numb with cold and almost exhausted, he climbed the rocky cliff and fastened the line to a tree.



3. One by one the men made their way to safety along the line. And, as one of them said later: "If it hadn't been for Captain Lace, we'd all be in Davy Jones' locker now!"



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Cross Country

BRITISH COLUMBIA

AFTER Pearl Harbor 23,000 Japanese and Canadians of Japanese ancestry were hustled inland from the west coast, and scattered across Canada from the Rockies to the Atlantic. They left homes, farms and businesses. It was a 20th-century re-enactment of the expulsion of the Acadians.

This spring, seven years later, the wartime ban ended. A few Japanese returned to their home cities. Apparently things were better than they were in 1941.

The province now granted them the vote. As voting citizens they could sit on juries, practice pharmacy, play a part in municipal politics and in general enjoy all the rights of white



HALIFAX MAIL-STAR

Boneshaker's farewell (see Maritimes).

citizens except jobs on public works or cutting timber on Crown lands.

But employers were still unwilling to hire Japanese. And the Japanese who had operated farms, businesses or fishing boats needed capital to re-establish themselves. Very few Japanese took advantage of their new freedom of the coast.

It looked as if most of British Columbia's unwilling exiles had now discovered that they preferred exile.

* * *

When Erna Sack, German soprano, visited Vancouver for two engagements, her world-wide reputation had preceded her and assured her of sell-outs. Madame Sack reputedly has the highest range of any living singer; she can touch C above high C with ease.

The last thing Madame Sack and her manager-husband, Hermann, expected in Vancouver was a panning, but she got it, right on the front page of the Vancouver Sun. Music critic Stanley Bligh huffed that the renowned high notes were no more than nonmusical "eeks."

"Who is this Mister Bligh?" demanded Hermann.

"Eeks, what is this eeks?" asked Erna.

Critic Bligh is a jerk, said angry letters to the editor.

He "is no gentleman," was Erna's comment. However, she went on, "Like it says in the Bible, I turn the other cheek."

THE PRAIRIES

The northwest is strewn with equipment left behind by the U. S. armed forces. Tractors, trucks and tools rusting in abandoned camps—they're a sore temptation to the residents of the area.

Four of them succumbed to temptation and were convicted in Northwest Territories Court in Edmonton recently of stealing three tractors, a truck, tools, a power pump and other equipment from the now deserted Canol project. Canol was the road and pipeline which linked the oil field at Norman Wells with the refinery in Whitehorse, Y.T. The accused had traveled along Canol, seen weather and animals playing havoc with the gear in doorless and windowless camp buildings and said they could see no harm in taking equipment that appeared to have been abandoned.

* * *

The hush-hush town of Suffield, Alta., near Medicine Hat, where the Defense Department conducts its experiments in bacterial and gas warfare, has a new name. It is to be known as Ralston, after Canada's wartime Defense Minister, the late J. L. Ralston.

What goes on at Suffield has been a top-level secret ever since the station was established during the war by the British and Canadian Governments. About 100 scientists and military specialists are still at work there. One of their byproducts is poison gas to be used against grasshoppers.

* * *

British Columbians sometimes call immigrants from the Prairies "Gophers." They've also another name for them, according to Labor Minister Charles Williams of Saskatchewan. "They refer to us as prairie chickens and boast about how they love to pluck us."

Mr. Williams accused B. C. of a definitely anti-Prairie feeling. People from the wheatlands aren't as welcome as they should be, he said, "especially when jobs are scarce."

ONTARIO

When Ontario began throwing high-speed highways straight as a bowstring across the countryside many a rural dweller found himself living beside the highroad but not on it. For greater safety on the raceways, driveways from adjoining lands were forbidden; access could be had only by taking a side road to the nearest cloverleaf or to an intersection with traffic lights.

A few miles west of St. Catharines Will Moffatt built a house on the Queen Elizabeth Way and cut a driveway from his garage through a sandhill to the road. No, no, said the highways department; you must take your driveway to a side road. Moffatt stood pat. The Government sent men to fence his driveway. Moffatt tore the fences down. They filled the drive with tons of sand. Will and his wife dug their way out.

Last month the battle reached a climax. A departmental expedition arrived with several truckloads of sand and rolls of fencing. Will was away.

But, like Madeleine de Vercheres, Mrs. Moffatt manned the ramparts. Armed with a rake she took her stand exactly where the trucks had to back with the sand and where the fence would have run. "I'd have stood right there even if they had backed right over me," she said later. "My Empire Loyalist blood must have been up."

The truck drivers argued, pleaded and cajoled, but finally went away, leaving Mrs. Moffatt in possession of the field. At Highway Department GHQ in Toronto there was talk of taking the case to the courts.

QUEBEC

Wartime travel and currency restrictions cut down smuggling of American cigarettes into Quebec to a trickle. But lately the Mounted Police have been detecting signs of the bad old days, when the Montrealer in the know could always lay his hands on a carton of Luckies. Since the first of the year the Mounties had been plagued by small-time smugglers and to meet the invasion they doubled their patrols on the main routes to the border.

First sign that big operators were at work again came with the seizure of 30,000 smuggled cigarettes in a car at Abbotsford, between Montreal and the frontier.

Then last month the Mounties uncovered what they think is one of the largest cigarette smuggling rings ever to operate. On the outskirts of Montreal they grabbed 210,000 American smokes (enough for 10,500 packs) and made two arrests.

THE MARITIMES

Now that Cape Breton Island is to have a causeway to the mainland the islands of Shippegan and Miscou in the Gulf of St. Lawrence off New Brunswick want one too. A mile of deep water, impossible to cross each fall and spring, separates the 10,000 islanders from the mainland. In winter travel is across the ice, in summer by ferry.

The islands are inhabited by Acadians who speak the French equivalent of Elizabethan English and by descendants of the Highlanders who fought with Wolfe. They are old-fashioned in their ways—you still see dog teams and oxcarts on the islands. They burn coal washed up from an underwater seam. Some of them believe in ghosts; that's easy on Shippegan and Miscou

where will-o'-the-wisps rise from peat bogs and many people swear they have seen the phantom ship of the Bay of Chaleur, which is described as resembling a flaming four-rigger. It was reported twice last November.

* * *

Swaying, clanking, crowded, slow—Halifax's venerable one-man street-cars were the despair of the natives and the jest of visitors. And now their day was done. Sleek new trolley coaches were taking over.

To signalize their unlamented departure the transit company stuck a teary false face on one of the cars and put it on the shrinking routes (see cut). "Poetic" farewells graced the sides. Sample:

Goodbye my friends, this is the end;
I've traveled miles and miles
And watched your faces through
the years
Show anger, tears and smiles.

When trolley coaches have taken over all the lines in the city 83 one-man cars go on the scrap heap. Purchase offers from as far away as Florida were turned down.

NEWFOUNDLAND

The trim motorship Terra Nova (Capt. Wilf. Barbour) glided into St. John's, the flags and bunting in her rigging acknowledging the cheers of the thousands who lined the water front to welcome her. There were two things to cheer that April afternoon: Newfoundland had become Canada's 10th province; the Terra Nova was loaded with the season's first seal catch.

Captain Barbour was bringing home a bumper catch of 14,500 whitecoats from the vicinity of White Bay and Belle Isle. The CBC recorded the event for the rest of Canada, to whom a seal hunt is still something out of Newfie folklore.

Being first home from the hunt was a big thing to the Bowring Company, owners of the Terra Nova. Founder Ben Bowring started his seal-fishing enterprise in St. John's in 1811, and the Terra Nova follows a long line of gallant, tough ships who have got home fustest with the mostest.

Another reason for Newfoundland's cheers: seal flipper pies were on the menu again. ★



Mrs. Moffatt takes her stand on the Queen Elizabeth (see Ontario).

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The Real McGruffey

Continued from page 15

good company and getting better. We call him Bozo for short, although, like most kennel dogs, he probably has a name like a Notre Dame fullback. When he first arrived we thought his name must be Old Man River, but he is now getting so well housebroken that we expect to come home any night now and find him in our armchair and slippers reading our favorite magazine.

The "Yacht Club": All was activity around the Offshore Yacht Club over the holiday week end, with the members spring-cleaning their lockers, most of them getting enough empties to pay their dues.

More "Yacht Club": Commodore Fagan predicts a very successful year, as the lake is now much nearer the clubhouse. For a couple of summers the beach grew so big that there was a move to give up aquatics and turn the Offshore into a hunt club.

Needed: One Punch Line

Doggerel like this sets Toronto chuckling:

The baseball owner laughed and said:
"These summer showers fall
And ruin all our week-end games,
but I don't mind at all.
The maize, the timothy, the oats
all need these pleasant rains."
So, smiling, he surveyed the storm
and then blew out his brains.

When fighter Ezzard Charles was ducking a bout with "old, though possibly still dangerous, Joe Louis, Reeve came up with:

I do not wish, said Ezzard Charles,
To fight with Mister Louis,
Engage that fine old gent in
quarrels, or trade him lumps
and bruises.
Why should I test his famous style?
His championship assault?
For if I just sit still awhile, I'll
win it by default.

At the annual Henley Regatta for the Canadian rowing championships:
With thrilling spurts and loud
hurrahs,
And lots of things to do,
The Henley races last three days,
But we can last but two.

After a play-off between Toronto and Boston which the Bruin right-winger, Bobby Bauer, won with a late goal, Reeve rhymed:

There was a young fellow named
Bauer
Who let go a shot from afouer,
And the puck hit the nets
With our 6 to 5 bets,
And three payments we owe on our
cauer.
(Pass the towel.)

There's not much to the rhyming dodge, Reeve says, as long as you can get a punch line.

Reeve's friends keep close tab on the cracks he tosses off casually in his conversation. If you give them half a chance they'll tell you a dozen. Such as ...

On a trip to Boston, Reeve was sitting in the Press box observing the Leafs and Bruins after a long social engagement. Between periods he was moodily contemplating his shoes when an attendant, selling chocolate-coated ice cream, thrust one upon him. He got this answer: "No, thank you, son. I'm driving."

On guard duty overseas one windy, rain-swept night, patrolling a prisoner-

Maclean's Magazine, May 15, 1949

of-war compound that contained 2,000 Nazis, Reeve had just reached a gate and was turning to retrace his steps when a roving spotlight caught him for a moment. He stopped, laid aside his rifle, placed his hands rigidly at his sides and bowed stiffly from the waist in three directions, muttering each time, "Thank yo', Thank yo', Thank yo'."

On a hockey trip to Detroit, Reeve and another Toronto columnist were ensnared in the bibulous traps that accompany most such excursions, when Reeve noticed that the deadline for his column was approaching. He went to his room to work and had finished a couple of pages when his contemporary, listing heavily, joined him and began reading Reeve's prose. Nausea and sickness overwhelmed him and Reeve's copy got in the way. Reeve didn't flinch; he didn't even blink. "If that's intended as criticism, old boy," he said, stolidly tapping his typewriter, "you're not being very subtle."

"I have an undeserved reputation as a rum pot," Reeve says. "I belt down a few on trips in self-defense, and naturally I exchange camaraderie with visiting firemen, but when there are no trips and when people stay home where they belong I often go weeks without a smash."

Reeve ambles to the Toronto Men's Press Club for lunch on days he doesn't go home and talks shop over a pint of ale. If this should develop into a session the gathering is likely to move on to the Reeve home, a two-story house of semi-Elizabethan design in Toronto's east end. This is the Beach district which The Moaner cherishes with the same community ardor that a man holds for his old home town.

Mrs. Reeve accepts the invasions with astonishing complacency, philosophically climbing out of bed at 4 a.m., if necessary, to prepare bacon and eggs for boisterous interlopers. She is the former Alvern Florence Donaldson, born in Neepawa, Man., a former softball and basketball star in Toronto and now a better than average golfer.

Dickens Is "Best Reporter"

She and Ted, whom she usually calls Dad, were married in 1931 and have a son Joe, 10, and a daughter Susan, two.

The living room, where most nocturnal safaris end, is comfortably and informally furnished, highlighted by a bulging bookstand containing a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which Reeve reads frequently because "It contains a lot of historical stuff on guys that you can piece together into a pretty comprehensive picture of their times." Dickens is there, too. Reeve calls him "the best reporter I ever read, even if his plots were awful."

Reeve doesn't belong to book clubs, feels a book ought to survive at least 10 years to be worth reading. His library is actually his college education.

It seems impossible that a man in Reeve's physical condition could join the Canadian Army, but he made it. He was visiting the World's Fair in New York when the bugle sounded in September, 1939. He came home and went to a recruiting centre in Toronto.

He was nudging 40 then, and the medical officers told him to beat it. He won a commission in a Toronto Scottish reserve unit and got in touch with Conn Smythe, who in 1941 formed his Sportsman's Battery, the 30th Light Anti-Aircraft.

Smythe, the commanding officer of the battery, likes to tell the story of how Reeve got into battle dress and then overseas. It seems that certain doctors who had once played football decided that, after all, heart mattered

more to a soldier than legs and arms.

"I'll never forget," Smythe says, "our landing in France in a rough sea with Reeve, his rifle in his left hand, climbing down the ropes to the water, hanging on with that same left hand—his right arm was no good, you know, from that football injury. You can imagine the inspiration it was for a lot of young, scared kids to see that old guy going ashore."

Reeve helped his entry into the Army by paying for operations on his legs for removal of varicose veins. He carries 400 stitches where the holes were sewed up. He had a local anaesthetic and was conscious throughout a three-hour operation.

The operation was so long that halfway through one of the nurses walked out of the operating room and another nurse replaced her. After a while the surgeon turned to her for an instrument.

"Oh," he said, "where did you come from?"

"I've been here for quite a while," the nurse replied.

"Where did the other nurse go?" the doctor asked.

Reeve, growing weary of the operation, raised his head. "She won't be back, doc," he grunted. "She graduated."

Farnol Thought of Harvard

Reeve missed only one route march in three years in the Army and that one came on a sunny afternoon in October, 1942. "Not feelin' too hot today, doc," he told the M.O. on sick parade. "Feelin' kinda low because I don't think the Cardinals can win the seventh game from the Yankees in the World Series this afternoon. Kinda like to hang around a radio and find out."

In England the battery was stationed near the estate of English author Jeffery Farnol at Eastbourne, and twice Smythe was invited to visit the writer. Each time he took Reeve.

"Reeve's knowledge of literature astounded Farnol," Smythe relates. "He wouldn't believe The Moaner had never got out of high school. Farnol figured him for Harvard, at least."

Smythe still talks about the first Christmas Eve in England. Everyone else had gone on leave, but Smythe found Reeve in a hospital, passing out stories and cigarettes to the patients.

The Moaner himself ended up in hospital after traveling through Holland with the battery. During the bitter fighting around Caen in midsummer, 1944, Gunner Reeve cracked his left elbow on something and neglected to tell anyone. Six weeks later, though he had disregarded the increasing pain, he nicked it on an ammunition box and finally reported it. The medicos said he had a fractured elbow and sent him home.

The Telegram did not pay Reeve's salary while he was away and to keep logs in the fire at home he wrote a couple of columns a week at \$25 each. He had gone into the Army as a gunner and he returned as one, having turned down opportunities to become a war correspondent and a commissioned public relations officer.

Back in civvies at his battered desk, Reeve resumed the promotion of his perpetual love—the Balmy Beach football team. Some people criticize his blind devotion to the Beaches, which he coached without pay last season, and wrote about fairly constantly from the time they started training for a western trip in mid-July until they were eliminated from Grey Cup contention by Hamilton Tigers in mid-November.

He noted somewhat testily in his column the morning of an Argo-

Ottawa game that he was being phoned constantly by people asking for tickets and he wondered where all the glad-handers were hiding the preceding Saturday when the Beaches played Sarnia in front of thousands of empty seats.

Reeve says he is through with coaching, that it's too tough to run a practice every night for four months. He looks back on 10 seasons as coach; six at Queen's where he won three intercollegiate championships; one at Montreal in the Big Four; and three with Beach, in two of which he won the ORFU crown. The most disastrous season was in Montreal where it was planned to amalgamate the Royals and the Westmounts to produce a good Big Four club. But internal dissension between the two factions broke the club wide open and they were kicked by everybody.

During his coaching career Reeve gained a reputation for being a cautious and unspectacular coach, strong defensively, but of the old two-bucks-and-a-kick attacking school.

In defense of his tactics Reeve says his teams always happened to be manned that way. "I had to play things close to the vest because I seldom had enough kids to go around and couldn't afford to waste them on razzle-dazzle stuff."

As a player Reeve was a great middle, or tackle, whose specialty, besides getting his bones broken, was blocking kicks. In the Eastern Canada final of 1926 he blocked six against Ottawa, but the Beach lost 7 to 6.

The game for which he is most remembered, however, was the 1930 East-West final between Balmy Beach and the Regina Roughriders. He didn't get into the game for three quarters because he had a separated shoulder and couldn't bend his arm. When Regina appeared to be on their way to the winning touchdown Reeve plugged the hole and culminated his defense by blocking a kick. Regina never recovered and the victorious Beach players lugged Reeve off the field on their shoulders. It was his last game.

The "Big Train's" Tribute

Reeve was a great lacrosse player in the early '20's when the game flourished in Canada. He played with national senior championship teams three times, twice for Brampton and once for Oshawa, and in 1931 he played professional for Lionel Conacher's Montreal Maroons.

Conacher, who played senior against Reeve, recalls that in a game against Brampton Reeve was assigned to check him. "I couldn't shake him so I slammed him into the goal while he was covering me," the "Big Train" relates. "A couple of seconds later he was back around my neck again. 'Look,' he says, 'it's possible you might be able to lick me but you can't scare me.'"

Reeve's father died when Ted was two and he was raised by his mother and sister. His mother ran a store which carried magazines and papers. He claims that poring over the sports pages and the record books accounts for his ability to name pennant winners, batting averages and world's heavy-weight champions right down the line.

During World War I he worked in a munitions plant and played lacrosse and football at the Beach. Neighborhood pals were Nels Stewart, Harold (Baldy) Cotton, Hooley Smith, all renowned hockey players, and footballers Ab Box, Ike Commins and Yip Foster. He began contributing a lacrosse column to the Telegram.

On May 4, 1928, C. O. Knowles, then

Which is really Joan Bennett?

Starring in
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(See answer below)



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SALES AND SERVICE COAST TO COAST

Tely publisher, told Reeve he'd decided to give him a steady job.

"Do you think you can write a column like those guys in the States, writing about all sorts of sports?" Knowles asked.

"I can try."

"Well, go ahead," said Knowles. "See how it goes and if it's no good we'll fire you."

J. K. Munro, an old sports writer and lacrosse man who became a leading political writer for the Tely, gave Reeve an early tip which he took. "Don't be so serious. You're writing about games. You've got a million dollars' worth of fun in you. Get some laughs into the stuff. Leave the serious side to us."

It's unlikely that Ted Reeve will ever tap that million bucks, but he seems to get a great kick out of life anyway. He's strong on plugging for sports for kids, and is always ready to produce one of his Will Rogers' brand after-

dinner speeches to groups interested in recreation for kids.

This sort of stuff always gets a smile. "Ike Commins here beside me played snapback so long that when he sees a football movie he has to go into the aisle and look at it through his legs."

He'll tell about the problems of accommodating imported football players in these days of housing shortages by mentioning that one night his Murphy bed went up and he lost an entire backfield.

Although he's out a lot Reeve insists he is becoming a homebody as the years move on. It's seldom that the Reeve house isn't cluttered with people listening to his stacks of Dixieland records or crowding the table while Mrs. Reeve empties the icebox.

"We aren't party-people, particularly," says Ted above the din, "but the house is kinda the headquarters for a lot of old stiffs with no place better to go." ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

If all the pessimists in all the parties turn out to be right in their forecast of the election, no party saw-offs will be necessary. The Liberals will have an over-all majority of two or three votes.

Liberal forecasts run as high as 150 seats for their party. One Cabinet Minister conducted a private poll among Liberal M.P.'s and 135 was their bottom estimate. He then made a separate list of the lowest estimates for each province. Even that distilled pessimism, which of course gave a lower total than that of any individual M.P., still added up to 132 Liberal seats, which would leave a majority of one after the election of a speaker.

Progressive Conservative prophecies vary much more widely. One of their roseate optimists predicts 156 seats for his party, including 30 from Quebec. (This would give them a handsome 50-seat majority.) Their darkest pessimist (so far as this reporter knows) gives them a maximum of 80 seats, with 18 at most from Quebec.

CCF observers are wary of predicting the fortunes of the older parties but they're more inclined to agree with the Liberal than with the Conservative size-up. They have no illusions about the possibility of getting into power. What they do hope is to make substantial gains in Ontario, mostly at the expense of Progressive Conservatives, and hold their own in the rest of the country, except Saskatchewan. They expect to lose a few seats there, though not as many as the Liberals hope to take from them.

(Party standing in the old House was Liberals, 124; PC, 68; CCF, 32; Social Credit, 12; others, 8; vacant, 1.)

* * *

For most regions of Canada the three parties agree amazingly in their forecasts. In the Maritimes the Liberals now have 18 seats, the PC's seven and the CCF one. All agree that these general proportions will be about the same, when Newfoundland is counted in (five Liberal seats, two PC). CCF and PC workers hope to pick up a seat here and there, that's all.

Out West it is the same story. Liberals and CCF-ers agree that the Liberals will make some gains in Saskatchewan. Alberta will remain mostly Social Credit, with perhaps some marginal changes; CCF-ers have some hope in two mining seats, but not much. Liberals and PC's have two seats apiece there now, and will think themselves lucky to hold their own.

British Columbia has a number of close fights in prospect, but the over-all result is expected to be much the same as now. The same goes for Manitoba.

Ontario and Quebec are the big question marks. At present the Progressive Conservatives have 48 seats in Ontario and three in Quebec. Liberals have 32 in Ontario, 57 in Quebec. Both parties expect the PC's, with Maurice Duplessis' help, to make gains in Quebec—Liberals are prepared to lose 18 seats, PC's hope to gain as many as 30.

If the Progressive Conservatives can win their own maximum estimate in Quebec and hold their own in Ontario they'd need only small gains in the other seven provinces to come out with a majority. But they're afraid of the CCF in Ontario's industrial towns. CCF-ers themselves hope to gain anywhere from 10 to 30 seats there; if they do, Progressive Conservative chances of forming a government are not great.

Liberals hope to hold about 60 of Quebec's 73 seats and get by with little or no loss in Ontario. If their guesses are right in the rest of the country that would give them a slight over-all majority—and they're relying on the CCF to cut down the PC delegation from Ontario and thus leave the Grits with the largest party group.

Don't forget, though, that these are precampaign estimates. Over all such forecasts hangs a great cloud of doubt. Nobody knows how Louis St. Laurent and George Drew will make out on the hustings.

If Mr. Drew makes the same impact on the electors that he made on Parliament during the first three weeks of the session all parties admit he will win great gains for his party. Liberals and CCF-ers believe, however, that he lost ground during the latter part of the session—an opinion shared, in private, by some of his own supporters. But even if that is true, do the voters know it?

Anybody who can answer that question could make a lot of money in election bets.

* * *

Paul Martin, the Minister of Health and Welfare, is making the most he can out of the program of aid to hospitals, etc., but he and his friends would be a lot happier if the Liberal Government had done more about implementing its election promises on social security.

All through the 1945 campaign the Liberals sounded as if they were slightly to the left of the British Labor Party. Baby bonuses, old-age pensions, health insurance, employment



THE HUGGETT FAMILY

A Vote for Huggett Is A Vote
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In the days of away-back-when, the most uninhibited feature-length laughter used to be caused by British farces. They had the comedy qualities of the music halls.

One British film family, the Huggetts, has inherited all these traditions. What happens to them could, by an easy stretch of a good imagination, happen to anybody but it's most improbable that it would since the whole Huggett connection is slightly mad in a nice heart-warming way.

The first two of their first four films are: HERE COME THE HUGGETTS and VOTE FOR HUGGETT.

The comedy team of Jack Warner and Kay Harrison are the hilarious heads of the household.

Their blonde daughter is beautiful Susan Shaw; their romantic one, Jane Hylton and their typical teen-ager, Petula Clark.

The Huggett's troubles come in bunches like bananas and range from aunts in awful hats to disreputable bicycles.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films
ask for the playdates at your local theatre.

An  Release

works—nothing was too good for the Canadian voter. But once the election was over nothing happened.

True, the Dominion-provincial conference of 1945-46 broke down. True, Ottawa's formal pledges on social security had been part of the over-all program suggested to the provinces at that time.

But there was nevertheless an audible sigh of relief from certain old-fashioned Liberals when the conference did break down. They thought it gave them a perfect excuse for ignoring what Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe once called "this social security nonsense."

Paul Martin violently disagreed. He has a perfectly sincere interest in welfare legislation and a desire to push it forward. In addition he sits for a Windsor, Ont., riding where the CCF is extremely powerful—as a politician he knows what his voters want. In public he has done his best to magnify the Liberal record into an achievement; in Cabinet he has been arguing for at least two years for a social security program now.

Last year he and some of his colleagues hoped to make Prime Minister King's retirement the occasion for a great new advance in this field. Mr. King had been a social welfare pioneer all his life; what more fitting that it should crown his career with a real people's charter?

If Mr. King had really pushed for it the idea might have gone through. But he didn't and it didn't.

Mr. Martin maintained his composure, but he must have squirmed inwardly in the House last month when Stanley Knowles of the CCF took up the cudgels during another spasm of the old argument, "Who wrecked the Dominion-provincial conference?"

Mr. Knowles had a word for both old parties: "The people of this country are fed up with two things in particular. They are fed up with the Tories blaming the Government for the failure of the Dominion-provincial conference when most people think the blame does rest on the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. On the other hand the people are fed up with the Liberals for using the failure of that conference as an excuse for not doing the things they proposed to the country in 1945. In fact, the feeling is growing throughout Canada that the Government is actually glad the Tories made that conference abortive."

"In the name of the people I say, 'A plague o' both your houses.' The amount of money spent (on health) is only a fleabite compared to the needs of the country. I appeal to the Government to lose no more time but to give a lead and get something done."

One of the byproducts of Confederation with Newfoundland will be a restriction on Canadian general elections. This is not due to anything in the terms of union—just to the Newfoundland climate.

From about the first of December, when the freeze-up comes, to about the third week in May, an election in Newfoundland would be a physical impossibility. That leaves only about six months of any year in which an election could be held in all of Canada's 10 provinces.

Actually it doesn't make as much difference as you'd think. Only six of the 20 elections since 1867 have been held in winter or early spring, and they were pretty inconvenient for other provinces too—winter campaigning in any part of rural Canada is no fun. But the inclusion of Newfoundland does put a real damper on the kind of "snap" election we had in 1940. ★

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COMING EVENTS

Racing: The Derby — The Oaks, June 1-4
Antique Dealers' Fair, June 9-24
Trooping the Colour, June 9
Royal Ascot, June 14-17
Wimbledon International Lawn Tennis Tournament, June 20-July 2
Canterbury Festival, June 23-July 2



Hampton Court

COMING EVENTS

Cheltenham Festival of Drama and Music, June 27-July 17
Open Golf Championship, Deal, July 4-8
International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh, Aug. 21-Sept. 11
Highland Games, Edinburgh, September 3.

Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., BT-794 or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

THE TELEGRAPH companies have a follow-up system for promoting business—you send your great-aunt a birthday greeting by wire and next year they're after you to repeat the kindly gesture. Well, this Toronto fellow got a call the other day from a sweetly coaxing voice, asking him wouldn't he like to repeat the message he sent just a year ago to Miss — in Winnipeg. The Winnipeg lady was his sister and for the moment he couldn't even recall what he'd wired her in the first place, but the lady representing the telegraph company obligingly read it off to him: "Eight-pound baby boy arrived today, everyone well and happy."

... Greatest interest in the life of a two-and-a-half-year-old in Vancouver is trains, although a visit from grandpa recently made him forget everything else, particularly as grandpa was to share a double bed with junior during his stay. It wasn't until the boy's mother awoke in the middle of the night to feel the whole house tremble that she recalled her father's tremendous prowess as a snorer. Thinking her child would be scared out of his wits she darted to his room to find the youngster sitting up in bed watching grandpa's slumbering figure heave and shake as the walls reverberated with the snorting thunder. Looking up at his mother in bewilderment the boy exclaimed, "No smoke!"

... Little-heralded encounter in the cold war, reported in the University of Saskatchewan newspaper, The Sheaf: "The Karl Marx club will



hold a tobogganing party next Saturday at 7.30 p.m. All those interested are invited to attend."

Now they're boring from within with ice worms.

... Came hockey play-off time in Cornwall, Ont., and there were inevitably some die-hard optimists still trying to buy tickets on the very day

the local Calumets were to tangle with the Pembroke Lumber Kings. One determined chap was telephoning all the insiders he was sure could fix him up when in error he got the police station on the line. "Joke's on me," he said cheerily. "That's one place I won't find any tickets for tonight."

The cop on the other end sounded just a bit hurt. "Just hang on a minute and we'll see about that," he



declared, and in a moment he was back. "Got a ticket here if you want to buy it—we just hauled in this guy that had the ticket and he's sure not going to use it tonight."

... Edmonton's transport system has been struggling manfully to convince passengers they have no business scrambling aboard via the exit doors of the city buses. You get on up front where the pay box is, or else. The other day, though, one would-be passenger was seen irately pounding on the front door of a bus pulled up at an intersection, but the driver wouldn't open up. Discovering the exit doors open, the man made a dash for it but he was no sooner aboard than the driver turned and announced, "You'll have to leave the bus."

Fairly seething, the citizen declared firmly, "I'll get off on only one condition—that you open the front door and wait until I can board this bus in proper fashion!"

Without a word the driver opened the door and—as tension mounted among the silent passengers—the gentleman stepped off the bus via the centre doors, reappeared through the front door and deposited his fare triumphantly in the box.

"And now," announced the driver patiently, "you'll have to get off again. This bus isn't going anywhere. It has just broken down."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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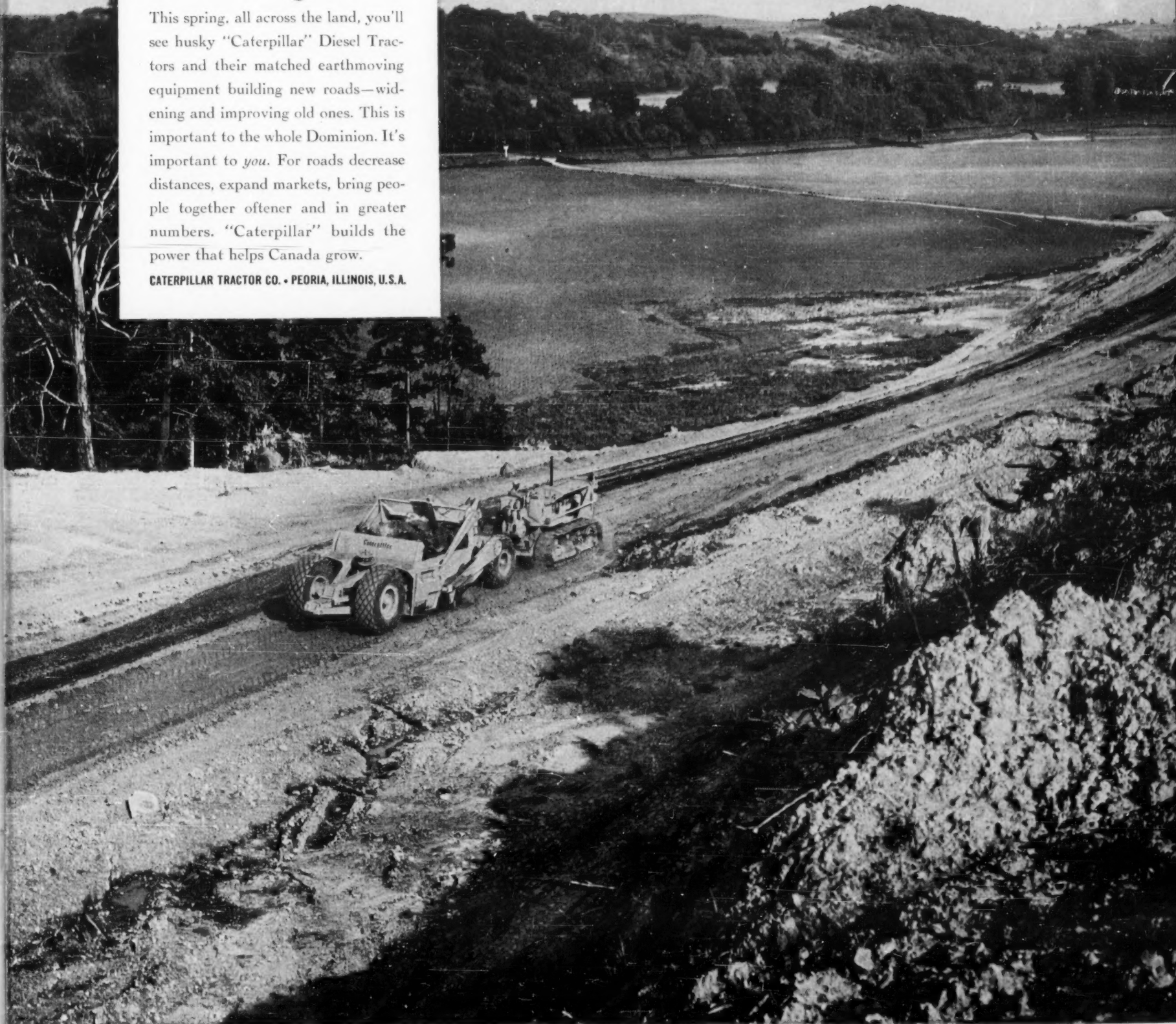
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